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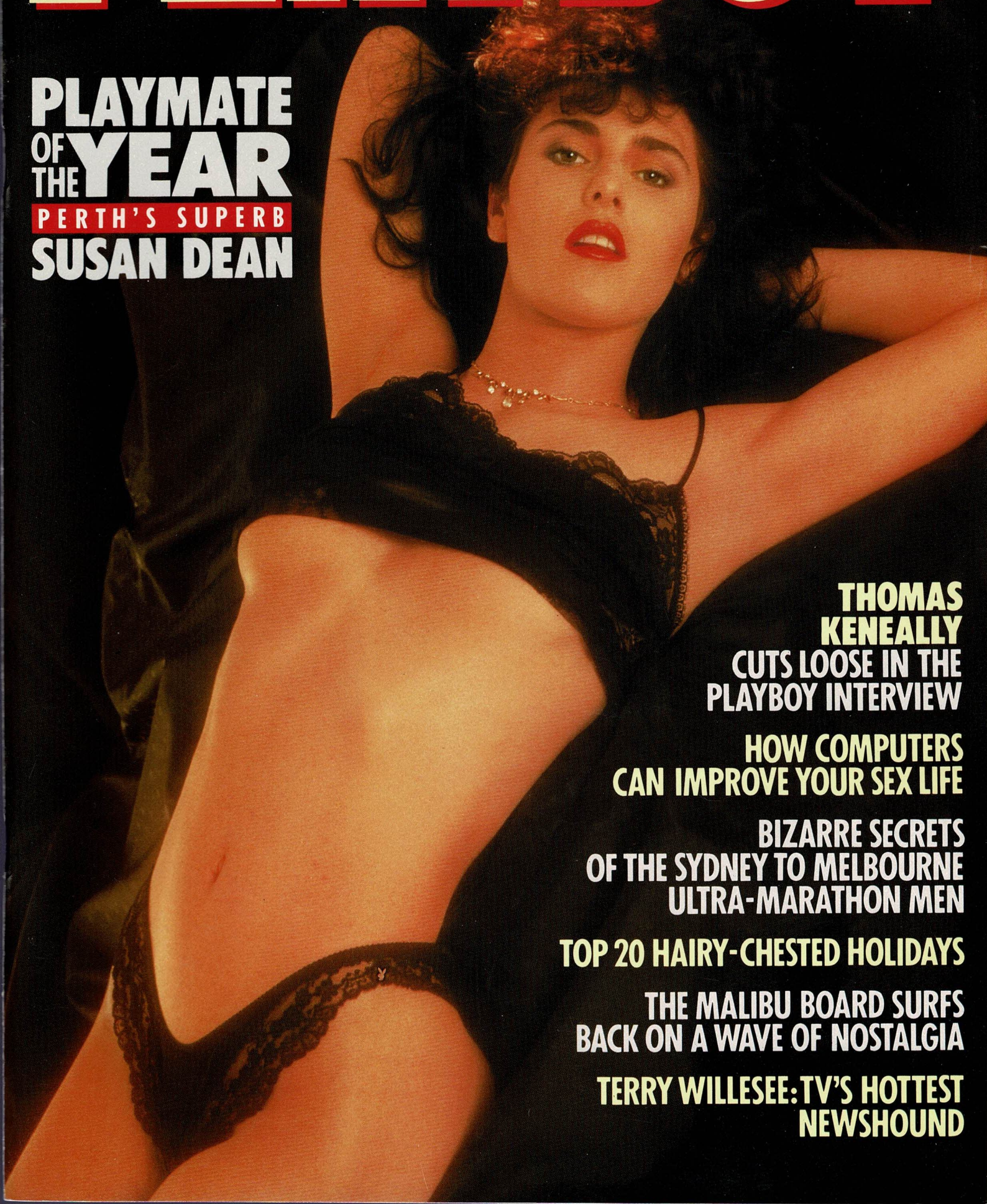
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
PERTH'S SUPERB
SUSAN DEAN

THOMAS KENEALLY CUTS LOOSE IN THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

HOW COMPUTERS CAN IMPROVE YOUR SEX LIFE

BIZARRE SECRETS OF THE SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE ULTRA-MARATHON MEN

TOP 20 HAIRY-CHESTED HOLIDAYS

THE MALIBU BOARD SURFS BACK ON A WAVE OF NOSTALGIA

TERRY WILLESEE: TV'S HOTTEST NEWSHOUND

With Peter Jackson 30's,

you're laughing!

30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.

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PLAYBILL

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY has scored another first with this April issue. Our interview with Thomas Keneally is the closest we have come yet to featuring a priest. Keneally is the author of the international bestseller, *Schindler's Ark,* and probably Australia's most successful modern author. He also spent six years in the Catholic seminary overlooking Sydney's Manly beach, an experience which, he reveals, nearly drove him mad.

Associate editor **Paul Mann** interviewed Keneally and found a man who is fiercely egalitarian, revels in being an Australian, has achieved both literary and financial success. . . and has a delightfully raunchy sense of humor. The Keneally interview is an experience you will enjoy.

Although Australia is a signatory to the United Nations charter which prohibits imprisonment without trial, each year hundreds of people serve long terms in Australian jails without having been tried. **Diane Armstrong** got inside the jail system, talked to prisoners, prison officials and criminologists to expose the scandal of imprisonment without trial in Australia. Armstrong found one man who served 22 months in an Australian prison without trial, and scores more who had served longer than six months. Artist **Faye Maxwell** supplied the evocative illustration.

It takes a certain special magic to take your average stunning Aussie girl and turn her into Australian PLAYBOY's Playmate Of The Year. Photographer **Bob Watson** did a magnificent job of capturing Susan Dean's loveliness and that mischievous sparkle in her eye. Just one look and you won't forget our 1984-85 Playmate Of The Year.

Human nature being what it is, we knew it wouldn't be long before people found a sexual application for home computers. And it just so happens that the home computer may be the best thing since mixed bathing for bringing men and women together. A man who is unabashedly fond of both computers and women, **Gareth Powell,** explains exactly how it's done. You will not believe the horny women out there waiting for you to give them a blip. The stirring artwork is by **Olivia de Berardinis.**

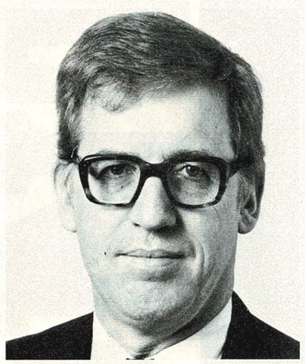
This is the month of the Sydney to Melbourne ultra-marathon and once again the nation's eyes will be on the little potato farmer from Victoria as he sets out to reclaim his title. But, as race organiser, former Olympian and journalist **Mike Agostini** points out, Cliff Young is only one of a dozen amazing stories about the ultra-marathon men. The accompanying illustration is crafted by **Sue Ninham.**

Now that winter's coming on we knew you'd like to indulge in some hard-core escapism. So hairy-chested holidays are just the ticket for you. We offer 20 tips for trips that would make Indiana Jones think twice, all compiled by **Tony Love** and **Susan Kurosawa.**

One of the hottest new stars of TV current affairs is Terry Willesee, the man who makes a habit of getting the scoops no one else could manage. **Neil Jameson** pinned Willesee down long enough to give him a grilling about what it takes to crack one of the toughest jobs in television and **Graham Monro** took the portrait shot.

This month's fiction is a macabre but wryly amusing tale entitled *Mother's Day* by **George V. Higgins.** The evocative art is by **Mel Odom.**

Add our test spin of the fastest Porsche in the world, our magnificent Playmate, Donna Smith, shot by **Steve Wayda,** stirring pictorials, winter fashion by **Vitek,** regular columns on booze, money, sport and sex and you have an April issue a man would be a fool not to buy.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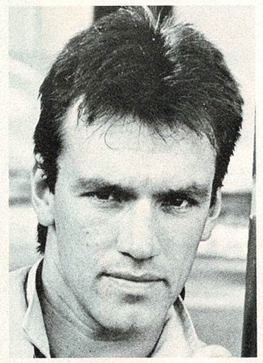
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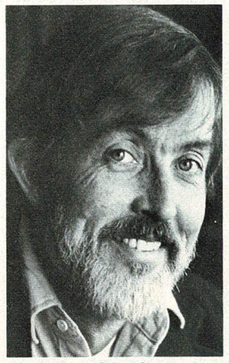
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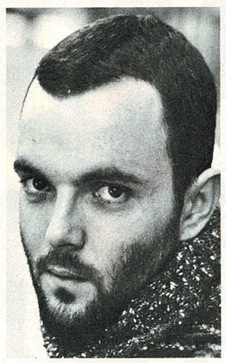
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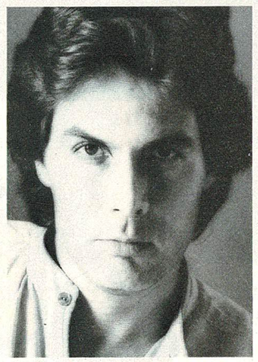
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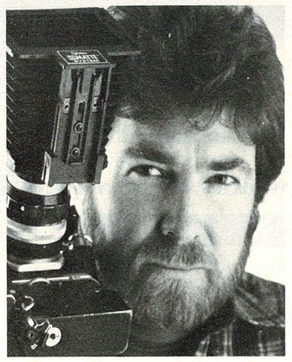
WAYDA

ARMSTRONG

Where would we be without Red?

DMM WAL10484 AB3420/84

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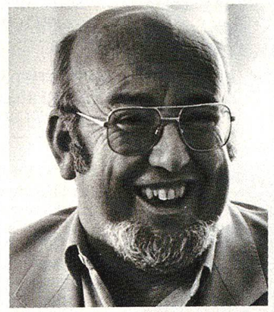

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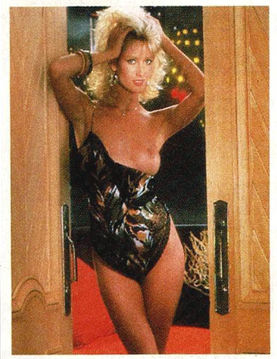

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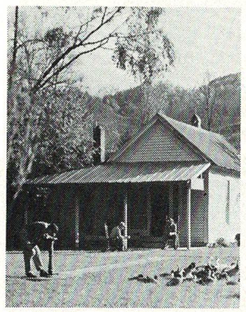
APRIL 1985 • COVER: SUSAN DEAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB WATSON.

Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

ONE SMALL DISTILLERY, in Lynchburg, Tennessee, still has the time to make the world's smoothest whiskey: Jack Daniel's.



We take it slow at Jack Daniel's

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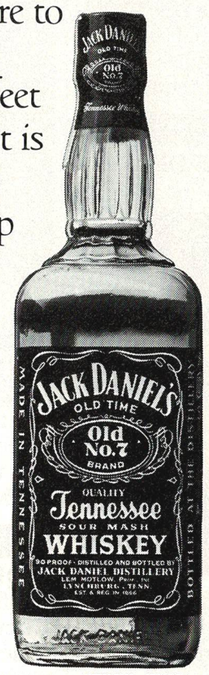

JWT563.P262 AB3273/84

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

REAL MEN FIGHT BACK

It had to happen. Just get a load of this, Australian PLAYBOY readers. First there was the Queensland Housewives Association. Then came Women Who Want To Be Women. Now in Queensland there's Men Who Want To Be Men.

This bright idea has sparked considerable interest among men in my state who are sickened by the blurring of sex roles. They say the subversion of the male gender, which has a long and proud tradition, has become especially unnerving in recent years.

There has been the nauseating worship of Boy George, which suggests there is something grand about a man dressing like a woman. And there has been the cancerous spread of feminism, which suggests there is something wrong with blokes who want to be blokes. The feminist message is: I'm okay but you're a slob.

Men Who Want To Be Men plans to fight back. It wants to help men survive their identity crisis by telling them what a real man is. To that end, a constitution has been drawn up. It expressly prohibits a real man from: changing nappies; washing or drying dishes; petting cats; putting clothes on the line; making the bed; wiping mud off his boots before entering the house; picking up clothes he's thrown on the floor and using Bandaids or pain killers.

Membership will be strictly screened. Bob Hawke has been black-balled. He cries on national television. Andrew Peacock also is unwelcome as is anyone else with a bird for a last name.

Also banned are: *Tennis players.* They sweat a lot, which is good, but they don't get dirty. *Rock stars.* They encourage men to get on dance floors and wiggle their bottoms, which is very effeminate. *Rugby players.* Few realise the dangers of men showering together after a tough workout. *Hairdressers.* 'Nuf said. *Journalists.* They sit in air-conditioned offices all day and poke their fingers at typewriters or peck at computers, which is worse. All in all a womanish profession. *People who own guns.* A real man prefers a meat axe. *Anyone who has had a vasectomy.* The girlfriend on the side might want a baby. *Light beer drinkers.* A study soon to be released declares a man who consumes a weak ale is odds-on to become homosexual, if he's not already.

People who instantly qualify for membership are: *Boxers.* You'd never catch one in a frock. *Mass murderers.* They bring back memories of man's great moments in wars gone by. *Dog fight organisers.* You can't get more manly than that.

Men Who Want To Be Men plans to launch a number of campaigns. It will seek the death penalty for transvestites and will attempt to ban books such as *How To Make Love To A Woman.*

The year's major function will be a joint barbecue with Women Who Want To Be Women. The women will gather in a sewing room and discuss babies and pillow cases while the men will get drunk and throw lawn chairs in the pool.

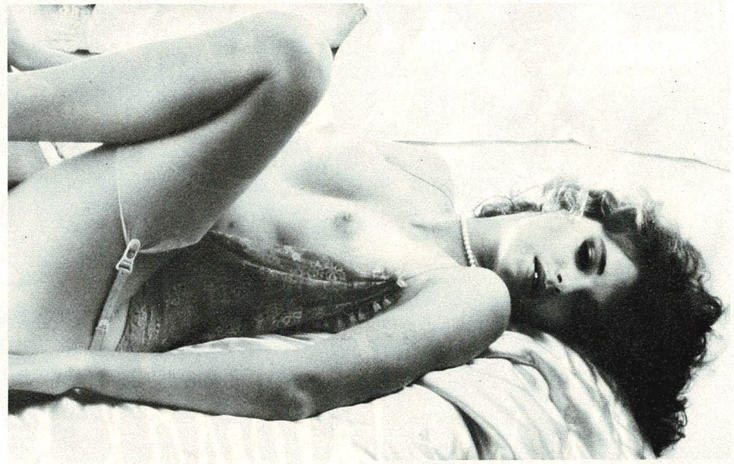
David Conley,
Coombabah, Qld.

READY FOR ANYTHING

Hot to trot? Oh boy, I'm the one feeling hot and bothered after discovering Joan Bennett in your February issue. That delightful pout, those soft curls, such gentle eyes, what pert breasts and slender legs. Joan, you can come over and park your suitcase in my wardrobe any time you like!

Australian PLAYBOY, you can do this guy a big favor and sneak in a pic of Joan on the Dear Playboy page.

Adrian Moore,
Beaumaris, Vic.



And here's Joan! She tells us her suitcase is still all packed and raring to go — Ed.

NICE ONE, VIV

Just wanted to say thanks for the Viv Richards interview in your January issue. I always wanted to know more about Viv — you never see a decent interview with him in the papers. You filled in all the important spaces. Now I know the best cricketer the world has seen since the Don is human after all. Nice bloke, too!

Mike Kane,
Richmond, NSW.

A CLEVER COPY?

As an American journalist working in Brisbane and one who has compared the *60 Minutes* Australian program with its American counterpart, I had a good laugh when I read the Gerald Stone interview in your November issue.

He must believe that expatriates are rather naive when he says people who have watched his show find the film qualities and values higher than the American *60 Minutes.*

What he fails to mention and give credit to is the highly successful American counterpart which he has copied right down to the ticking of the clock. The presentation of the program is an exact duplicate and, after moving to Australia last year, I was surprised to see the same segments on Stone's *60 Minutes* that I had seen earlier in America and to note that no credits were given to the overseas network.

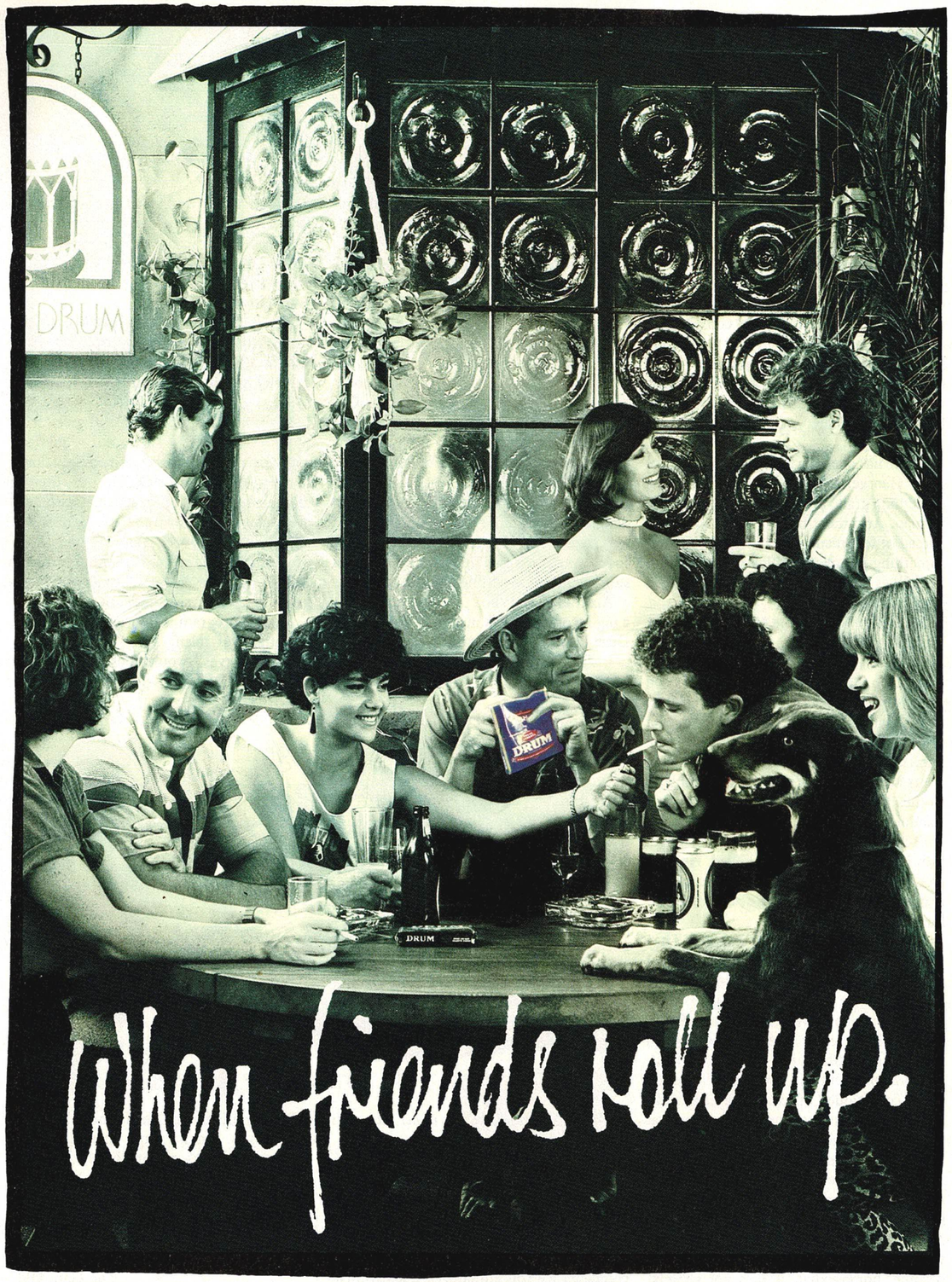
Stone's program is unoriginal, lacking in investigative talent and Jana Wendt's "bedroom eyes" would look better selling sheets.

She can't convince me her heart's where the news is. I must admit there are times when the effort is genuine but a close look into Stone's office would probably reveal a ratings sheet for America's *60 Minutes.*

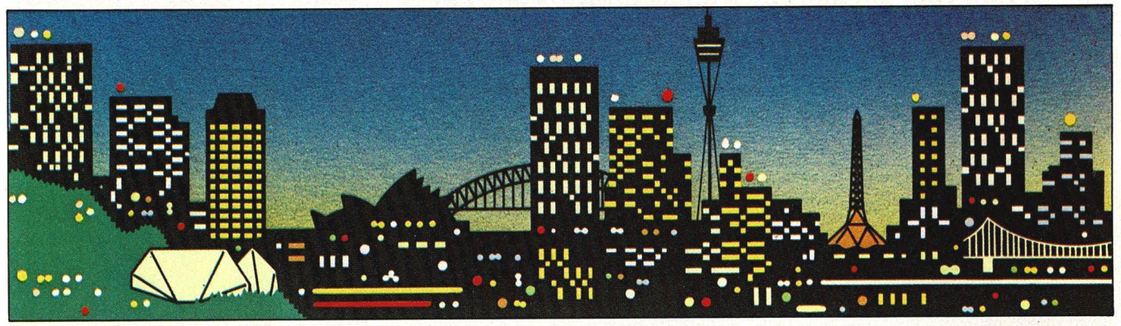
I bet that what's successful over there will undoubtedly find its way Down Under.

P. Jonathan McConnell,
The Gap, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



AIR FARCE 1

Those Cathay Pacific hosties know how to liven up a dull flight. An Aussie businessman was flying the Hong Kong to Taiwan shuttle and immediately after take-off, like all other passengers, was given a drink and a packet of nuts. Shortly afterwards the senior hostess came on the speaker system to announce: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to pass through an area of clear air turbulence. For your safety and comfort please make sure your seat belts are securely fastened. For your further safety and comfort you may wish to hold your drink in one hand and your nuts in the other."

AIR FARCE 2

A bloke recently fronted up to an airline counter at Sydney's Mascot Airport to catch a flight to Singapore. He had a couple of suitcases, but wanted one to go to Singapore and the other to go to Los Angeles where he would pick it up in about 10 days. The airline clerk carefully explained that it was impossible to do this with his luggage.

"That's funny," said our traveller. "That's just what you did with my bags last time."

AIR HEAD

A man drinking at an East London pub went into the toilet and shot himself five times in the head with an air rifle. Then, with blood streaming down his face, he returned to the bar and ordered another drink, and an ambulance. While pub staff tended his wounds the man explained that he'd been out of work for a while and was depressed.

EATING FOR AUSTRALIA

According to an Australian director of the *Guinness Book Of Records*, the most popular record attempts in Australia are for eating things. Meat pies, ice cream, and jelly eating contests are real big Down Under. But our blokes have yet to top the world record for eating a bicycle. Consumed as stewed tyres and metal filings it took the overseas record holder 15 days to down the bike. The only reason the record hasn't been threatened is because the Guinness editors believe it represents "the ultimate in stupidity". Oh, come, come, there must be someone out there somewhere who's up to the challenge.

DEAD ENDS 1

A speaker at the Parks, Recreation and Tourism Conference at Rutherglen, Tasmania, opened his address by announcing that "cemeteries around Australia are under-utilised". He did not receive any volunteers to help solve the problem.

DEAD ENDS 2

A conference of elderly lesbians, sponsored by Labor-controlled Islington Council in London, has demanded all-women cemeteries. The lesbians claimed that not enough had been done to look at death from a "lesbian perspective". The council's opposition leader described the ideas as "dead dotty".

THE JOY OF LAUGHTER

Road crash injuries have left the manager of a London council works depot with a funny handicap: he can't stop laughing. Mr Keith McGregor, 43, was awarded $A32,000 damages in the High Court for the injuries which he received in an accident back in 1978.

Mr McGregor's lawyers claimed the injuries ruined his career. He was a rising star in council management, the court heard, but the judge in the case said he was inclined to agree with one witness who testified that now Mr McGregor appeared to be "a bit of a nutter".

It seems Mr McGregor laughs at all the wrong moments and even laughs during bouts of depression. Hasn't done much for his sex life either.

AUTO-EROTICISM

A convention of futurologists in Melbourne produced the useful information that by the year 2000 people will be able to buy robot sex partners.

The robots will be warm, friendly and never get tired of making love.

Dr Neil Frude said: "The new robot lovers will walk, talk and have limitless energy. There is no reason to think they would be cold metallic objects. Robots are a new medium and they will be exploited for their erotic qualities. We are talking about a new dimension in pornography."

Dr Frude added that the robots will be able to carry on a conversation before, during and after lovemaking. The robot will assess the intellect of the human it is dealing with and adjust the level of conversation accordingly. And just think... you could program your robot so that it never says it's got a headache.

PETER PRINCIPLE

A scrutineer in the NSW Higher School Certificate exams sent us a copy of perhaps the strangest question asked in the annals of that examination. It read, "Please discuss the following statement: Solutions can be achieved on a computer by the insertion of a floppy dick."

Sadly, he didn't send us copies of the answers. It is the sort of question that to our mind needs a multiple choice answer: "Yes", "No", "Maybe", and "Is this a proposition?"

BLAZING ARROWS

In Bangkok there is a watering hole called The Orchid Bar. Not an establishment we would recommend to Fred Nile. Its current advertising campaign consists of cards handed out to tourists in the streets. The card reads:

"Special!! After three drinks you can have a throw dart (*sic*). If you lucky you get one woman free. Every hour we have a prize for every table. We have nice show every night. Thank you for all every body to use our served."

Gives a new meaning to double top, doesn't it?

CHINESE TAKE-AWAY

More urgent news from China. This time it's the breathtaking revelation that China launched a dog into space for the first time 18 years ago. The Chinese claim that in 1967 a small dog called Xiao Bao took "an historically significant space trip, riding in a Chinese space rocket." It is not known whether the dog came back.

BOOZE

How to turn your kitchen into a home brewery and get plastered on the cheap.

Back in the 18th century, when every cottager kept a pig in his backyard, anyone who had a wife who couldn't brew good beer was regarded as a fool. Bread, fat bacon and beer, taken in large quantities at least three times a day, were the ingredients that helped color a large part of the world red for a century or so.

But governments got into the act and taxed home-made beer so savagely that everyone more or less gave it up. And in Australia the wowsers applied pressure so that it was not only expensive but highly illegal to whip up a tubful of alcohol at home. Mind you, it was still morally okay to get pissed out of your brain in the pub and then reel home to the terror of other pedestrians. The mind of the moral minority works in mysterious ways.

A small home-brewing revival started in the '70s when a few firms started to make kits that produced a sort of near-beer. But these kits also stated in their instructions that if one reduced the quantity of water by half and increased the sugar content one could produce real beer. At the same time they stated that this was highly illegal.

The government then relaxed and changed the law so that people could brew at home as long as they didn't sell the stuff.

What it amounts to is that we are now in the midst of a home-brewing boom, with any number of firms supplying full starter kits, short-cut beer concentrates in tins, and various malt grains and powders in manageable proportions. Freeze-dried yeasts are also freely sold, which makes the whole process that much easier.

Making beer at home is relatively simple. But it is also time-consuming — with bottling the stuff being the most tedious chore. One also has to maintain strict rules of hygiene in regard to all the equipment, otherwise wild yeasts that are always present in the air can contaminate and sour the brew.

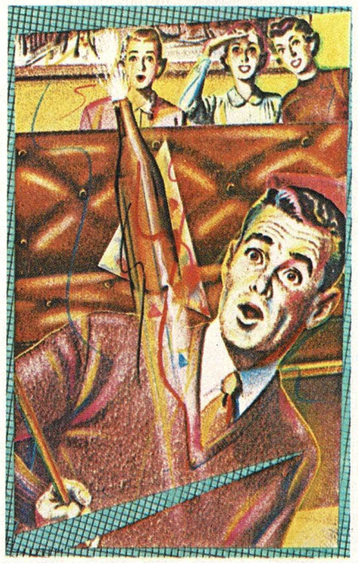
Home-made beer, unlike the commercial brew which is artificially carbonated, gets its bubbles from secondary fermentation in the bottle. This fermentation is started by adding a small amount of sugar to each bottle as it is filled. The residual yeasts, dormant after the first brewing process, are then reactivated and work on the sugar to produce carbon dioxide gas.

This leads to the second problem in making beer at home. If one adds too much sugar as a primer at the bottling stage, the whole mess becomes wildly explosive. And a shed of exploding bottles can be lethal.

Having got over the hazards of making the stuff at home, one can now get to the rewarding side. To make a basic beer at home one needs a brewing tub, a large boiler capable of holding 10 litres or more, a thermometer and a hydrometer.

All those things are sold at home-brewing suppliers. There's one in every capital city, and they can be easily found in the yellow pages of your telephone directory.

To start off with (and I am speaking to beginners here) the best thing to do is to buy a complete brewing kit. This will give you your fermenter, complete with airlock; the thermometer; the hydrometer; crown seals (bottle caps); a cap punch and usually a tin of beer concentrate; a bag of sugar, yeast, and beer finings. One simply follows the instructions, which state that one dissolves the concentrate in hot water, dissolves the sugar in the mixture, waits until the temperature drops to between 20-27 degrees C, adds water and yeast, seals the fermenter and then waits for the brewing process to finish, when bottling commences.



Depending on temperature, fermentation ceases anywhere between eight and 12 days. The best temperature range for brewing is between 12-15 degrees C. This is pretty hard to achieve in the middle of an Australian summer; one should find the coolest room in the house (or better still a cellar), and hope for the best.

You can experience trouble at both extremes of the temperature range. If you have cold winters you will find that fermentation, which should start within 24 hours of adding the yeast, can take as long as three weeks. Below, say, 5 degrees C, fermentation virtually ceases. To counteract this, some firms sell small immersion heaters which keep things moving along. Above 30 degrees C, the brew will bolt on you (it bloody near blows itself up, in fact). For this reason I generally brew only in the spring and autumn, totally avoiding the colder and hotter parts of the year.

The end of fermentation is quite easy to spot by eye. All bubbling activity ceases and the beer starts to clear itself out. In other words, it stops looking muddy and starts looking appetising. This is where the hydrometer comes in handy because some brews can be deceptive. Normally one bottles when the hydrometer shows a specific gravity reading of 1000. It is safe to bottle at a specific gravity of 1003, but above 1005 is dangerous because the yeast has not finished working.

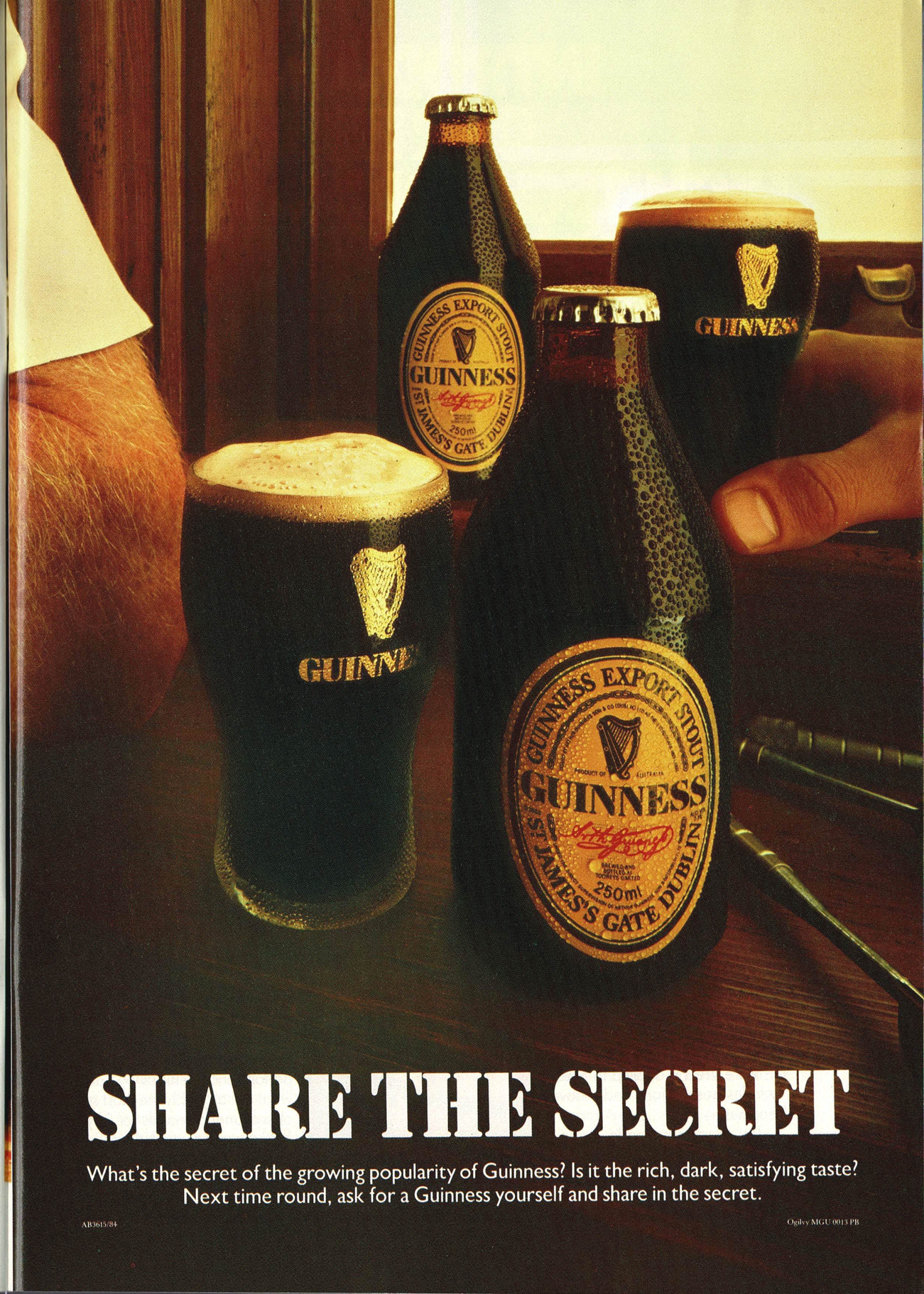
As most instruction sheets tell you, don't meddle with the brew while it is fermenting. The more you take the lid off the container, the greater the chances of contamination. This is especially true with the bottom-fermenting yeasts employed these days. The old top-fermenting yeasts used to form a sort of sanitary crust on top of the liquid (or wort, if you want to baffle your friends with technical terms) which prevented the entry of wild yeasts. But the bottom-fermenting yeast doesn't do this.

Before bottling, the bottles themselves should be thoroughly scrubbed and sterilised. The most widely available steriliser is sodium metabisulphite which you can get at any chemist or home-brew supplier. Remember to always rinse the bottles again after the sterilising process, otherwise you won't get any secondary fermentation.

Although many people start and end their home-brewing experience with the kits, others (myself included) get bored. About four years back I gave up the tins and went on to the proper malt and hops which is much more time-consuming but a great deal more fun.

Using various malt grains, plus the proper hop flowers, to make 25 litres (30 bottles) I use 1kg of malt extract, 500gm of cracked malt grains (light or crystal), 1kg of sugar, 60gm of hop flowers and a bottom-fermenting yeast. One boils up the hops, strains off the liquid and then boils up the malt extract and the cracked malt grains, and strains it into the hop liquor.

As to the cost. Well, four years ago, I worked it out that my beer was costing me 17 cents a bottle. Now (thanks to wild inflation) it's gone up to between 25 and 27 cents, the cheapest booze you're ever going to get. — RICHARD BECKETT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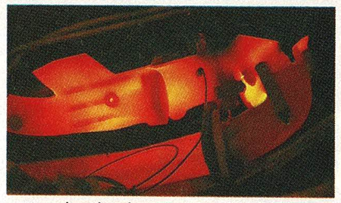

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MONEY

Be smart! Act now to prevent the tax man biting into your rainy-day fund.

It's hard to get anyone under 40 to think about retirement. Before 40, most people devote their energies to building a career, not ending one. This attitude is gradually beginning to change, however, as we become aware of the difficulties we are likely to face when the time comes to stop working.

Although it's true that most of us can be certain of a longer and healthier retirement than our parents had, it may not necessarily be an easier one. Few of us will be able to stop working entirely after retirement, fewer still will be able to retire early. Inflation, and the assets test on pensions, have conspired to make retirement a perilous business. It's also quite obvious that we will not be able to count on as much government support in old age as our parents received. Particularly depressing, for those who looked forward to one last pre-retirement fling, is the government's controversial tax increase on lump-sum superannuation benefits. In the future, only a handful of retirees will be able to take the round-the-world trips so popular with present-day lump-sum recipients.

At least most of us will have some superannuation to tax. I hate to think what will happen to those Australians not covered by any superannuation plan at all. Life insurance companies estimate that most people require 60 to 75 percent of their working income to maintain their standard of living in retirement. It's difficult to see how anyone without a superannuation plan can expect to have anywhere close to this figure 25 years from now.

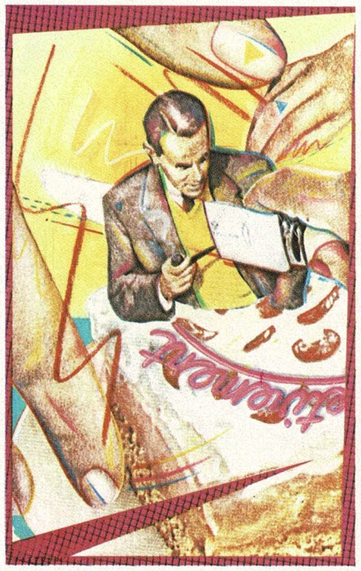
But the news is not all bleak. There are ways to plan for the future. For example, the past year or so has seen the rebirth of the long-dormant annuity business. Several life insurance companies have begun to advertise their annuities and many more have new packages in preparation.

The impetus behind the resurgence in annuities is the government's infamous lump-sum superannuation tax. Instead of the old five percent tax on superannuation, the present tax — which is levied on lump sums accrued since 1 July 1983 — grabs 15 percent of the first $50,000 worth of superannuation and 30 percent of the rest. Actually, this is a "concessional" rate available only to those 55 or older. Younger recipients must pay 30 cents in the dollar on the *entire* amount of superannuation.

Since most people retiring today accumulated their superannuation benefits well before 1983, the new tax rates are having only a small impact. However, 10 years from now, things will be different. Those about to retire will find that about one-third of their lump-sum distribution had accumulated since 1983 and is taxable at the new rates. Twenty years from now, two-thirds of most retirees' lump sums will fall into the high tax category, and 30 years from now, practically all of it will. The only way the new tax can be avoided is by converting the lump sum into an annuity or by buying an annuity in the first place.

So what's an annuity? In essence, it's a kind of savings account. But instead of a bank, it's handled by a life insurance company. The income earner (known as the annuitant) pays the insurance company money which is invested and paid back in a series of periodic (usually monthly) payments. If the annuitant has purchased a life annuity, these payments continue until he dies.

Although most retirees manage to live for years after retirement, no one can be sure when he will die. This makes the annuity something of a gamble. If the buyer dies within a month of retiring, the insurance company gets a bargain. If, on the other hand, he manages to last another 30 years, the company keeps right on paying. The gamble can be reduced by purchasing a term-certain annuity. All such policies guarantee a certain number of payments. If the policy owner dies prematurely, the remaining payments go to his beneficiary. No matter which type of annuity is purchased, each periodic payment is made up of two parts: a portion that is simply the return of the annuitant's own money and interest on this money. Income tax is payable only on the second part — the interest.



To give you an idea of what sort of payments we are talking about, consider the following figures advertised by a large life insurance company. A 65-year-old male retiree who receives $100,000 in lump-sum superannuation and turns it over to the company in return for a lifetime annuity will receive around $1400 per month for the rest of his life. If he lives to 80, the company will have paid him over $250,000 on his $100,000 investment.

Of course, there is no need to wait for retirement to buy an annuity. You can buy one now. Say, for example, that you're presently 35 and your favorite aunt has just passed on leaving you $20,000. If you put this money into an annuity earning around eight percent yearly, you would have accumulated over $200,000 by the time you retire at 65. At present rates, this translates to payments of $2800 per month from age 65. Not bad for a $20,000 investment.

Although they are an excellent form of retirement income, annuities have never been very popular and few are sold. Part of the reason, of course, was the previous low tax on lump sums. Why take $1400 per month when you can get your hands on the whole $100,000 right now? Taking the lump sum means a paid-up mortgage, a trip overseas and money in the bank. Taking the monthly payment, on the other hand, is like still being on wages.

Retirees have also shied away from annuities because they feared dying prematurely and missing out on money that should have been theirs. Insurance companies have responded to this complaint by creating joint-life annuities. These are policies issued on two or more lives rather than one. For example, a policy covering a retired husband and wife will continue churning out monthly payments as long as one of them lives.

Finally, there is the problem of inflation. Although $1400 per month may seem like plenty now, chances are it will seem much less generous several years from now. Annuities indexed to increase with inflation are really the only way to protect retirees. But, as yet, few such annuities are available. Nevertheless, as things stand, those whose retirement is 10 or 20 years away have little choice. Unless you don't mind losing a large chunk of your superannuation in income tax, annuities are more or less the only game in town. Unlike some lump-sum policies, they won't allow you to become rich overnight, but they are certain to make your retirement more comfortable.

— SETH GREGORY

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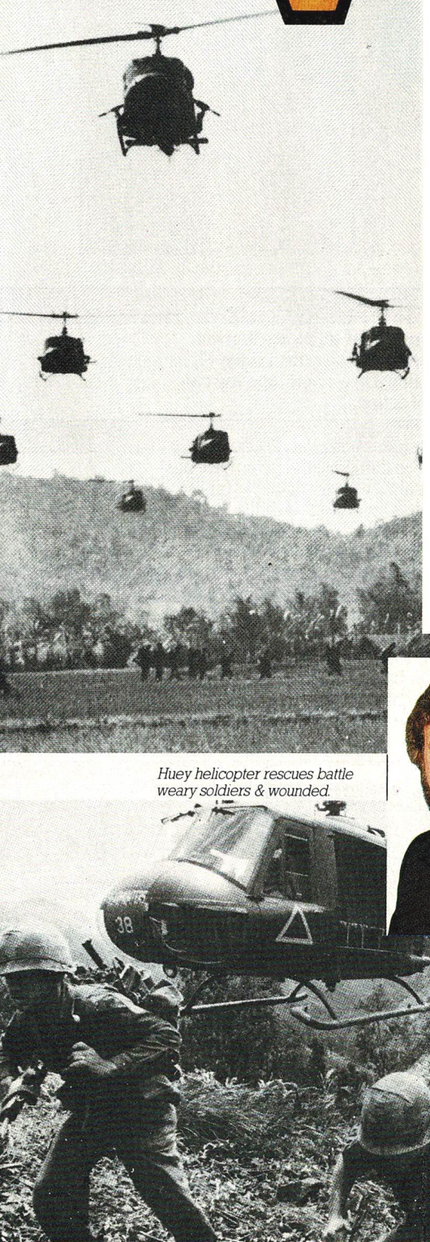

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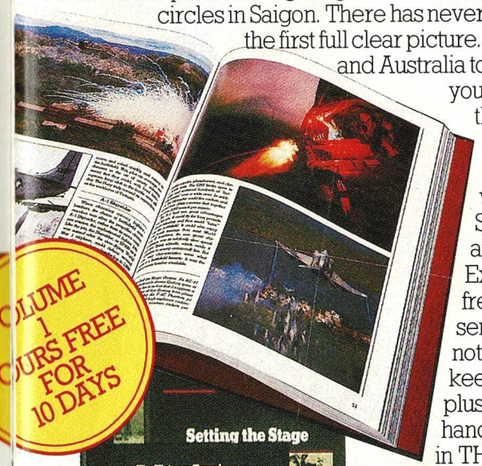

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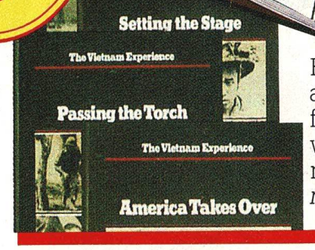

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MEN

The rewards for a dedicated daydreamer can be more than you'd ever imagine.

The headline caught my eye: STUDY: BOYS' FANTASIES MORE OUTLANDISH THAN GIRLS'. Oh no, I started to worry; if the world figures out that we men are in reverie much of the time, that fantasy is as central to our lives as breathing, what secrets will we have left?

Fortunately, the article in the paper had its limits. A study had been conducted by one Malcolm Watson, who had examined the fantasies of 45 youngsters at a day-care centre. What he found will not surprise any of the men I know. But I think I can speak for all of them when I say that I'm glad Watson confined his research to boys and did not go on to discover that men are no different.

"Little boys pass as much as a quarter of their playtime fantasising spaceship rides, ray-gun duels and other outlandish adventures," the press release said, "while girls are far less likely to act out unrealistic escapades."

Big news. Who's surprised? I'm not, and neither is my spaceship. I take a ride every day. I used to go behind the moon and over to Mars, but recently I've been trying to get out there to the edges of the universe because that's the territory that truly fascinates me.

Usually I have a partner on my space explorations. Usually it's Debbie Newsome. Sometimes it's Rebecca Gilling. Once in a while it's Marilyn Chambers, but I certainly would never admit that publicly. Our trips are very nice, though fraught with danger. Often I have to climb into my spacesuit and repair the Magvite Magtrometer and the External Computer Gyroscope.

This is dangerous and difficult work, but boy oh boy do I get rewarded when I'm safely back in the ship. Those women are glad to see me. All three of them.

Watson found that bizarre, often combative, daydreams filled with magic and the supernatural are the almost exclusive domain of little boys: "Sometimes preschool boys pretend they are spies and superheroes. . . Woven through these illusions are conflicts between good guys and bad guys," he stated.

Did you hear that? "Illusions." Who the hell does Malcolm Watson think he is? Illusions? Listen, just yesterday I was in Berlin, okay? It was 1939. I was a newspaper reporter. Look, if you're going to mock me, just stop reading, all right? Because this really happened. I was in Berlin and Goebbels was pissed off at me for my dispatches to the *Sydney Daily Bugle*. A beautiful blonde who looked a lot like Debbie Newsome had given me information that there were concentration camps outside Munich and I had sneaked through the forest and photographed the barracks and the crematorium and then returned to my hotel to write about them.

That series had won a Walkley Award and Hitler was furious. After Goebbels chewed me out, Hitler wanted his turn. As I marched in to his office, I pulled out my Xenon Laser Relativity Gun. The great thing about this gun is that you never kill anybody with it; you just send them into a deep freeze in outer space for 6000 years.

"Adolf," I said with my Humphrey Bogart smile, "there are good guys and bad guys and guess which you are?" I disappeared him, zap, like that. I stopped World War II. Let me tell you, that blonde back in Munich was grateful.

"Girls the same age also spend lots of time pretending, but their fantasies are almost always realistic domestic dramas. . . In fact, the girls studied never drifted into the unrealistic never-never land that so fascinated little boys,'' Watson commented.

There he goes again. "Never-never land." Why is it that researchers are so condescending? What do they know, anyway? Take my trip to the French Riviera a few minutes ago. I suppose that's a never-never land? I broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Seriously, I did. I started with only 50 cents. There was this big Sicilian guy at the roulette table and I challenged him to a series of bets, pick a number, pick a color, pick any combination. Debbie Newsome was so nervous she could hardly watch. But I was hot. We played for 16 straight hours and I won, lost, won again, lost again, and then, at dawn, with the sky the color of smoked glass, I broke the bank on one last stupendous, brilliant bet. Whew, that was a close one, I suddenly realised.

Debbie Newsome scolded me, but I could tell that actually she was very proud of my coolness under pressure. She gave me a massage and then tucked me into my bunk on our yacht.

The most dangerous part of the study — the part that could show not one of us emperors ever wears clothes — reads as follows: "Watson found the highest fantasy rate among boys four or five years old, but not among toddlers who were two years or younger. 'This shows that it's quite common and increases with age. . .' Watson said."

It is to be hoped that Watson will not continue along these lines of enquiry. This is very troublesome territory. If he proves what we men already know, and if our tendency towards fantasy is successfully exposed, we will never hear the end of it. Daydreams and night-time dreams are where we frequently live, but we cover our tracks by appearing busy, industrious, organised, mature. We know we're not any of those things, but we hope nobody else knows.

The answer, of course, lies with me in my secret life. I will take care of the likes of Malcolm Watson. I will deny everything. Watson and I will be debating on national TV. The whole country will be watching and I will lie like a rug for my fellow men, claiming that fantasy is for sissies, that real men don't fantasise, that our minds are always on our jobs. I will be triumphant and resplendent, and the issue will be put to rest.

Of course, I will also be a little sweaty, because I will have just come in from my rock concert where my fans loved my music so much they wouldn't let me go. Nevertheless, I will win the debate with Watson, and people will be impressed. Mike Willesee will shake my hand. "You certainly protected the reputations of us men this evening," he will say with a warm smile.

My knee will be hurting a little because nobody can come back with only one day's rest and play a perfect final for Collingwood and not feel some pain. But I will grin and bear it. And when the shouting's over and I'm walking back to my limousine Debbie Newsome will hug me, Rebecca Gilling will giggle, Marilyn Chambers will pout, and I will smile.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

The word is out . . . if the married man can cope with an affair, then the single woman is ready.

When Jackie Collins penned her lusty novel *The World Is Full Of Married Men*, she could well have inserted the word "unfaithful". It would not have been an overstatement: it's a well-known fact that a ring on the third finger, left hand, is as easily removed as a pair of Y-fronts.

Married men play around. Statistics prove it. My personal experiences in wine bars, interstate hotels and footie ground locker-rooms confirm it. Take the figures revealed by the landmark *Hite Report On Male Sexuality* in 1978. The report revealed that 72 percent of men married for two years or more had had sex outside marriage.

Ahem. I'll leave the finger-wagging to the feminists. I just want to say that you guys have never had it so good. Just as the world is running out of food, fuel and fresh air, it's come to my attention that single heterosexual males (SHM) are an endangered species. More and more women are now willing to consider having affairs with married men. Healthy, red-blooded females can only take so much of Tupperware parties and girls' night at the gym. And believe me, any woman who's watched thousands of muscular men on parade in glitter gowns and leather cowboy suits at Sydney's gay mardi gras knows that it's time to take matters into her own hands.

I don't actually condone this state of affairs but it must be acknowledged that it does exist and there are many self-possessed, hard-headed females who cope splendidly with the frustrations and deceit involved in a liaison with a married man. In fact, we cope better than you do because you're the ones who have to do all the work. I don't mean that in a sexual sense — rather, that you're the ones who have to cover your tracks, juggle us with the wife, perform brilliantly in bed with both of us (so she doesn't get suspicious and we'll want to keep seeing you), buy both of us presents (Waterford crystal for her and pearl ear-rings for us), take both of us out to be fed (she gets upmarket, downtown, Saturday night French and we settle for no-frills, outer-suburban, Monday lunchtime pizza) and generally wear yourself to a frazzle meeting the demands of two women.

Still, you keep doing it, some of you with decidedly more flair than others. Let's look at a few scenarios involving an affair with a married man (MM).

There are rather a lot of you who pretend that the wife doesn't even exist. At least not until after you've had a thundering orgasm during our first sexual encounter and we've attempted to plant a juicy lovebite on your neck and you've shrieked, "Don't leave any marks!" as you dash to the bathroom mirror. In a split second we know that your neck is covered by Medicare Family Plan.

Then, after you've owned up to your connubial state, you'll tell us to be brave, and explain that our special moments together will be brief but meaningful and, of course, it won't always be possible for us to express ourselves in public. All this is murmured as one hand strokes our hair and the other gropes for your watch on the bedside table.

The next day, we give you a cheery wave as you glide down a city street in the wife's car (we know it's hers because it wears personalised plates and anyway, only somebody's wife drives a station wagon). You hurtle into a side street almost maiming a cyclist and taking a flower barrow and council litter bin with you. We are left looking just a smidgin silly and you have a dented fender to talk your way out of.

Then, of course, we are bombarded with details on the poor old wife. Everything about her gets on your nerves. Her teeth stick out, she's untidy, she undercooks the lamb and her tits are too small. At some stage during this outpouring, we begin to remember how our parents couldn't afford orthodontic treatment, how we loathe housework, love rare meat and how the last guy we went out with suggested we try a padded bra. Suddenly there's the awful realisation that maybe we're just the teensiest bit like the dreaded Mrs MM.

Sometimes we complain how we're sick of you always coming over to our place to drink our coffee, use our hot water, toilet paper and telephone, so you swagger around a bit and nonchalantly invite us to drop over to your place for a coffee and chat. This casual arrangement is planned three weeks in advance to coincide with the wife's annual visit to her gynaecologist.

You give us directions to your rear door. We rip our pantyhose climbing over the back fence, fall over the barbecue pit, almost impale ourselves on the garden stakes but eventually we are inside.

We're smuggled in through the new Mother Hubbard custom-designed kitchen, past the collection of antique walking sticks and framed Tim Storriers and on to the brass bed. While you put up the blackout curtains on the window and blindfold the Siamese cat, we sniff out details such as her Pill packet, wedding photo, jar of Vaseline and joint account chequebook on the bedside table. We begin to feel decidedly tacky.

Later, when we use the bathroom, we notice her size 10 knickers and 36C bra hanging on the shower rail. Dammit, she even uses the same brand of perfume that we do. A sinking feeling sets in, but no, it's not over yet. Suddenly, you shove a towel over our head, bustle us back to the bedroom and show us into the wife's end of the wardrobe. Jesus, you even lock it. As we listen to you answering the front door and ushering your mother-in-law into the kitchen for a cuppa and a chat, we have the sneaking suspicion that maybe we're being used.

Then there's our social life, or lack of it. We spend a lot of time at home waiting for you to call. Sometimes you arrange to come to dinner, we spend half-a-day organising a gourmet meal and you call at the last minute to say you can't make it because Mrs MM has sprained her big toe and she insists you massage it. Our cats have acquired a taste for smoked salmon and beef wellington.

If you do take us out to dinner, you wear sunglasses at eight in the evening, borrow your butcher's delivery van and drive us 20 kilometres across town for a falafel in the back booth of a Lebanese cafe. You never sit facing the door and always inquire about the location of the fire escape before ordering.

Still, we put up with it, at least for a while. Mostly it depends on how *you* cope with it. And while all this subterfuge is going on, we are, of course, on the constant lookout for an SHM. The last time an MM took me out for dinner, he was so busy parting the palm fronds to peer around the restaurant and adjusting his balaclava to sip his soup that he neglected to notice that I'd been picked up by the smooth Italian head waiter.

Antonio is an MM with three children and ingrown toenails. But he suits me fine, at least until my next night out on the town.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

TABOOS FOR THE MARRIED MAN

If you're a married man embarking upon an affair, do everyone concerned a favor and never utter any of the following lines:

(1) My wife doesn't understand me;
(2) When I'm with her, all I do is long for you;
(3) I can't even bear to make love to her anymore;
(4) It's only the children who keep us together;
(5) I call out your name in my sleep;
(6) I'd love to be able to say I love you but I know it would upset you;
(7) I'm taking the wife to Tahiti for Christmas but I'll be thinking of you every minute, and
(8) If only I'd met you first.

MOVIES

De Palma fails to deliver, true grit American epic, and a tender tale set in Northern Ireland.

Once **Robert Benton**'s *Places In The Heart* overcomes the hurdle of looking like a passion play promoting racial and cultural understanding, it winds itself around you like a sheet of cling wrap. A searingly personal account of one small family shaking a defiant fist at the world, it is based on the lives of writer/director Benton's great-grandparents in the early years of The Depression.

The earnestness is at first disconcerting but, as the story unfolds, so does the mastery of Benton's treatment. In the microcosm of one struggling family, he diagnoses the side-effects of social and political ailments that blighted a whole nation. Benton's great-grandfather was a Cotton Belt sheriff shot dead by a drunken black youth, leaving a wife and young family to care for themselves at a time when the only sympathy around was that between losers. His widow Edna Spalding (**Sally Field**) finally accepts an offer from an itinerant black named Moze (**Danny Glover**) to help her farm her land.

The family unit has to make further adjustments when the mortgage-holding banker places his blind brother-in-law (**John Malkovich**) in their care. A bond develops between this unlikely team and from there on it's all indomitable spirit and a points win in a bloody battle over adversity, even when the prize at the end is the unwanted attention of the Ku Klux Klan.

There are times when *Places In The Heart* seems to cry out for a bit of editing on compassionate grounds, but maybe this is a cry we're meant to hear. It is the total experience that makes it such a powerful subject. Respect for the fact that it is a true account — a treasured family legacy — makes it something to be admired and not just endured.

Most of the ingredients of the American national character are to be found: grit, individualism, charity and prejudice, but for totally valid reasons. Benton is done proud by a great cast, Field, Glover and Malkovich being the conspicuous stars, and also by the camera work of **Nestor Almendros**. Come awards time, *Places In The Heart* can hold out its hand with some expectation.

●

Brian De Palma must be the most promising director in screen history. He showed promise with *Phantom Of The Paradise* and *Obsession*. He showed promise with *Carrie* and *Blow Out*. And while there's more promise in *Body Double*, he never actually gets around to delivering.

De Palma's previous offerings have all dealt with fears that we could understand if not exactly identify with. For most of us anyway, *Body Double* is something else again. The murder mystery element is still there, but the theme this time is voyeurism and a clumsy analogy between legitimate acting and porn flick performances.

The bizarre protagonists in *Body Double* are Holly Body (**Melanie Griffith**), a punkoid porn star branded with a holly sprig tattoo, and a wimpoid actor (**Craig Wasson**) who, for lack of anything else to play, acts out fetishes and fantasies at home. (De Palma phobiaphiles might like to note that the actor is "resting" after losing the role of the vampire in a horror movie, Vampire's Kiss, because his claustrophobia caused him to freak out in the tomb scenes.) Wasson is so bland you could share a phone box with him and not notice. His contribution to the film is to reduce the audience to such a stupor that the arrival of Melanie Griffith around midpoint will be a major event. Actually, it is. She is spontaneously and unconsciously funny, never more so than in her cross-purpose conversation with a serious actress.

Melanie Griffith portrays a punkoid porn star in Body Double.

But, Griffith aside, there's precious little about *Body Double* to reassure us that change, in De Palma's case, is for the better. There's too little eroticism to satisfy the voyeur, too little suspense to satisfy the mystery buff, and too little De Palma quirkiness to satisfy his fans. Holly Body is a great character, but she seems more a **Paul Morrissey** creation than a De Palma one, and one good role doth not one good movie make.

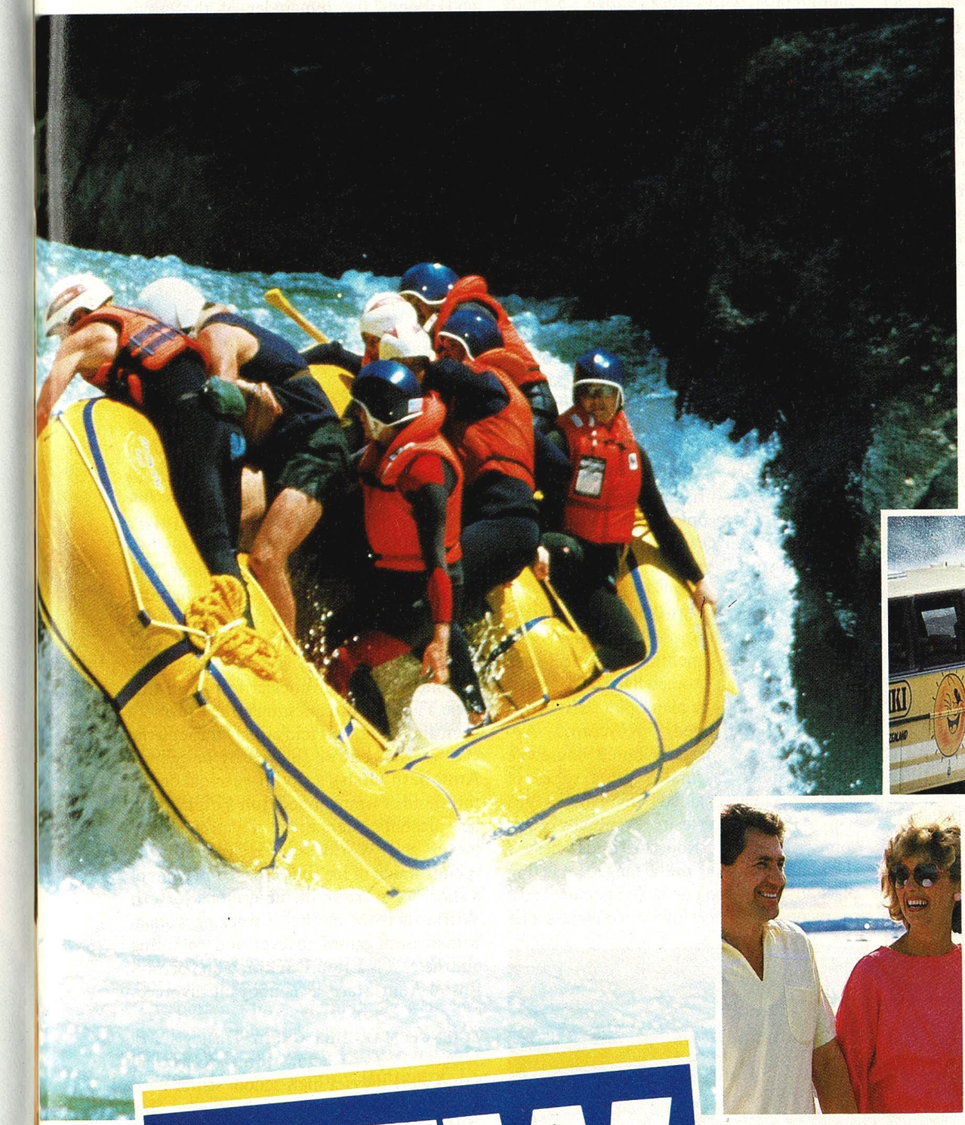
●

We've been hearing about *Cal* for so long, mainly because **Mark Knopfler** of **Dire Straits** penned the soundtrack, that the first reaction is to wonder what all the fuss was about. *Cal* is a very gentle movie about very violent times. Set in Northern Ireland, it softens us up with the murder of a policeman shot dead in his own home and then pacifies us with an introduction to Cal, a 19-year-old Catholic youth who appears exceptionally unexceptional.

Cal (**John Lynch**) is not highly educated, not highly motivated and not possessing much outside the normal 19-year-old's responses and instincts. This includes a bit of sexual adventure and a highly unlikely relationship develops between the callow youth and a much more mature librarian named Marcella (**Helen Mirren**). It's a gentle, fumbling affair that brings them closer together when his family home is burned down in a revenge raid. But the more Cal's instincts turn to a quiet, responsible future, the more he is haunted by his role in the murder of the policeman.

Director **Pat O'Connor**'s treatment is detached and the temperament of the movie is docile, but out there atrocities are occurring. The horror of the situation is that apparently ordinary people like Cal are implicated in the turmoil. It is an effective device and it gives the film a welcome intelligence. The impact is in the lack of impact, in the creepy realisation that the

Get high on New Zealand water.



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enemy of this kind of conflict has no real definition, no profile.

O'Connor's treatment is deft. In the final analysis, most of what has been said has never been stated, and our opinion of *Cal* is formed by our own conditioned responses and not those of script or director. Its refusal to become embroiled in the passions of its subject or to exploit the violence of the subject for its box office gains stamps *Cal* with producer **David Puttnam**'s familiar seal of integrity. — ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

HARDY CHARACTERS: You can expect to see more of **Peter Corris's** Cliff Hardy novels getting film treatment hard on the heels of *Empty Beach*. **Bryan Brown,** who stars as the scruffy investigator Cliff Hardy, is besotted with the character to the point of adopting the Hardy image. Brown bought the screen rights to the novel and is co-owner of the production along with producers **John Edwards** and **Tim Read.** Now the Hardy appearance and wardrobe have become a full-time obsession with him.

●

BROWN BOMBER: **Chris Haywood,** who created such a good impression as militant miner Wattie Doig in **Richard Lowenstein's** *Strikebound,* is bouncing back in another Aussie folklore role... as Mr Brown in the movie of the 1971 Qantas bomb extortion. Network TEN is partially funding the project as a tele-movie, but cinema release possibilities are also being investigated. Producers of the movie are Adelaide independents **Scott Hicks** and **Terry Jennings** who already have an AFI award to their credit.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Hollywood's recent rediscovery of the western continues to gather steam with the announcement of two more cowboy epics currently in production. The first, described as a "large-scale western", is Colombia's *Silverado*, directed and co-written by **Lawrence** *(The Big Chill)* **Kasdan**, and starring **Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Linda Hunt, Kevin Costner, Danny Glover** and **Roseanna Arquette**. The other, titled *Uphill All The Way*, is a $3.5 million chase comedy set in Texas in 1917, top-lining **Mel Tillis, Roy Clark** and **Trish Van Devere**... **Robert Redford** and **Meryl Streep** will team up for the first time in **Sydney Pollack**'s *Out Of Africa*, based on books by **Isak Dinesen**... **Woody Allen**'s next film will be called *Hannah And Her Sisters*. Woody will star along with **Michael Caine, Mia Farrow, Carrie Fisher, Barbara Hershey, Julie Kavner, Maureen O'Sullivan, Tony Roberts, Dan Stern, Max Von Sydow** and **Dianne Wiest.**

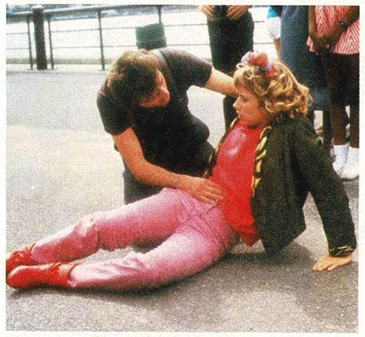
●

GORE'S STORY: The **McElroy** brothers **Hal** and **Jim** are also looking at the documentary drama field with a $1.5 million production based on **Father Brian Gore's** experiences in The Philippines. Hal McElroy believes the story is almost an update of the Christian crusades. "These are committed people dealing with fundamental life and death issues... it's really inspiring stuff," he says.

●

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY: Though the producers of *Desperately Seeking Susan* shudder at the mention of the word "amnesia", that somewhat overworked ailment provides the major plot twist in this contemporary comedy. **Roseanna Arquette** plays Roberta, a bored housewife who becomes fascinated by a series of newspaper personal ads involving a girl named Susan. Curiosity eventually overcomes her and Roberta finds herself showing up at a pre-arranged meeting place, described in one of the personal ads, to spy on her fantasy lovers. To make a long story short, Roberta ends up with Susan's red jacket, bumps her noggin, gets amnesia and spends the remainder of the movie thinking she's Susan. Directed by **Susan** *(Smithereens)* **Seidelman**, the flick co-stars rock singer **Madonna** (in her film debut) as the much sought-after Susan, and **Aiden** *(Reckless)* **Quinn**.

Third in line in the Porky's series is the up-and-coming Porky's Revenge. One of its highlights will be Australian PLAYBOY's Kim Evenson (October 1984). She shows up at Angel Beach High as a Swedish transfer student and here she is preparing to bare all.



Roseanna Arquette plays an amnesia victim.

NUCLEAR FAMILY: **Robert Redford**'s much-publicised Sundance Institute, the Utah-based haven for talented young filmmakers, has joined with Carson Productions to produce *Desert Bloom*, described as "an emotionally charged period look at family life in 1950s Las Vegas," set against the imminent arrival of nuclear testing in that area. The family in question is the Chismore clan, and its story is told largely through the eyes of young Rose (played by newcomer **Annabeth Gish**), a shy 13-year-old on the threshold of womanhood. **Jon Voight** plays her alcoholic stepfather, a petrol station owner and World War II veteran who spends much of his time crocked in front of a short wave radio; the ubiquitous **JoBeth Williams** is the mother, a working woman with a case of gambling fever; and rounding out the cast is **Ellen Barkin**, who portrays Rose's Aunt Starr, a flamboyant divorcee.

●

SCIENCE MARCHES ON: In Disney's *My Science Project*, actor **John** *(Christine)* **Stockwell** plays a high school senior with two big problems: number one, his girlfriend has dumped him and, number two, he won't graduate unless he can come up with a science project within two weeks. Desperate, he does what any other enterprising high school kid would do: he raids a nearby US Air Force supply dump, where he just happens to find a certain device that will do very nicely as his science project, a machine capable of creating time warps. Inevitably, our hero's science project has an interesting effect on his classmates, not to mention his ex-hippie science teacher (played by **Dennis Hopper**).

MUSIC

We may soon see a heavy metal explosion that will blow the fluoro socks off a soft pop world.

You won't hear it every hour on the radio, and you're not going to see it doing the rounds of every pop-video show. You might catch an occasional glimpse of some leather-studded guitarist thrashing out powerhouse chords that threaten to turn your speaker boxes to muesli, but you'd be excused for thinking he's trying to impersonate some of rock's ageing dinosaurs.

Unless you're a hardened rock fan, you've got every reason to believe that heavy metal died when **The Sex Pistols** started spitting at their fans in the late '70s and became rock'n'roll's most feared bad boys. Suddenly the animals of heavy metal seemed tame by comparison, and the music industry was swamped by a "new wave" that eventually became like the military wing of a wimp-minded fashion industry.

But it's good to know that the blokes still proud to have balls aren't shy about getting up on stage and telling the world. So while most '80s pop stars bend or bruise their genders and waste days in suspicious hair salons before unveiling their latest songs, the heavy metallurgists use explosive stage shows with deafening levels of noise to state their case. With such staunch old-fashioned values as "I'm a man and I want you, girl" shouted with vengeance, it's surprising the music world has only recently begun to consider young headbangers as anything more than a few steps behind the rest of the hip world.

The ears of the Western globe, in fact, might just be ready for a heavy metal explosion that could rival the importance of the punk revolution circa 1977/78. It won't be a comeback because heavy metal never went away. It's always been out there and as the sugar-coated pop charts have become more syrupy to sell more sub-teen oriented floss, the harder edge of rock has grown. The portents for something big were loud enough when late last year two giants of the hard rock world, **Deep Purple** and **John Lydon** (formerly **Johnny Rotten** of The Sex Pistols) leading **Public Image Limited,** undertook simultaneous Australian tours.

It was a good excuse for every headbanger to come out of the closet while music trendoids had a field day slinging around snide remarks about old hippies and young punks searching for their few remaining grams of grey matter to mash as the decibels rose like the summer temperatures.

Radio's playlists, apart from a few small offerings around the country, remained unmoved. Radio formats play it safe, and while the prevailing diet is for all-day-sucker pop, heavy metal doesn't get a guernsey. Sydney's top-rating radio station, Triple M, for instance, responded to increasing heavy metal sales both worldwide and in Sydney by scheduling one hour of hardened rock at midnight every Saturday night. The station's music director, **David White,** suggested that a lot of people were scared of admitting allegiance to heavy metal, and that goes for those in and out of the music business. If you think Triple M's response was just a token, then other radio networks have been deafening in their total silence.

Despite such lack of support, figures show that there's a thriving market for heavy metal albums, probably because the fans can't get their dose of metal anywhere else but on their own stereos. When Deep Purple's reunion album, *Perfect Strangers,* was released in Australia, the entire first shipment destined for NSW (10,000 records) sold immediately in Sydney's western suburbs. And the same sort of fanaticism goes for bands like **Twisted Sister, Quiet Riot, Kiss, Status Quo, Black Sabbath, Dio, Bon Jovi** and **The Scorpions.**

Aussie metallurgists, Boss.

All those big names have come from overseas, though there's no denying Australia's **AC/DC**'s massive following all around the globe. Heavy metal, however, is one of the last bastions of a local cultural cringe that automatically denigrates Aussie metallurgists in the face of a stylised overseas product. That sort of battle is the last thing young bands need, considering the backwater they've already been driven into. But there is one advantage they have over the imports: they play live, which is a far better way to fill your head with hard rock than watching a piece of black vinyl rotate in the comfort of your own home.

The local boys have been accepted slowly by publishers and record companies: bands like **Boss, Avion,** and **Bengal Tigers** have all got their platters to prove their emergence. Boss got wide international release on their first long-player, Avion sought out prestigious producer **Martin Arminger** for their second LP, and Bengal Tigers needed to go back to the drawing board to search for an element of melody in their work.

Despite their musical differences, any heavy metal band anywhere in the world comes chiselled from much the same kind of raw rock material. The cementing agent is a devotion to pure entertainment and the recognition that the audience has paid its money so it wants its fun. Boss's lead singer, **Craig Csongrady,** sums it up: "Our statement is 'let's party' and the people love our energy because they want to have a good time.

"I don't relate to songs about the world being blown up. A lot of people don't relate to that. I don't see people being entertained by songs about the world ending tomorrow. "It's not my bag," he adds. "I'm just good at writing the normal stuff and it works because the crowds I'm getting are mainly the Norms."

Boss's crowds show that heavy metal has something for everyone: blokes who have been listening to the foreman telling them what to do all week, people without jobs at all who have different frustrations, even doctors who want to bang their heads.

"It all gets back to entertainment," says Craig. "If you've got $10 to spend in a night, you want to get everything you can and then some. The chicks like it too. There's a lot of sex in the music, and lyrics with sexual connotations. The girls stand up front, they watch, they drool, they get wet knickers, and they go and pull a bloke. That's what we aim to do: satisfy every guy and every woman.

"At our gigs they all get sweaty and hot and want to keep the rhythm going. Our music is fucking music."

The dynamics of '80s heavy metal might have changed, with 15-minute guitar and drum solos disappearing from the face of the earth and modern sound technology getting the nod, but basic needs still endure. Rock'n'roll remains as raw as ever underneath some of its more fashionable masks... let's party! — TONY LOVE

SPORT

Australia may need to borrow some black power to catch up in the sports arena.

The White Australia policy could be partly to blame for Australia's decline in world sport. Our lack of racial mixtures, particularly negroid blacks, may actually put Australia at a disadvantage when competing against nations such as Canada, the USA and Great Britain in some sports.

The White Australia policy limited our intake of black and colored migrants during the first half of this century. During the same period, the USA in particular, and eventually Britain and Canada, absorbed considerable numbers of migrants who settled among their indigenous races.

Today Britain, Canada and, of course, the USA can boast many world and Olympic sporting champions of black, particularly negroid, origins. Unfortunately, Australia cannot.

Last year's Los Angeles Olympics provided an indication of how valuable a contribution black competitors have made to American, British and Canadian sporting performances. The men's 100 metres is the supreme example. All eight finalists were blacks of negroid origins. The winner, Carl Lewis, is regarded by many as the world's finest athletic specimen. Canadian bronze medallist Ben Johnson is originally of West Indian negro background; so too is his team-mate Tony Sharpe, who finished eighth in the LA 100 metres final. There were two British sprinters amongst the eight: Mike McFarlane, who was placed fifth, and Donovan Reid, who took seventh place. Both are black.

The other finalists were silver medallist Sam Graddy, an American black, Raymond Stewart, who comes from Jamaica but lives in the United States where he attends university, and Ron Brown from the US.

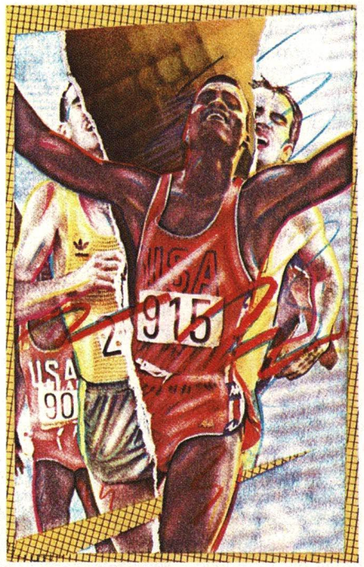
The picture is similar in all men's track events up to the 800 metres. The three medallists over 200 metres were American blacks, again led by Lewis. The three runners who beat Australia's Darren Clarke into fourth place in the 400 metres were two American blacks and one black African. In fact, Clarke was the only (and thus the world's best) white man in that Olympic one-lap sprint final.

The 800 metres winner, Joaquim Cruz of Brazil, is of caucasian and negroid heritage, while the third and fourth placegetters were again blacks — one an American, the other an African.

In the longer events, white athletes were more dominant, but there was still a significant number of black and colored medallists and finalists. Darren Clarke was the only Aussie in any men's track final in LA.

And so it seems that, for some unknown reason, being black, particularly of African negroid origins, seems to provide a propensity for champion sporting prowess. Take those all-conquering West Indian cricketers and the many great black boxers from America, Africa and, in the amateur ranks, Cuba, and you don't need much further proof of the proficiency of blacks and coloreds in physical endeavors.

There are no clear-cut answers to why this is so. In the racially prejudiced '30s when black men like Jesse Owens (athletics), Joe Louis (boxing) and Jackie Robinson (baseball) dominated American — and often world — sport, it was suggested that blacks had certain anatomical advantages over whites because they were closer to the apes and therefore as agile and as powerful as those animals. Enlightened research would later prove much of this to be incorrect. Certainly there *are* anatomical differences, but they do not appear to provide the primary reasons for black supremacy.



One potentially sound suggestion is breeding. The majority of American blacks are descended from slaves brought to that country to work the plantations and perform demanding physical tasks. In the Deep South, where those slaves mainly were kept, they were regarded as closer to humanoid animals than human beings. Thus the slave-owners would adopt the same attitude toward their blacks as they did to their animals. They bred the slaves to suit their requirements. The finest male specimen — usually tall, powerful, beautifully muscled and with aggressive tendencies — would be kept not for the hard work of the fields but for the more enjoyable business of breeding better slave children. The "buck niggers", as they became known, were the studs to whom the prime slave girls were mated.

That practice lasted only a generation or two, but it may well have been enough to bring together some of the best genetic possibilities of the blacks.

It is quite possible that the great Carl Lewis has the genes of such fine bucks in his system.

There are other possible reasons for black supremacy in so many athletic endeavors. The essentially relaxed and rhythmic posture and movement which seem to be a natural attribute of most great black performers — in sport as well as in music and dancing — could emanate from their more recent primitiveness. Or it could be cultural — in any of the islands of the Caribbean you'll find babies who are only just learning to walk dancing rhythmically to the music of the calypso, reggae and similarly sensuous sounds.

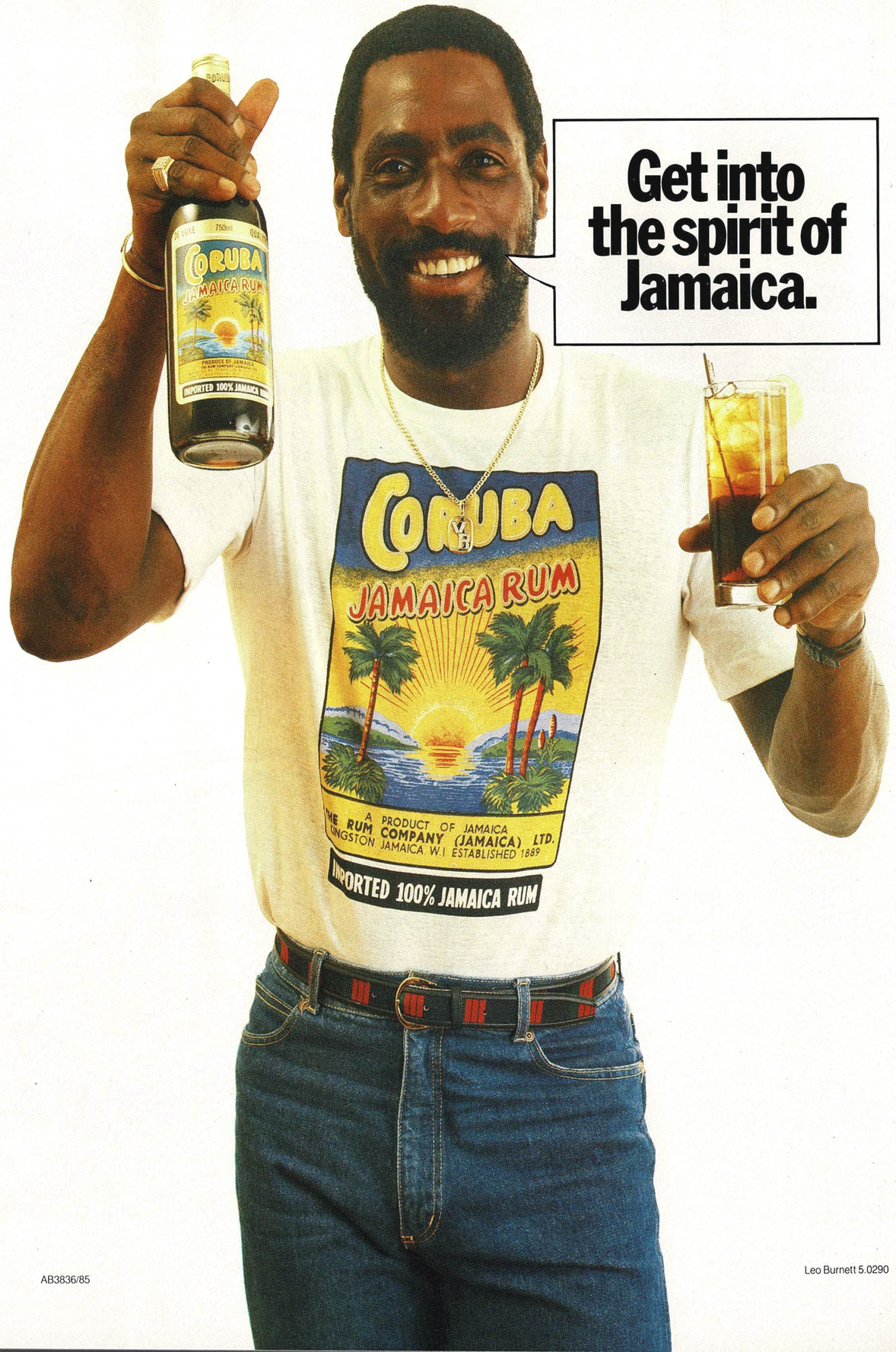
Physiologists tell us that the few scientific studies done on different racial groups show that blacks tend to have a greater proportion of white muscle tissue to red tissue than do whites. White tissue is the one which makes for speed of reaction as well as rhythmic movement. Red tissue is the kind which enables men to maintain steady effort over long periods of time (like Robert de Castella does in the marathon).

Yet there have been great white sprinters, such as Russia's Valeriy Borzov, double sprint gold medallist in the Munich Olympics in 1972, just as there have been great black marathoners, such as Ethiopian Abebe Bikila, winner in Rome in 1960 and Tokyo in 1964.

Although the explanation is hard to pinpoint, at this stage in our sporting history, it appears that blacks undoubtedly have something over whites in sports which require speed, agility, flexibility, grace and rhythmic coordination (though there has not yet been a black swimmer of any great note, which is another subject worth consideration).

The defunct White Australia policy might be blamed, at least in part, for Australia's decline in some sports and games.

But it's not too late. Maybe we should try to persuade some West Indians such as Viv Richards and Clive Lloyd to migrate here so their children can marry into white Australian families. Then maybe, in another generation or two, Australia's sporting record could be looking a whole lot different.— MIKE AGOSTINI



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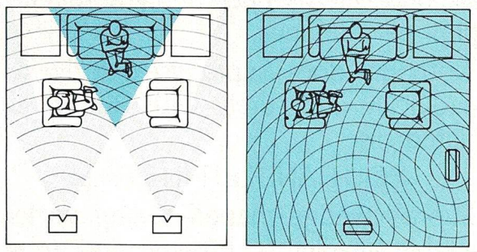

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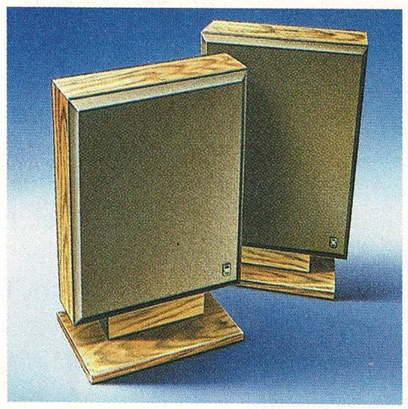

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THOMAS KENEALLY

A candid conversation with one of Australia's best-selling authors about Schindler's Ark, surviving the Hollywood merry-go-round, the Church and the incredible grind of making money out of writing in Australia.

Interviewing Thomas Keneally is a notable first for Australian PLAYBOY. It is the closest we have ever come to interviewing a priest. While he was not ordained into the priesthood, Keneally did spend six years of his life studying at the Catholic seminary in the Sydney suburb of Manly. Keneally and the Catholic Church did not prove entirely compatible and so he left to become a writer. One of his earliest successes was Three Cheers For The Paraclete, a heavily autobiographical novel about a priest at odds with his church. It was a successful exorcism for Keneally and won him his second Miles Franklin Award for literature. (The word Paraclete, which puzzles many people, is another name for the Holy Ghost, especially in the role of conciliator.)

The author of 18 books, including The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith which was made into a critically successful film, though it still hasn't made much money, Keneally lives in a house with ocean views on Sydney's northern beaches. He is married and has two adult daughters.

Keneally is embarking on his 50th year riding a tidal wave of success. He has the Booker Prize, Britain's most prestigious literary award, under his belt plus an Order Of Australia for services to literature. And Schindler's Ark is a bestseller in the United States and Europe as well as Australia. He was lured to Hollywood to write a script for the movie of the book, to be made by no less a director than Steven Spielberg, the reigning godhead of the box-office. Keneally's most recent book, Outback, is a series of essays about the "real people" of the Aussie bush. It proves that despite his international reputation he has not forgotten his earthy Aussie roots and he remains delightfully unstuffy.

Associate editor of Australian PLAYBOY ***Paul Mann*** *interviewed Keneally over a couple of weeks despite frequent interruptions, largely due to the author's increasingly frantic schedule.*

Says Mann: "Even though we would end one interview abruptly because Keneally had to dash off to some urgent new appointment, he could quite easily pick up at the same point in the conversation a week later. Thomas Keneally is a born commentator. He observes everything around him, he genuinely seems to like people, and he translates all his images and impressions into articulate phrases almost immediately.

"The problem with Keneally is that he can talk at length about anything. Give him a topic and he's off, chattering happily away about writing, sex, fame, Hollywood or the movies, and the interviewer has to fight to get a foot in the door for the next question. Thomas Keneally is the only person I have ever met who could reduce a Playboy Interview to one question and answer, if allowed. While that might make my job easier it would be a pity to cheat his audience because Keneally is a natural raconteur. He's funny, witty, can be hilariously explicit, and is good entertainment value on any subject."

PLAYBOY: How did the Church's loss become literature's gain?

KENEALLY: The Church very nearly drove me mad. I mean, quite literally, I was nearly mad when I left the seminary. I left exhausted by the struggle of trying to become a perfect 18th-century priest.

PLAYBOY: What was it that almost drove you mad?

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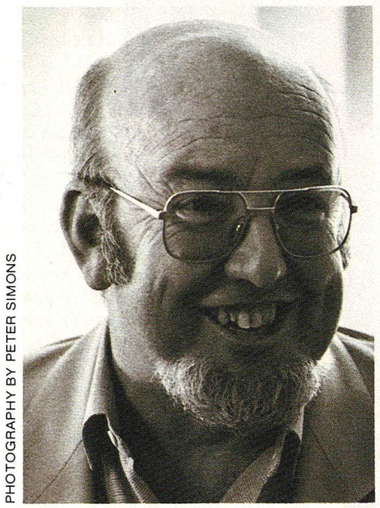
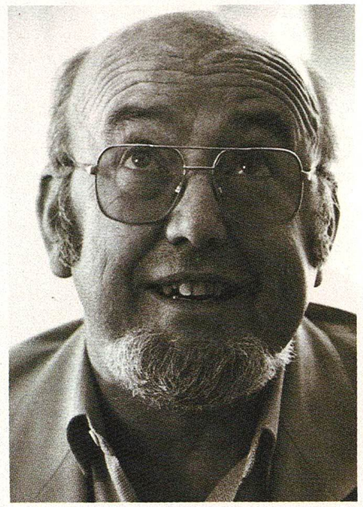
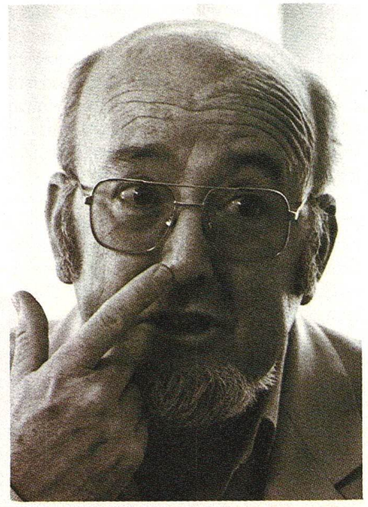


"If you live with a community of people who take it for granted that they're going to be celibate for the rest of their lives then you come to accept it. We weren't homosexuals either."



"There have always been liquidity crises in my career. My problem is over-estimating what's coming in the next royalty payment and then telling bank managers what's coming."



"I suppose writing novels is like getting married in the teeth of tyranny. Writing a book is an almost automatic response of hope in the future."

KENEALLY: It was the anti-humanism of the Church then. And the authoritarianism. I notice the Church has become more humane, more lenient than it was in the '50s, that it places greater emphasis on love than on observance. But it didn't then, it was extremely strict. There were certain rules of observance about what constituted a mortal sin and what constituted a venal sin. The style was very Judaic, there was great stress on the letter of the law as against the spirit of the law. Some people rose above this but some couldn't. What it encouraged was perpetual self-analysis, looking at yourself all the time for faults or lapses, and that was very unhealthy, very neurotic. Naturally, introspective people went mad in there. I knew people who went absolutely barmy. I was nearly one of them. Love is meant to be the basis of Christianity, or so they tell us. They told us too late for it to be any use to me.

PLAYBOY: What drew you to the Church in the first place?

KENEALLY: Oh, in the parishes of my childhood the priest was a very powerful figure, a political figure, an intellectual figure, an authority figure. There was a lot there to turn on an impressionable lad. It was a sort of survival from Ireland where the only educated bloke in the parish was the priest. You see, in Australia in those days, before the great tidal wave of immigration, before all the wogs and reffos let some light into this country, Australia was divided into two armed camps — the Protestants and the Micks, the Anglo-Saxons and the bog Irish. The Protestants disliked the Micks and the Micks returned the compliment. This country was very much like Ulster, it was very easy to become entrenched in your own brand of sectarianism. In that atmosphere it was normal for a certain proportion of those of us who went to Catholic schools to either become Christian Brothers and teach in the school or to become priests. And when you went into the seminary it was like a buttress against the outside world. No newspapers, no radio, we couldn't go out in a car. When I was in the seminary at Manly I had no sense that I was perched above an exotic beach in the south-west Pacific. Our whole training was full of the mists of Ireland.

I think Australia was saved by immigrants, God bless 'em. And Australia never wanted them, they weren't welcome. They were all wogs and reffos, we said. They were never going to become Aussies. Now, if you look at all the teams in the VFL they're full of the children of those immigrants. Until the great wave of immigration in the '50s we Catholics were an embattled minority. The Anglo-Saxons always had the whip hand in Australia. When my wife was a girl, her father took her to the bank for a job interview and he told her not to wear glasses because it made her look too much like a convent schoolgirl and they wouldn't give her the job. That was the thinking of all banks in the early '50s. It was only a shadow of what the Jews had always put up with in Europe but the idea was there. When all the wogs and reffos started pouring into Australia things changed, Australia changed, suddenly it wasn't so important if you were bog Irish. The historic differences between the Irish, the English and the Scots, which had been the big problem in Australia and had often resulted in instances of violence, sort of diminished under the impact of this massive immigration.

PLAYBOY: Was it easy maintaining celibacy in the seminary?

KENEALLY: Easier than you think. I'm amazed by how easy it was. We all had our problems and temptations, which we looked upon as coming straight from the devil, but if you live with a community of people who take it for granted that they're going to be celibate for the rest of their lives, then you come to accept it. We weren't homosexuals either; I came across very few instances of homosexuality in the seminary. In fact, in

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those days there was this great tradition of masculine clerics. They didn't have girlfriends but they made up for it by being hearty drinkers and backers of horses and those people held a certain glamor for us. We accepted that when we left the seminary we would no doubt be the same. It was a great lesson to me about the way people can be conditioned by training, a great lesson about the way people could come to accept any situation.

PLAYBOY: When you left did you get stuck into all the earthly pleasures you'd been denied?

KENEALLY: I didn't have much of a chance to become a libertine. I probably would have if I'd been given the opportunity but I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: *Three Cheers For The Paraclete* was praised for its humor but there was a lot of bitterness in that humor. What were you trying to say about the Church in that book?

KENEALLY: I wanted to tell outsiders what it was really like in there but I didn't want to do an injustice to the people who were humane in the Church. I wanted to imply that the leadership was hidebound, that people went mad in there and no one gave a bugger, and to reflect some of the obvious reforms that were going to overtake the Church. That was written in 1967 and I could remember everything about the seminary quite clearly. I suppose when you're a young writer you think you can change the world. I was trying to influence the people in there to rebel against some of the obvious shallow people who were in control of young lives. It was a product of that time when we were all leaving in droves yet still hoping for the Church to shape itself into something.

PLAYBOY: Your early books are full of despair, about people overwhelmed by the awfulness of their predicaments. Your later books are full of optimism, about people who overcome their predicaments. Does that change reflect the man you were and the man you are?

KENEALLY: Oh yes, indeed. I've changed a great deal since those early books. I approve of affirmativeness. I feel relatively bullish about mankind — or should I say humankind in case there are any feminists reading!

PLAYBOY: There won't be many.

KENEALLY: [*laughs*] What's striking me more and more is how every generation seems to produce independent spirits, the people who evade conditioning. For example, Oscar Schindler, an ordinary German who evaded the conditioning of his culture, his childhood and the politics, in a highly individualistic way. No one could categorise or attach labels to the way he saved all those people. I think it is that independence and grandeur of spirit that emerges in individual humans. It doesn't surprise us that we're all mean but when that special spirit emerges it takes one by storm and I think that sort of manifestation is the hope of humanity. It's the reason we've got a little bit of hope.

PLAYBOY: Did you despair of mankind in your youth?

KENEALLY: Yes, although there's more reason for despairing of mankind now, of course. But you can't live life like that. Look, there's a tendency in a lot of Australian writing to look upon most of mankind as a damned mass, sort of Lotto players and daytime TV watchers and a few people in there who know what the truth is but they're not putting it around. And if you believe that of mankind, you're doomed. If you take that view of mankind, you're obviously writing yourself out of a job.

I suppose writing novels is like getting married in the teeth of tyranny. I notice a lot of young people got married in the Second World War precisely because the world was coming to an end, because the Nazis were putting them into concentration camps. Writing a book is an almost automatic response of hope in the future. There is no sense in writing a novel if there isn't a future. I found marriage was good for me, my daughters were good for me and I found that I was not of a grim temperament but a rather garrulous, party-going temperament. That all helped humanise me. It's funny, the kids who do the HSC, those who study at university or readers in general, don't understand how the writer develops

just like everything else does. Or that there are some books that he might grow out of, that they might ultimately seem to have been written by a stranger. And that's the case if you write rashly as I do and publish too much.

PLAYBOY: Two of the characters in *Schindler's Ark* carry out a courtship in a concentration camp. That emphasises your point but there are two ways of looking at that kind of human behavior: it's either a desperate attempt to uplift the human spirit in a terrible situation or it is sexual morbidity, sexual arousal in the midst of death.

KENEALLY: Yes, there was a great deal of sexual activity in the camps.

PLAYBOY: Why was that?

KENEALLY: It's the lovemaking in the graveyard syndrome, I would imagine. An automatic human response to the desperateness [*sic*] of life. It's falling back on one of the fundamental comforts of humankind. The romance I wrote about is just what happened and I think it was an affirmative act. The strictness of the courtship and the supervision by the women in the camp was one of the elements of the courtship. I think the act of marriage was a gesture in the face of nullity. Josef and Rebecca Bau are still married. They live in Tel Aviv. I don't think they knew quite why they were marrying but I think it's simply something humans do when they're faced with the pit.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also a lot of random copulation in the camps?

KENEALLY: Sure. It's not mentioned in my book but that sort of thing did happen for the simple reason that people were being brutally treated. My sources tell me there was a great deal of animalistic coupling going on in those concentration camps. Sometimes the guards forced people to do it. It was a way for the guards to demonstrate the prisoners' animality. But in the case of the Baus there was a very civilised courtship. In the face of death Josef Bau went picking snowdrops near the electrified fence. His automatic response was to civilise his love by these means. That's an image to me of the civilised side of humankind.

PLAYBOY: So, however appalling a man's situation may be, he still has the choice either to give in or to rise above it?

KENEALLY: Yes. There was a lot of animality among the guards and the SS hierarchy at that camp, too. It was a situation which unleashed the worst aspects of animality. Himmler said the honor of an SS man was to shoot 500 people in a day and still be civilised. But, in fact, it's impossible to slaughter people like that and retain any sense of civilisation or honor. The whole dream was crazy. Himmler's dream of the way SS men should operate was crazed and berserk. Inevitably an animal way of using other humans led to all sorts of manifestations of animality. But the SS kept trying to stamp their people with the idea that they should execute like a judge. They even went around charging some of their people with sadism. It was okay to kill 7000 people a day as long as you didn't enjoy it. But they didn't realise that the only way you can get someone to kill 7000 people a day is if they do enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Obviously there were things you uncovered in your research for *Schindler's Ark* that you kept out of the book. Why?

KENEALLY: The problem of the holocaust and the reason why people still go on writing about it is that it was the first time the whole resources of a state had been devoted to the extermination of minorities. We did a pretty good job on the Aborigines but it wasn't the total resources of the state. If I told too many stories about Amon Goethe, the commandant of Plaszow, and about the SS, I might have succeeded in describing what the regime was like but the important aspect of the book was Schindler's deliverance of these people. I gave people an idea of what Goethe and his regime were like but if you pile horror on top of horror, in the end people just get blunted and they can't take any more. It has no dramatic impact on people after a time. I deliberately didn't tell all the Goethe stories even though they are astonishing.

PLAYBOY: Did your research depress you at all?

KENEALLY: Like most writers, I knew I was on to a great story but I did lose sleep, far more than I expected. You know how writers dance into a story and they think they're going to get out emotionally scot-free? It was very hard for me to get out of this one scot-free. I had nightmares about trucks, gas chambers, execution scenes and Amon Goethe.

PLAYBOY: Does Amon Goethe still haunt you?

KENEALLY: Absolutely. In much the same way he dominates the lives of Schindler survivors. They still spend hours debating why he did what he did. Amon Goethe still rampages across their dreams. It's like science fiction that happened 40 years ago. If you made it up now it would seem too preposterous.

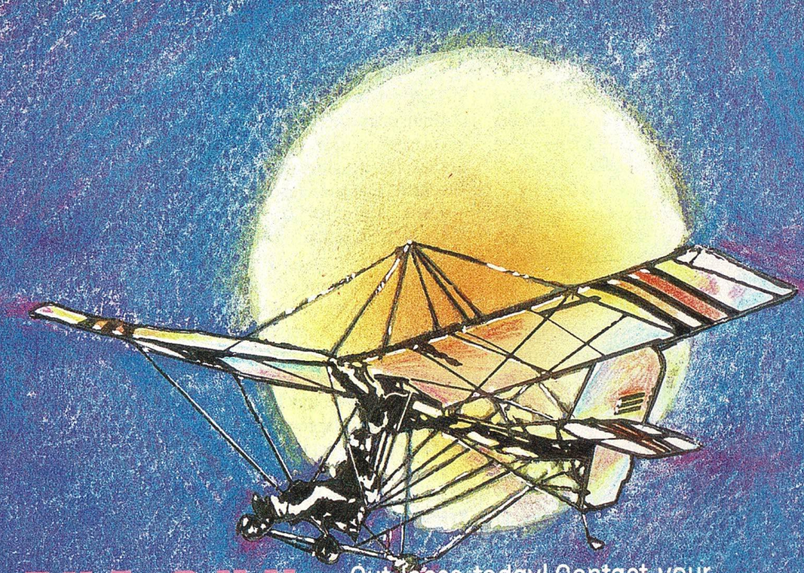
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about people who claim there was no holocaust?

KENEALLY: I know there *was* a holocaust. I don't carry a candle for extreme Zionism or anything like that and, in fact, I want to do a book on the Palestinian issue at some stage, but it definitely happened. You can't meet all these people in different parts of the world who saw Amon Goethe shooting other people from his balcony, witnesses from Tel Aviv to Melbourne, Buenos Aires to Beverly Hills who are all making up exactly the same story. I have been approached by people in Sydney with the most incredible stories of deliverance from the holocaust. What about my mate Poldeck? [*Poldeck Pfefferberg, a major source of material for Schindler's Ark*] Poldeck saw Amon Goethe put the revolver to people's heads. He would have died in Auschwitz if it hadn't been for Schindler. What about those 300 Schindler women who saw what went on in Auschwitz? Are they all telling the same lies? If there was no holocaust, where are all the people?

PLAYBOY: How did you co-ordinate the incredible bulk of your research material and keep the thread of a story in mind?

KENEALLY: Well, when I'd finished interviewing and read all the material I could get my hands on, I time-coded it, color-coded it and got it into chronological order. I've got

"No, we don't have a toilet, but you're welcome to piss over the edge of the cliff."



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a snooker table at home and the documents covered that and when I needed the papers for a certain incident I could find them through the color-coding. My mate Poldeck was instrumental in organising research too. He was dynamite. I remember one time in New York, he called a couple on Long Island and said: [*slips into heavy Jewish accent*] "Thomas and I are in New York only one more day and we want you to come in tonight at 7.30 and give us an interview." And they said they had a dinner engagement. I could understand their reluctance to come in and see an Australian Gentile writer and spill their souls to him, and he says: "So Schindler saved your life and you don't care enough to cancel a lousy dinner engagement?"

PLAYBOY: That's quite a guilt trip to lay on people who thought they were just going out to dinner.

KENEALLY: [*laughs*] Absolutely. . . I felt guilty. I had to apologise, but they all know Poldeck. . . Uncle Poldeck. You know, I was constantly struck by the way the mists and madness of the holocaust could be recalled whenever I spoke to these people. You'd be in New York or Sydney on a beautiful sunny day and you'd be talking to someone who was there and suddenly it all comes alive. There was this incredible story about a couple who were hidden at a farm for 14 months by the farmer and they had a baby. Because there was an SS depot nearby and the SS men used to come to the farm for butter and eggs, the baby had to go or someone would have heard it. But the father couldn't bring himself to kill it so he crept out at night and put it on someone's doorstep.

That baby is now a middle-aged businessman in Sydney. I constantly uncovered stories like that; stories that would take your breath away.

PLAYBOY: You immersed yourself in the blackest episode in history to write *Schindler's Ark*. Did it ever threaten your sanity?

KENEALLY: Not now. It did while I was writing it. It was an exhausting book to write but my greatest problem now is Schindler was such a fantastic character that it's hard to imagine making up a character who would be as contradictory, picaresque and large as Schindler.

PLAYBOY: When you researched *Outback*, your latest book, did you deliberately look for extraordinary people to tell the story?

KENEALLY: Oh yes, the place in Australia where you do find extraordinary people is out there. You find them, warts and all. It's as if, in that enormous wilderness, their spirit expands like yeast to take up the available space. It really is like a 19th-century frontier, full of cowboys. They may have helicopters now but they're still cowboys.

PLAYBOY: How are the Aborigines going to make out?

KENEALLY: I think some of them have been, and will be, destroyed by our malice and some have been, and will be, destroyed by the enormous gulf between the two cultures and others will be enormously successful in combining both cultures. I think they're quite right to fight for land rights. I think land is so crucial they've got to. It doesn't matter if it upsets Russ Hinze and the cattlemen. Russ Hinze said they've only got to piss in a hole and it's a sacred site. Now that's not exactly true. The hero ancestor, in his travels across Australia, only had to piss in a hole and it became a sacred site. If the hero ancestor was there it's a sacred site. The whole country is sacred but some bits are more sacred than others. Russ expressed it in a rather demeaning and aggressive manner but he gets 10 out of 10 for being on to a great truth.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have to struggle as a writer?

KENEALLY: Absolutely. If you wrote in the Australia of the 1960s you were virtually writing in a vacuum. There was a community of Australian writers but it wasn't very visible. There weren't venues a young writer could go to and meet established writers. I presumed, quite wrongly, out of pure colonial innocence, it was possible to make a living as a writer. We weren't just a cultural colony, we were a publishing colony; books were shipped to us from overseas. Australian publishing wasn't as vigorous as it is now; I had no one around to tell me that it was impossible to make a living as a novelist. And I always presumed, from the time I got my first book published, that I would make a living of some sort. The great problem for any writer, even if he earns a good yearly wage, is that he's only paid a few times a year and it's getting worse because of the peculiar way publishers pay out their money. In any other industry it would just about approach a scandal. They probably treat Filipino cane-cutters the way they treat writers. Most publishers are now paying — and this is universal throughout the English-speaking world — on the books that are sold up to December of one year, but they don't pay the author until about the following August. Royalties are heavily delayed. This has always given me a quite unfounded hostility toward computers because whenever writers complain about not being paid, they are always told it's because of problems with the computer. There have always been liquidity crises in my career. There are with every writer. My problem is often overestimating what's coming in the next royalty payment and then telling bank managers what's coming. It's the curse of being a writer.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain that to the bank manager?

KENEALLY: In the early days it was very hard because there was no consciousness of an artistic community in Australia. If you went to a bank manager and told him your situation he'd consider it a story from Mars. Living at a place like Avalon, which is full of crazy visionaries and artists, it was a bit easier and it's easier now than it was in the '60s. Australian institutions seem used now to having an artistic community in their midst. In the '60s it was like talking about fairy tales. Maybe I shouldn't put this in print, but I'm a very reckless person. My wife does the books and keeps me more under control but I try to live well and only find out I'm in difficulties when it's too late.

"Say, how high is this slope, anyway?"

It's a general lack of good, Presbyterian providence.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, you try to live well? Does your money go on good food, clothes, travel?

KENEALLY: Well, it certainly isn't clothes. I'm one of the 10 worst-dressed men in Australia. Clothes turn on me. If I put on a pair of pants they will tuck themselves into my socks. I've always travelled a lot and I've been fairly indulgent to my daughters, though it hasn't spoiled them, thank Christ. You know, school fees and running a house on the northern beaches. It isn't cheap living up there. It's an area of slips, all sorts of arcane and disgusting plumbing problems, floods, high winds. Windows are always exploding under the pressure of wind. Living up there is an expensive business. I'm not a handyman, you see. If clothes turn on me, power drills turn on me in an even more radical way. They must think I'm a bloody poofter artist. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Which parts of the world do you like most?

KENEALLY: Two journeys stand out in my memories. I think the places you dream about mean the most. Antarctica certainly, when I was young and went with the Americans. McMurdo Sound is one of the most beautiful places in the world. The other journey was across America. We actually did two cross-America trips. I remember the grandeur of the Rockies. America is a more obviously, up-front sort of beautiful place than Australia.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Hollywood now that you've become a Hollywood person. . .

KENEALLY: [*laughs*] Yes, a working-class Hollywood lad.

PLAYBOY: Hollywood has always been hard on writers and it must be doubly hard for you to "go Hollywood" considering your roots and the difficulty you had getting used to just having an American publisher.

KENEALLY: Yes, well, I've learned a bit about Hollywood from my friend Fred Schepisi and also I had a lot of serious interest from the studios in my book *Confederates*, so I knew something of the process. Poldeck spent a lot of time showing me around Hollywood and, of course, because so much of Hollywood is populated by refugees from Eastern Europe he knows all about them. The first time I met Spielberg I was rather overawed but my mate Poldeck, who had survived the holocaust and looked Satan in the face, he treated the whole crowd at Universal with the greatest disdain. He said of Spielberg [*again that heavy Jewish accent*] "grossing $2 million a day and he has to wear sneakers." Instead of saying "Mr Spielberg, it's an honor to meet you", it's "Steven, I was talking to your mother the other day and she says you're doing so well. . . she's so proud of you". Ten years ago the Hollywood treatment, the temporary burst of hotel suites and limos. . . I would have gone berserk. But now I always hear that little voice telling me, "You're going to be in the shit with your bank manager in two years' time, so relax."

I must say that everything they say about Hollywood and writers, despite the genial relationship I've had with Spielberg, is pretty true. Not so much Spielberg himself but there are people in the studios who talk about "real writers". You know: "You can do the first couple of drafts then we'll get in a real writer". They used to say that, not to boys from the bush like me, they used to say it to bloody Faulkner. They used to say "Listen, William, this is very nice. I think we'll change the boy to the girl. We'll relocate it in Guiana, then we'll get in a real writer to finish it." This is William Faulkner they're talking to, who won a Nobel prize for literature.

I am particularly interested in seeing the movie about Schindler made, if only for Poldeck, who has shown the most extraordinary loyalty to Schindler.

PLAYBOY: Will Schindler finally make it into a movie?

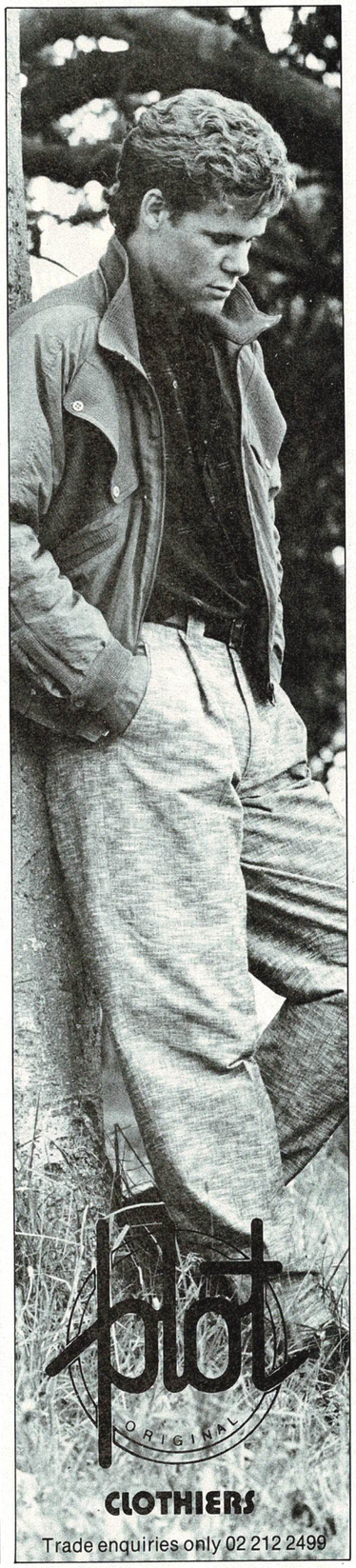
KENEALLY: They [*the producers*] have spent a great deal of money developing it, but that doesn't mean anything to those blokes. The studios squander money. I think a great deal will depend on how the script finally comes out. About a month ago Spielberg's secretary called me and said a lot of directors had approached him asking to do it and he's knocked them all back thus far. Every time I've seen him or spoken to him he's very up about it. These projects take so long and so many things can go wrong. I don't see how it can miss being made into a movie but how soon I'm not sure. Spielberg told me he was going to get right on to it after this last *Indiana Jones* movie but that took six months longer than he expected and he's got new movies he's producing, so God only knows.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your work will stand the test of time?

KENEALLY: I used to worry about that but I don't know and I'm not sure that a writer should concern himself with that. It's an unnecessary worry for a writer to take on because most of our work doesn't stand the test of time. I've got a suspicion mine will last a bit better than some of the people who are heavily favored in the Aust. Lit. stakes, which is a sort of country carnival, the Bong-Bong races of literature. I feel all my best work is ahead because it's a long apprenticeship, like most of the arts. You only get good round about the time your brain's rotten and therefore I suspect all my best work is ahead of me and that will be remembered. I'm not at all sure about the stuff I've written up to now.

PLAYBOY: Are you rich yet?

KENEALLY: [*laughs*] Gosh, what a question. Well, I can't afford to stop work yet. Let's just say I can afford a better class of liquidity crisis!



JUSTICE DENIED

Bureaucratic incompetence, legal indifference and public apathy keeps hundreds of people in Aussie jails without trial.

Article by **DIANE ARMSTRONG**

A BLUE VAN pulls up inside a desolate yard surrounded by massive brick walls. One guard unlocks the barred gate while another ushers Mark, handcuffed and shaken, into a long, dim corridor where he is stripped, searched and issued with regulation clothing.

His cell is one of 40 which line the landing at the top of a metal staircase. He opens the heavy iron door with the square peep-hole window and finds himself standing in a cramped box which contains two bunks, a few shelves, a rickety

ILLUSTRATION BY FAYE MAXWELL

table and a small barred window high above the toilet. Sprawled out on one of the bunks, a big, heavily muscled man glares down and shouts: "What the fucking hell are you doing here? Fucking screws never leave me alone."

Mark is silent. His cell mate could be a psychopath for all he knows. Better not argue. At 10pm the lock clicks shut; they are in for the night. He tries not to think of his wife and children, but sleep is impossible: the whole wing reverberates with noise.

A prisoner in the remand section of Sydney's Long Bay jail, Mark lives in a world of barred gates, locked cells and bleak yards topped with barbed wire and patrolled by guards. He is allowed to make three phone calls each week. When his wife and children can manage to come and see him, their visit takes place in a small yard surrounded by other prisoners and their families and under the surveillance of the prison officers.

Although he's a prisoner, Mark hasn't been convicted of any crime. He hasn't been tried and after spending several months in jail he could even be acquitted. His case could be dismissed or he could be found guilty, but not be sentenced to jail.

So why is he there? Well, he's been charged with embezzlement. People who are charged with a crime are remanded in custody when bail has been refused. Remand prisoners are those awaiting or undergoing trial, awaiting sentence, extradition or deportation.

Ever since the Magna Carta was signed, it has been a fundamental principle of British justice that a man should not be imprisoned without a fair trial, but in Australia today more than 1000 people are locked in prisons, *awaiting* trial! Lord Hailsham, who recognised this paradox in our criminal justice system, described the remand process as the sole exception to the Magna Carta in peacetime.

"Whatever happened to the idea that a man is innocent till proved guilty?" asks Frank, a muscular bloke with long, blond hair who was acquitted after spending four months on remand.

A report on Australia's unconvicted prisoners published recently by the Institute of Criminology found 1076 prisoners remanded in jails around the country. They make up 11 percent of the total prison population.

"The most surprising aspect of this study was the difference it revealed in the use of remand by the various states," says David Biles, assistant director of the Australian Institute of Criminology. The highest remand rate among the states is found in South Australia, where 17 percent of the total prison population have not been tried. Then comes NSW with 13.7 percent of the prison population. The Northern Territory, however, is in a class of its own: 14.7 percent of the prison population is awaiting trial, but if viewed in terms of per 100,000 population, it soars ahead with 28 per 100,000 Territorians, while NSW registered nine, and SA eight per 100,000 population.

As you'd expect, the majority of those remanded rather than granted bail are in jail because of the seriousness of their charges. The most common charges on remand are breaking and entering, armed robbery, homicide or drug offences. Drug charges run the gamut from importing and dealing to the less serious cases of possession and use. The AIC study found a big increase in the number of lesser drug remands: their numbers jumped from 19 percent of the national total in 1981 to 40 percent in 1983. Biles wonders if this reflects a harder line among courts. Judy Johnston, officer in charge of probation and parole at Long Bay, feels that it represents a misuse of remand. "Addicts should be placed in special units, not in jails where they receive no help for their problems," she says.

A recent study of unsentenced prisoners in NSW carried out by the Department of Corrective Services found that their number had grown significantly from around 500 in 1981 to 640 in 1983, an increase of 28 percent.

In the past year, five remand prisoners have committed suicide at Long Bay while more than a dozen others have made attempts.

The basic dilemma in dealing with those charged with crimes is how to balance two conflicting rights: the right of the accused to presumption of innocence versus the right of the community to protection from further crime. Society obviously can't function if criminals fail to appear in court or continue to commit crimes while on bail. But the system seems incapable of finding a fair balance. The ways in which the remand system is applied in Australia often disadvantage the accused very seriously. Apart from loss of freedom, income and the disruption to family life, the prisoner often loses his job and is forced to remain idle while his family become welfare recipients. Legally he's disadvantaged too: while in jail, he can't actively organise his affairs or his defence, and his meetings with a solicitor are infrequent and conducted in difficult surroundings.

"You live in limbo, demoralised and anxious, in a debilitating state of uncertainty. You just don't know what you're facing and you spend all your time calculating whether you'll get five years or 10. You can't plan for the future and you're locked up with 380 other guys all in the same boat, so there are blow-ups all the time," says Tony, who's awaiting trial on a series of break-and-enter charges.

Loss of income is a particular problem during remand because there are very few jobs available within the remand sections. "I've managed to find 80 jobs for the blokes in here," says John Houghton, superintendent of the Metropolitan Remand Centre (MRC) at Sydney's Long Bay. "They earn around $9 a week for sweeping, cleaning and maintenance work, but I've got 380 prisoners here!"

Gary has a droopy moustache, one earring and a perpetually cynical expression. "Remand is even harder on the family. I was on remand for 14 months and my wife just couldn't stand all that uncertainty. Remand cost me my marriage."

It costs some prisoners their lives. In the past year, five have committed suicide at Long Bay while more than a dozen others have attempted suicide by mutilating themselves, swallowing sharp objects or trying to hang themselves. One who succeeded was Alan Robinson, a well-known diver from Western Australia who discovered underwater treasure worth millions. He spent over a year at Long Bay's remand centre awaiting trial on a conspiracy-to-murder charge. The morning that he was due to go to court for the jury's verdict he was found in his cell, hanged. Tragically, the verdict was "not guilty".

Homosexual rape or fear of rape has driven some prisoners to suicide. In April 1983, Branden Mayo, 19, was found hanging in his Townsville cell after alleging assault by another prisoner.

John Houghton sometimes receives requests from prisoners to be transferred to the protection unit of the MRC because they've been sexually threatened or assaulted. On the morning I spoke to him, he approved two such requests: one from a young prisoner who said he'd been threatened by someone in his wing, the other from a man who said he was raped during a previous remand period and can't sleep worrying that it may happen again. The AIDS scare has only aggravated apprehensions about rape.

Male prostitution is rife in prison. Drug addicts, especially, have little trouble obtaining drugs while on remand, provided they can pay $50 a hit. And those with no money pay with their bodies.

There's another hazard in being remanded in custody: prisoners can become the victim of lies by other prisoners, or collusion between police and prisoners. This happened to Mark: "While I was remanded on a fraud charge, another prisoner gave evidence that I was involved in a murder conspiracy. That was a lie and luckily the judge threw it out of court, but I could have found myself facing a much stiffer penalty than the one I was remanded

(continued on page 120)

"Who says they don't make 'em anymore like they used to?"

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Super-sexy Susan Dean from Perth is Australian PLAYBOY's very special sixth Playmate Of The Year. She first appeared as our Miss September 1984 and now, with Bob Watson's splendid pictorial tribute, we're sure that Susan Dean will have a reign to remember.

Last time we checked in with Susan Dean she had settled comfortably in Perth after touring Australia in her faithful Holden panel van with her pet pooch, Dylan, for company. Now, she says, winning Playmate Of The Year has completely unsettled her again.

We can see why. Since first appearing in Australian PLAYBOY last September, Susan has been criss-crossing the country on PLAYBOY promotions. When we flew Susan back to Sydney for the two weeks it took to shoot her Playmate Of The Year pictorial, she said: "I think I'm going to have to get used to living out of a suitcase again."

The sultry, green-eyed beauty has turned 21 since her last appearance in the magazine and she says she has acquired more confidence and ambition. "I've become much more ambitious and it's all Australian PLAYBOY's fault," she says. "When I first posed nude I was a bit nervous. It took me a long time to relax, but this time I felt great. Appearing in Australian PLAYBOY and doing promotions has boosted my ego and given me a lot more confidence. Honestly, when my centrefold came out and I had to do my first promotional work, I was petrified. I'd put on big hats and wear dark sunglasses before going anywhere because I was so shy, I didn't want

people looking at me. After a while I got used to speaking in front of people. Being interviewed on radio and appearing on television helped develop my confidence. I think I'm much more polished now than I was a year ago and that's helped me see all the possibilities.

"Working for Australian PLAYBOY opens doors I couldn't have opened on my own. When I was told I was in the running for Playmate Of The Year my first thought wasn't about the prizes, even though I'm like any woman and I enjoy being spoiled. My first thought was 'Wow, great, think of the exposure.'"

"I've been taking singing lessons and I've worked with a band. I've done a lot of theatre work in the past year, mostly little parts but it's all good experience. I'd like to use this next year to establish my personality. Using my body got me noticed in the first place and I think that's great. If you want to use your body to make people notice you then I think Australian PLAYBOY is the best magazine to do it in because the photographs are always nice and tasteful. They like women at Australian PLAYBOY. You can feel that and it shows in the pictorials. It makes you feel great about yourself when you see how beautifully they photograph your body.

"But I'm more than a pretty face and a nice body. I have a sense of humor, I have a brain. I work out on weights to keep my body trim and I play a lot of chess to stimulate my mind — and I usually beat most of the men I play. I intend to work hard in my year to show everybody that I do have a personality. I see this as a great springboard as long as I can make it work for me. I might go into the music business fulltime after this, I might go into the theatre, maybe something to do with the arts because I love painting and sculpting. Australian PLAYBOY has given me an ego and, as someone once said, 'Ego is not a dirty word'. I can tell you, me and my ego feel pretty good about being Playmate Of The Year."

Our Playmate Of The Year, Susan Dean, will be riding in the fast lane with her star prize, the latest Nissan Z-car.

The spunky Nissan 300ZX is the absolute latest in the Nissan range of grand touring cars. The 300ZX boasts a throaty V6 engine, five-speed gearbox, and a warm opulent cockpit with a driver's seat which can be adjusted seven ways for long-distance comfort. Naturally there is integrated air-conditioning, a four-speaker AM/FM digital radio and cassette player, comprehensive instrumentation, thick pile carpets and, for open-roof speedsters, the T-bar roof panels can be easily lifted out and stored in the rear boot space.

It's a stylish and sporty thoroughbred for a stylish and sporty lady.

Susan also wins a regal 18-carat gold necklace from Angus and Coote featuring three large pear-shaped diamonds flanked by 10 exquisite marquise-shaped rubies. The Italian-designed necklace, worn in our cover shot, is further complemented by four brilliant cut diamonds.

To match the dazzling necklace there is a watch by Chopard of Geneva in rolled white and yellow gold with an individually designed bracelet and gold clasp.

And just to further bask in the luxury of her title Susan wins a P&O South Pacific cruise for herself and a friend calling in at some of the most beautiful ports in the South Seas.

Beautiful rewards for a beautiful lady.

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

IF.U.CN.RD.THS.U.CN.GT.LD

Home computers have launched a new sexual revolution with the whole world playing Perfect Match.

▪

Gee Whizery by
GARETH POWELL

THIS MATE of mine had been putting off buying a home computer. Indeed he'd been quite scathing about the amount of time I spent at home with my little window on the electronic world. He couldn't understand why I spent so many hours happily tickling the keyboard, chortling and drooling over the modem.

Then he wandered into an electronics shop and a salesman uttered the magic words to him. "With one of these," the salesman said, smugly waving at a spiffy little computer-modem set-up, "you can get more fanny than Duran Duran."

My mate has forgotten all about the Porsche he wanted. He's investing heavily in computer hardware and now we don't see much of each other at all. You see, we've

both been converted to the joys of computer sex.

While it's true that manufacturers, hobby magazines and boring newspaper computer columnists will tell you at length that the personal computer can do exciting things like balance your cheque book, calculate pi to 423 decimal places and play games which are only slightly inferior to the arcade versions, there are more important uses for the home computer in the right hands.

The manufacturers, hobby magazines and boring newspaper computer columnists have got it all wrong. They know not of what they speak.

What computers are about is communication. Sexual communication. If you have your personal computer attached to the telephone, a new world opens. A world of sophisticated, intelligent people who realise that the great game between two people of the opposite sex can be played electronically.

In Australia this new world is still dawning. But we do not have to look far to see how the game is played at the advanced level, and we can join in from here. In the United States you can dial up and leave a message with thousands of computer bulletin boards. And you get the first inkling of what is happening when you read the names given to the boards: "Matchmaker 1", "The Insane Asylum", "Magnetic Fantasies", "Midnite Madness", "Singles", "San Francisco Matchmaker", "Phreque Out", "Apollo's Chariot", "Gendernet", "Apollo II", "Aphrodite East" and "Shadow World".

What's going on out there?

What the hell do you *think* is going on out there?

The world's oldest sport has been brought up-to-date with electronics. Instead of singles bars they are using personal computers linked into telephone networks to make new contacts, to feel out the situation, to look at the possibilities.

Let me tell you a story. My computer is linked up across the Pacific (I'll give you the technical details later). Because of a remarkable experience I once had in San Francisco Airport, I tend to hook in to the bulletin boards in the Bay area. (If you *must* know, I was picked up by a stunning Bank of America teller who cashed my travellers' cheques as I got off the plane from Sydney. I spent four shattering days and nights with her. Being picked up is such a rare occurrence for me that it is burned into my memory banks.)

To check the action I link up through a satellite called Midas, hooking into an American computer network called Telenet which in turn lets me hook into the underground bulletin board network. My equipment is a personal computer with a modem (a black box which attaches you to the telephone).

The first time I hooked in to "Singles", I entered my personal details in answer to a questionnaire that scrolled across my screen. Some of the questions were fairly straightforward, others not so straightforward. Because there were so many, at the end of the questionnaire I had given at least a fair impression of the sort of person I would like to be.

Most of these questionnaires go on for much longer than the average college entrance exam, so I've selected a few queries to give you an idea of the style.

The questionnaire starts off innocuously enough:

What is your first name? GARETH.
What city are you calling from? SF.
What is the two-letter post office abbreviation of the state you are calling from? CA.

Okay. I accept that I didn't tell the literal truth but the call *appeared* to come from California, which was the main point of the exercise. I didn't think I'd get very far if everyone was under the impression that they had to pay international charges to talk to me.

Your first name is GARETH.
You're calling from SF, CA.
Is that correct? Y.

Then, after asking questions about my age (I lied) and my appearance (I lied again), it got down to the nitty gritty.

In a relationship. . .
A. Outside encounters are okay.
B. Both should be faithful.
I picked A.

What is the importance of sex to you?
A. I can take it or leave it.
B. A natural part of a relationship.
C. A constant requirement.
I picked C.

From sex the questionnaire moved on to personal habits.

What are your views on drinking?
A. People shouldn't drink.
B. Drinking helps me loosen up.
C. I like a drink now and then.
D. Drinking is okay with others.
E. I love drinking.
I picked E.

Finally, the questionnaire got on to the subject of other interests.

What are your hobbies/interests?
A. Skiing.
B. Scuba diving.
C. Computers.
D. Gaming.
E. Sailing.
F. Photography.
G. Travel.
H. Theatre.
I. Dancing.
J. Sports.
K. Stereo/Video.
L. Casual sex.
M. More casual sex.

Pick up to eight of the above and enter them in the order of preference.

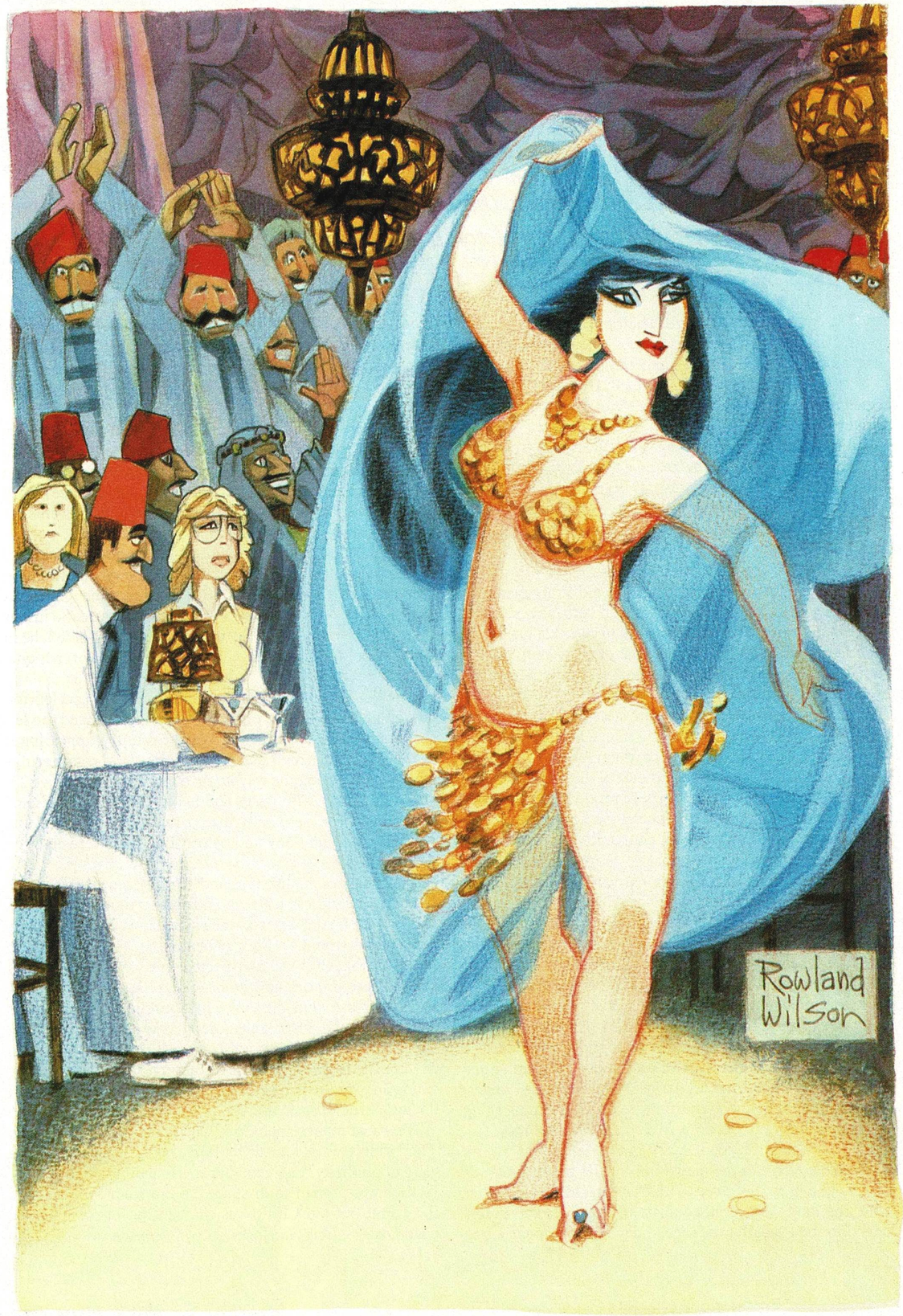
I picked casual sex, more casual sex, travel, computers.

Your address code will be given out by the computer to all persons that match to you. You may also give it to people wishing to send you private mail.

So I am hooked in to the board and my answers are fairly, relatively, almost truthful. After I had entered the answers, I pressed M for matchmaker and a list of 37 suitable names came up on the screen.

(continued on page 100)

"Oh, don't be such a wimp, Edwards, surely you can pick me up a packet of tampons on your lunch hour."



"Here in my country, everyone is for the woman's movement."

BIZARRE SECRETS OF THE ULTRA-MARATHON MEN

If you thought Cliff Young was the big story on the Sydney-Melbourne run wait till you hear about The Lady In Black Leather.

Men get better with age. Their physical performance can and often does improve as they get older. They may not be quite so powerful and explosive, but their stamina, endurance and tenacity increase, which makes for better, more steady and sustained efforts at whatever they do.

I discovered this during the 1984 Westfield Run from Melbourne to Sydney. The average age of the 10 finishers from a field of thirty starters was 47 years. No one under the age of 40 managed to complete the 875km course from Westfield's Doncaster centre to their Parramatta centre just outside of Sydney.

The third annual Westfield Run this month will start in Sydney and finish in Melbourne as it did in its inaugural year, 1983. That was when a Victorian potato farmer named Cliff Young ran his way into Australian sporting history by beating one of the toughest collections of ultra-long distance runners ever assembled anywhere for such an extraordinary event.

Ultra-long distance runners are a strange and unique breed of people. They are even disdainful of being called "marathoners", though most of them do such "short" distances (42.195km) regularly as part of their daily training routine. But these ultra men seem to revel in running three or more standard marathon distances in one day, and doing so for five, six or more days consecutively. What they tolerate — and survive — makes most other physical endeavors seem childish by comparison. And only older, more mature men seem really capable of handling the pressures, stresses and strains associated with such events as the Westfield Run.

Before I became race director and organiser last year, I couldn't imagine how anyone could find running so far and for so long enjoyable. Now I know, and my admiration, as a result of exposure to and understanding of what ultra-long distance running is all about, is unbounded. Indeed, the Westfield Run has elements of just about everything one could ask of a good movie. It has humor, pathos, anger, danger, car chases, and even a bit of sex, all happening along the Hume Highway between Melbourne and Sydney.

It's no doubt a good race, but nevertheless of no particular interest to the media but for the performance of Cliff Young in the 1983 run. This 61-year-old potato farmer from the tiny Victorian country town of Beech Forest jogged to the lead after the second day. His gumboots, long trousers and a long-sleeved top immediately caught the attention of the media. His craggy bushie's features, easygoing manner and typical Aussie drawl added to the magic. He was the typical Aussie battler and the public took to him immediately.

However, what few knew then and tend to forget even now was that Cliff Young was no amateur out of the bush beating the big city boys like Tony Rafferty, George Perdon and Siggy Bauer, already a world ultra-long distance record holder. Cliff had in fact been competing in such events for several years, and winning very respectable races.

Cliff's background was unknown primarily because ultra distance running had seldom got much media attention prior to the '83 Westfield. But by the time Cliff was approaching Melbourne he was a national figure. So just as Cliff Young was "made" by the Westfield Run of '83, he in turn made this event into something of major national importance.

The '83 Westfield victory brought Cliff Young celebrity, adulation and a degree of wealth. His life changed: he left the family farm for a time to travel the country, appearing at Westfield Centres and functions and gatherings everywhere. Along the way he encountered an attractive 23-year-old runner with tastes and habits essentially the same as his own. She set her sights on this older man with the vitality of a young boy and before long they were engaged and married.

The changes in lifestyle and the pressures of being a celebrity meant less training and steady routine. But Cliff was intent on running what he rightly now regards as "my race and Westfield's". Shortly before the '84 Westfield Run we learnt that Cliff had a suspected stress fracture of the left knee. These injuries are the bane of all runners, occurring from over-use, and the constant pounding on hard roads and pavements. Their only cure is total rest; absolutely no running whatsoever. But you can't really expect to run from Melbourne to Sydney with no training, so Cliff kept fit by riding an exercise bicycle, walking and occasionally, against doctor's orders, still running.

Westfield management love Cliff Young, and vice versa. They didn't want him to be hurt, particularly in the full glare of publicity. I agreed. Our medical director Dr Arthur Jackson and I tried to dissuade Young from even starting the event, but old Cliffie was adamant he would start. He would keep going and only stop *(continued on page 130)*

Article by **MIKE AGOSTINI**

WORLD

CLASS

Our gorgeous globetrotter will put your world in a spin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

Donna Smith is the kind of woman who is used to making herself at home wherever she goes. Which is why she wound up turning Japanese when she went to live in Japan. She got a job as a cocktail waitress, broke into modelling, picked up the language and married a Japanese man. Not the kind of girl who does things by halves.

And that's why Donna's friends expect her to be a hit in her next chosen profession — music. Now divorced and pursuing her new career with customary gusto, Donna is currently paying her dues though anyone who hears her sing says success is just a matter of time.

"I used to be shy about my singing," she says, "but every time I do sing someone will say, 'Donna, get out there, you're a gold mine walking down the street.' A lot of people say that when I sing I sound a little like Kim Carnes... but with a black side."

Sounds good to us.

Despite her itchy feet and ambitious nature, Donna says she wants to get married again and have children. "I would definitely live with someone a long time before I did, though. If I thought I could spend the rest of my life with that person I'd do it."

Now 25, Donna is wise enough to know that sex isn't everything in a relationship. "It's a medium part, let's put it that way. There's times when I don't want it at all, then there's times when... you know!

"I thoroughly enjoy pleasing my man and I enjoy being pleased. It's important to have good sex in a relationship, but people who think it's the most important thing can stay out of my life, I don't believe that."

The voice of experience perhaps?

"Well, I started very, very young. I think it was something that just came natural to me. I've led a pretty wild life. What can I say? I'm glad it's slowing down."

So are we! If only it gives us more time to appreciate Donna's world-beating style.

"I had no problems posing nude. I've always been comfortable with my body. They expected me to be embarrassed but I said why should I be? That's what I'm here for. Take the pictures... let's do it."

"I'm easy to communicate with because I get right to the point. I don't play around. I'm a very honest person. Everybody's told lies but most of the time I'm very honest. . . and I'm so easy-going it's incredible."

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Donna Smith

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna Smith

BUST: 37" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 47kg

BIRTH DATE: 15/3/60 SIGN: Pisces

AMBITIONS: To one day become a successful singer

TURN-ONS: Being with someone I Love - Shopping - Nude sunbathing - playing with dog

TURN-OFFS: Being hurt by people - jealous people possessive people - places with too much smoke

FAVORITE MOVIES: Silkwood - Terms of Endearment Frances - Romancing the Stone

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Richard Pryor - Eddie Murphy - Steve Martin - Faye Dunaway - Meryl Streep

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming - Horseback riding - pool

IDEAL MAN: A man who keeps himself in shape Mentally + physically.

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you my secret fantasy it wouldn't be a secret. Now, would it?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How faithful were you to your wife?" Saint Peter asked the candidate for admission at the pearly gates.

"One thousand percent!" insisted the man. "I never even looked at another woman!"

"That's remarkable," commented the saint. "As a special reward, you're being assigned a Jaguar to drive here in heaven."

"And. . . if I had been unfaithful?"

"You'd have to use other transportation, depending on how much you had cheated."

A few days later, Saint Peter chanced on the new arrival sitting, sobbing, in his vehicle.

"What is it?" he inquired. "You've made it to heaven and thanks to your exemplary marital fidelity, you can run around in this terrific Jag. What's the trouble?"

"My wife died in the same accident I did," gulped the man, "and I've just seen her. She was pedalling a tricycle!"

What's your denomination?" the clergyman asked the prostitute who was hanging around outside his Kings Cross church.

"A twenty — hopefully," she replied.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tearjerker* as a sensitive chap who cries while masturbating.

A gangster wished to move into the higher echelons of society but was afraid his moll would embarrass him with her gutter slang. He decided to send her to an expensive finishing school for a crash course in elocution and social graces.

Six months later they were reunited, she threw her arms around his neck and cooed, "Were you blue while I was gone?"

"Five thousand dollars it costs me," the gangster moaned, "and she still gets her tenses wrong!"

Our spies tell us that Frank Ifield and Johnny Rotten have collaborated on a new song. The title is *I Remember You, You Arsehole.*

Have you heard about the woodland nymph who hated to be laughed at but didn't mind being satyrised?

I finally had to quit my job with Mr Hardon," sniffed the pretty young secretary.

"I simply couldn't stand all that dick-taking!"

A young girl was playing in a neighbor's garden and then rushed inside crying out for a glass of cider.

The neighbor was somewhat puzzled by the request but as the girl was quite upset, he produced the cider and waited for the youngster to drink it. To his surprise, she dipped her finger in the glass instead.

"I just don't understand it," she said after a few seconds. "It still hurts. But my big sister told her friend that whenever she gets a prick in her hand, she can't wait to get it in cider!"

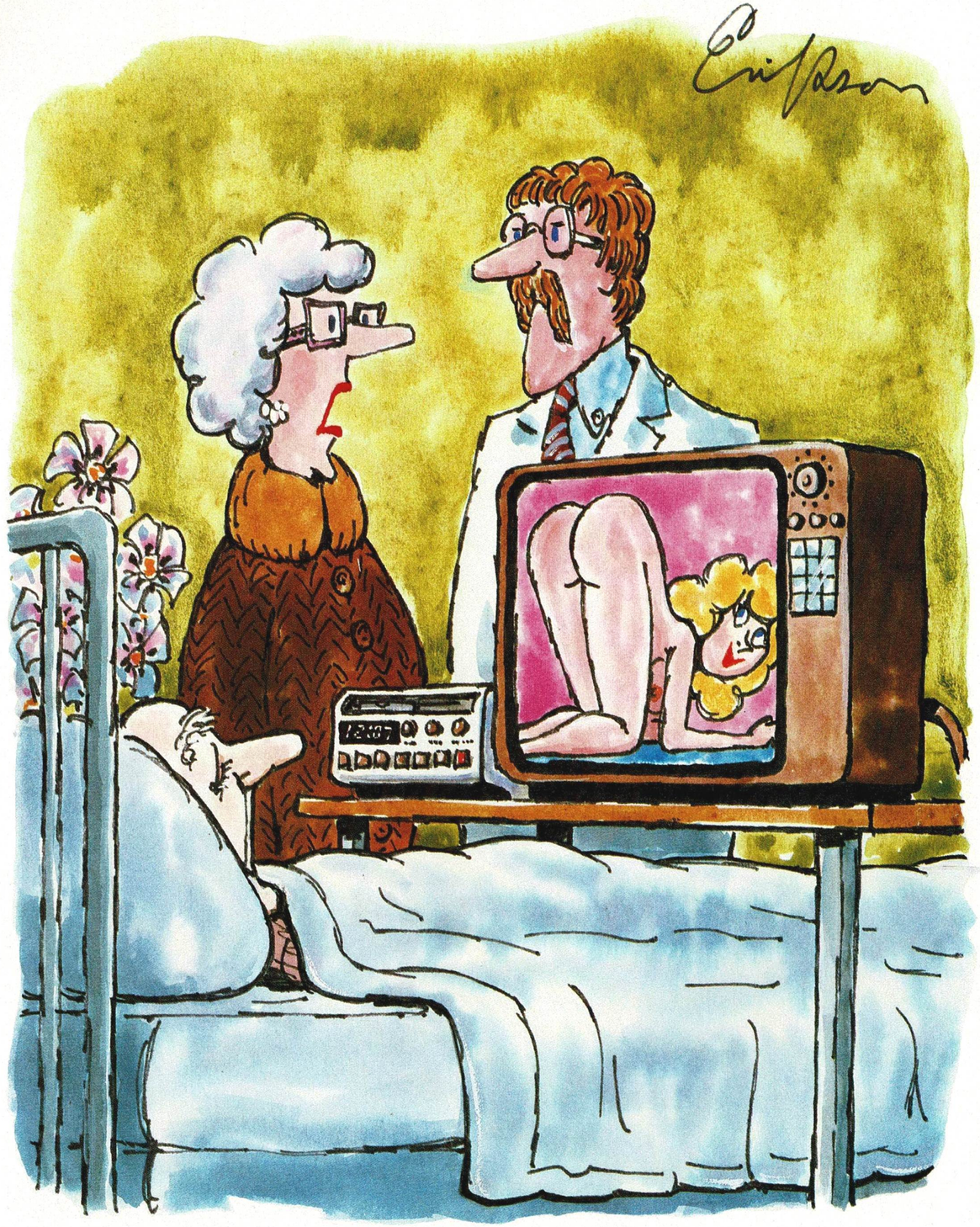
Do you really think I can be a famous movie star?" cooed the young actress, snuggling closer to the great Hollywood producer.

"Sure you can, darling," he replied. "You're already starting to make it big!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a gender pretender.

A *petite girl, when begged for some action,*
Told a guy with a nine-inch attraction:
"It would cause me dismay
If you went all the way —
But I'd settle," she smiled, "for a fraction."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"Well, if that's all that's keeping him alive, why won't Medicare cover it?"

20 HAIRY-CHESTED HOLIDAYS

We can tell you about places where Indiana Jones is afraid to go.

TRAVEL TRENDS over the past few years have firmly shown that Australians are shunning the idea of conventional package tours. Discerning travellers are sick of rigidly structured itineraries, whirlwind tours

Compiled by

SUSAN KUROSAWA & TONY LOVE

ILLUSTRATION BY DIETER ZIEGENFEUTER

and endless visits to museums and monuments. The swing is toward activity-oriented holidays that encompass the opportunity to learn a new sport, to become involved in outdoor action, fulfil a few Tarzan fantasies and participate in real chest-thumping adventure.

A swag of specialist adventure travel companies now operate here and their programs are specifically designed to cater for the requirements of Australian travellers. Domestic and international packages are on offer and options range from a weekend of gentle ballooning over rural Australia to a canoeing odyssey down the mighty Zambezi River. It's no overstatement to say that there's something for everyone who wants to shed city cares and commune with the great outdoors.

All adventure travel itineraries are strictly graded according to the level of fitness or skill required, group sizes are relatively small to allow flexibility of movement and a lot of the tours are of a considerable duration to allow members plenty of time to really get into a new activity or destination. The operators tell us that there are lots of females participating in adventure travel, especially those who have been leaping around the gym and are now ready to put their training into action.

Fresh air, muscle-flexing action, fighting fit women. Adventure travel has it all. And in our Australian PLAYBOY guide to where it's all happening, we present 20 of the top options around, representing the best value-for-money and interest-packed tours on offer. There's not a coach tour or art gallery lurking in any one of them. Promise!

ISLAND FLING

Queensland's Fraser Island is the world's largest sand island and it's a holiday destination that offers a wealth of adventure possibilities. Compared with the little resort islands that speckle the waters off the Queensland coast, Fraser is a whopping place. It's 124km long and an average of 15km wide and is striated by a network of twisting bush tracks. The diverse and often forbidding terrain makes excellent four-wheel drive territory; it's heaven for keen fishermen and it's a relaxing and unspoilt spot for nature lovers. Beach camping is popular, and there are little shops at Eurong and Happy Valley where basic provisions, petrol, LP gas, diesel and suchlike can be purchased. For this do-it-yourself option, a four-wheel drive is essential and such vehicles can be rented in Brisbane, Maryborough, Noosa Heads, Hervey Bay and Rainbow Beach. Access to the island is by a car-carrying barge. Another alternative is to fly into the island from Maryborough and stay at Orchid Beach resort. This accommodation complex is currently being upgraded and while it may lack the sophistication and entertainment facilities of its counterparts on the resort islands, it's a comfortable and friendly base from which to plan excursions around Fraser. Spectacular rainforest, 40 freshwater lakes, the unique Champagne Pools (clear bubbling pools safe for swimming at low tide), the towering dunes, spiral colored-sand formations and the dense bushland are just some of the physical attractions of Fraser. All you need to take to this island are sandshoes, swimsuit, a fishing line, reliable vehicle, a special friend and a few unfulfilled Robinsoe Crusoe fantasies. For details on travel to Fraser Island contact the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau in your state capital; TAA has information on airfares to Maryborough via Brisbane; packages ex Brisbane by air to Fraser Island including accommodation and all meals at Orchid Beach resort start at $378 for five days. If visiting the island independently, the daily share-twin tariff at Orchid Beach resort is $60 including meals.

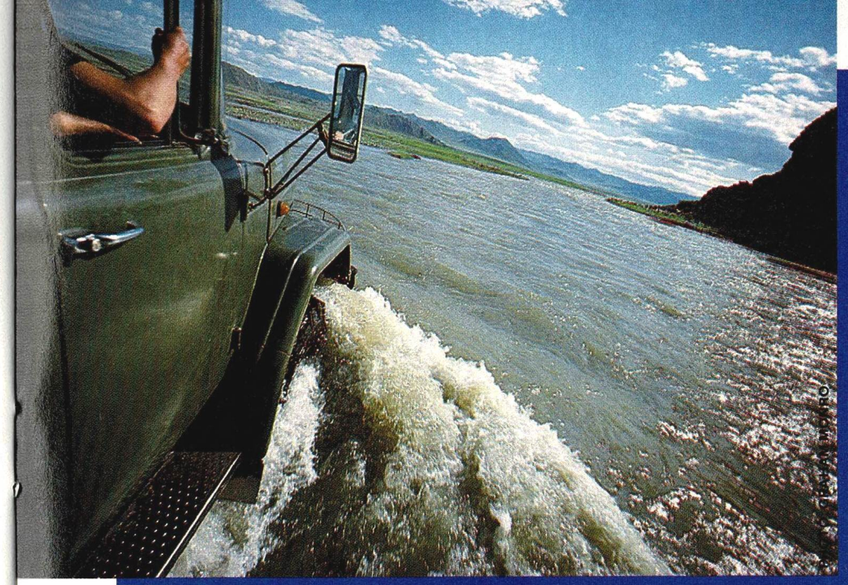
AFRICAN ODYSSEY

Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE) bill this one as "the greatest African experience we have yet devised". It's a combination trip of hiking up Mount Kilimanjaro, trekking through the lands of the Masai above Ri Valley, visiting Ngorongoro Crater, a game safari in the Serengeti Plains, a camel safari in the Tsavo National Park and sailing dhows down the coast of Kenya. All of this adrenalin-pumping activity takes five weeks; we suggest that only our fittest readers should apply. This trip encompasses a variety of landscapes and activities and should really satisfy your safari fantasies. The trip is titled Wonder Of Africa and departs regularly from Sydney and Melbourne; the cost per person is $4885 and it's a 40-day round trip via Bombay. Take along a copy of Hemingway's *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro* and the best pair of walking shoes you can find. Further details from AHE on (02) 357 3555; (03) 419 2333; Thor Adventure Travel in Adelaide or Sundowners Travel in Perth.

SURFARI

Bali has a lot to offer all kinds of lads, but surfers especially hold the Indonesian island high on their list of top spots. There are heaps of uncrowded tropical reef breaks inaccessible by land, and King Surfaris can arrange boat access for surfers staying in downtown Kuta. Another wave on neighboring Java has recently hit the world's surfing headlines: Grajagan. It's been rated one of the world's best left-handers, breaking for more than a kilometre from start to end with tube rides of 100m not uncommon. It's a national park and strict government controls limit the number of visitors. And that means more waves for everyone. You can go overland from Bali and stay in fairly basic tree-top huts in the jungle, where apes prowl the ground and snakes inhabit the trees. If you want a bit more luxury than that, you can sail and stay on an 18 metre sailing ketch, and use inflatables to get to and from the surf. If one, albeit perfect, break is not enough, you can hire a 12 metre Balinese sailing boat with captain and crew, and head off wherever you want to go. Snorkelling and fishing equipment is available on this as well as the Grajagan ketch, and if you wish you can include a stay at the Javanese paradise as well as other islands such as Lombok in your journey. King Surfaris can be booked through Go Travel, 585 George St, Sydney, 2000. Tel: (02) 264 8722.

PHOTO: DICK HOOLE



ROUND AUSTRALIA IN 83 DAYS

See all of northern and western Australia or, if preferred, you can join Trekabout Expeditions for a particular part of the trip. You travel in four-wheel drive Toyota Landcruisers and camp out in some of the most remote areas of the Australian outback. The trek leaves Brisbane on May 4 and heads through central Queensland up to the Gulf, across to Roper River, the magical Kakadu National Park and on to Darwin. Nineteen days all up, and you take in quite a bit of Aboriginal history on this section. Leave Darwin on May 25 and spend 27 days travelling to Perth via the Kimberleys and all the way down the historical Canning Stock Route, depending on rock water holes, and desert wells, and traversing the red dunes of the Great Sandy Desert. The next part lasts 16 days departing Perth on June 24 and heading up the Gunbarrel Highway through the heart of Western Australia, taking in old mining towns, crossing the Gibson Desert, exploring the red centre, Ayers Rock and into Alice Springs. Leave the Alice on July 12 for 14 days across the Simpson Desert and on to Brisbane. Stop off at Birdsville for a beer or two at one of the great Aussie pubs. Each vehicle has a cook, hostess and driver, but if you want to drive yourself, Trekabout will provide mechanical back-up and guide services for two extra vehicles. Contact Trekabout Expeditions in Brisbane on (07) 287 3866, QN Travel on (07) 229 0149, or Sydney's Adventure Travel Centre on (02) 264 6033. Only one trip per year.

Yacht charters have been tremendously popular in the Whitsunday Passage in recent years and one of the pioneer companies in this field has expanded its operation to Vanuatu. Yachting World (a sister company to Sydney-based Acton Travel) has a fully equipped marina right on the harborfront in Port Vila; the vessels available for charter are Yachting World 40s designed by Ben Lexcen (with winged keels for shallow water areas). The Vanuatu group includes many small, deserted islands and there are ample sheltered anchorages to ensure a diversity of sailing options. The water is astonishingly clear and there's an abundance of marine life and multi-colored coral formations. This is leisurely, indulgent stuff; the yachts come provisioned with lots of tropical fruit, succulent seafood, locally raised beef and choice vegetables. French wine and Aussie beer are on sale in Port Vila for reasonable prices. All you need to add is an all-girl crew. The cost per day for the 40-foot yacht is $194.50 per person if two people are sharing; rates vary for groups up to six people, and for charters of more than seven days a 15 percent reduction applies. If you don't wish to sail the yacht, a skipper will cost you $70 per day; an air compressor and scuba tank costs $34.50 per day and is available only to divers holding a current ticket. If you get a group of six together (which brings the price down to $76 per day each), this South Pacific charter works out to be a very reasonably priced holiday alternative. For bookings and further details contact Acton Travel, 22 Bridge Road, Glebe 2037. Tel: (02) 660 8555.

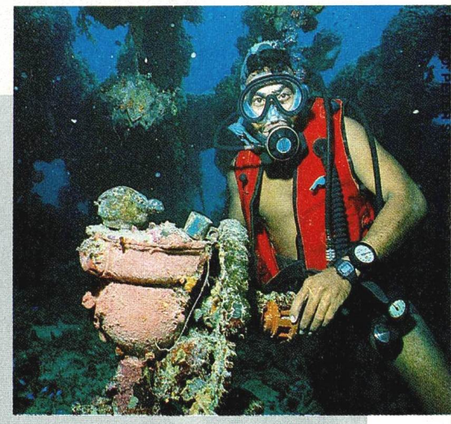
ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE) refers to this weekend option as "Bacchanalian bicycling at its best." We

AGE OF AQUARIUS

Scuba diving is proving enormously popular in the special interest tour market, both with diving debutantes anxious to do a resort course and with advanced divers looking for new locations. The Melbourne-based tour operator Aquarius Travel Service offers regular group departures and individual itineraries to The Philippines, Fiji, Isle of Pines (New Caledonia), Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands, Vanuatu, New Zealand, Lord Howe Island, Great Barrier Reef, Maldives, Cook Islands, Micronesia and (phew!) Polynesia. Experienced divers should consider those locations with accessible wrecks: Espiritu Santo in the Vanuatu group is home to the wreck of the *President Coolidge,* and a huge wartime underwater junk heap at Million Dollar Point; Guadalcanal in the Solomons has wrecks of World War II submarines, ships and aircraft; Micronesia offers a sunken Japanese fleet at Truk lagoon, and Papua New Guinea also has a formidable array of ship and aircraft dives. In The Philippines you'll find the finest vertical wall drop-offs in the world; New Zealand caters admirably for divers with its picturesque Bay of Islands and Poor Knights group. It's simply a matter of choosing your destination (or perhaps a string of places if time permits) and taking advantage of the specialised services provided by Aquarius. Going down has never been so easy. More details from Aquarius Travel Service on (03) 25 8863.



can't think of a more apt way to describe the pastime of cycling through gently rolling countryside and then gently toppling off your bike after a few too many winery visits. This weekend trip is available ex Cessnock in NSW through the Hunter Valley, ex Springhurst in Victoria through the north-eastern wine country and from Nuriootpa to Williamstown in the Barossa Valley. Accommodation is provided in historic country pubs; the NSW tour includes visits to Pokolbin and Rothbury wineries and the Victorian program embraces the famous "Kelly Country" region including the old gold rush towns and some of the Kelly Gang's notorious haunts. AHE provides 10-speed touring bicycles for the trips but participants may bring their own if preferred. A support vehicle carries all the gear (including copious cartons of wine accumulated along the way). The Cycle The Wineries tours are conducted year-round from Saturday morning to Sunday afternoon. Further details from AHE on (02) 357 3555; (03) 419 2333; Thor Adventure Travel in Adelaide or Sundowners Travel in Perth.

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Get in early for the coming Ice Age. This holiday is a rare opportunity to visit the world of the polar explorer. Led by Mike Banks, one of Britain's most experienced arctic explorers, you travel up the coast of West Greenland by husky dog-sled in the company of Eskimo hunters. Traditional Eskimo methods of mushing are used as dog-sleds have always proved the best transport in those parts. It's a rigorous adventure so you have to be fit. Most of the time you sit on the sled, one person to each with an Eskimo driver, but you walk when going uphill to ease the strain on the dogs.

WRESTLE WITH THE WILD

The Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau tells us that *Greystoke* has had an incredible effect on cinema-goers. The bureau offices have been inundated with requests for holiday options that offer raw adventure, chest-thumping possibilities and the odd vine to swing from. We think a seven-day canoe tour along the mighty Daly River just about fits the bill. According to John Berryman, operator of Breakwater Canoe Tours, this is a holiday for those with 100 percent proof spirit of adventure. The canoes are modified with strengthened hulls and they glide silently through the homes of crocodiles, buffaloes, pigs, wallabies, fish and hundreds of varieties of birds. The menu is bush style with plenty of barramundi and bream plus roast pig, curried wallaby, ducks and geese. The tour crosses more than 50 sets of rapids; tents are provided but the organisers claim that most Tarzanic types prefer to sleep under the stars. Howling during a full moon is strictly prohibited as this tends to attract female crocodiles. The safari is priced at $455 and operates from April to October. Full details available from the Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau in your state capital.

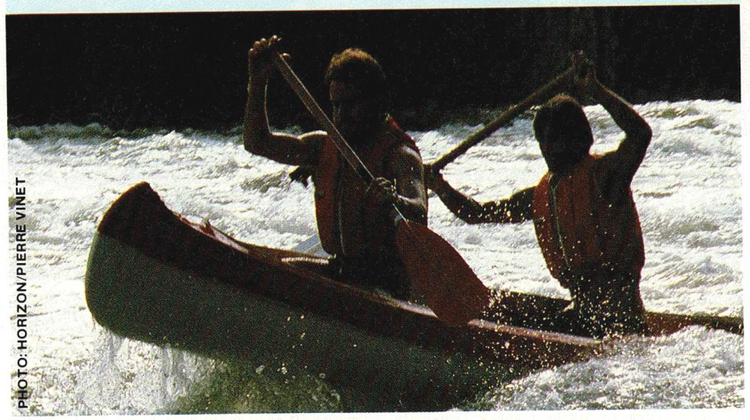


PHOTO: HORIZON/PIERRE VINET

THE SCARIEST DIVE IN THE WORLD

Diving without a shark cage in the midst of the biggest white pointer breeding ground in the world, at night. That's right, you got it the first time. And just in case you think that's not terrifying enough, the dive operators have added a couple of refinements, just for atmosphere you understand. On the way out to the dive site divers are given photographs of white pointers in a feeding frenzy. There is one particularly memorable shot of a gape-jawed giant swallowing a horse's leg. Once at the site, boat operator David Wilson plays the soundtrack from *Jaws* over the boat's speaker system just to set the mood. Amazingly enough, the operators have not had a single refusal yet. Dives are booked through David Oliver's Divers International in Adelaide. Tel: (08) 271 7065. All dives depart from Port Lincoln, an hour's flight due west from Adelaide. The cost is $200 per day excluding the cost of getting to and from Port Lincoln. For that you get motel accommodation and meals in Port Lincoln and all dives and meals on the nine metre, twin-hulled dive boat *Sara Dane*. Divers in search of the great Australian bite have the choice of day and/or night dives at Dangerous Reef, one of the world's greatest breeding grounds for white pointers. It is aptly named and it is where much of the shark attack footage in *Jaws* was shot. Divers can have two kinds of treat: the dive already described, or the operators will sling a few litres of horse blood, offal and limbs over the side for an hour or two to draw the big sharks. Then divers can pop over the side inside a shark cage and savor the special joy of being attacked by a white pointer. The tour operators are the most amiable psychopaths in Australia and divers are assured of an experience they will recall for years. If they live to tell the tale. One final note: despite the drama associated with these dives the operators haven't lost a diver yet.

PHOTO: HORIZON/IAN POTTER

RAPID THRILLS

Whitewater rafting is the kind of river running you can do in just about all Australian states as well as such favored overseas destinations as Nepal. The ultimate river is still Tasmania's Franklin, which winds through deep rainforest and spectacular gorges. The rapids here are guaranteed to put your heart in your mouth. Victoria offers both the Snowy and the Mitta Mitta Rivers and both can be fast and furious all the way. Several operators run the Nymboida River in NSW's north-east, though all start their trips on different days so the water doesn't end up like a freeway. The Nymboida is rated as moderate whitewater, but you can still expect some white knuckles. In spring, the Goobragandra River flows out of the Australian Alps into the upper Tumut River, offering great scenery and a lot of wild rapids, while a few river-running groups operate trips in the upper Murray around Khancoban. To warmer climes: Queensland has both the Herbert and Mitchell Rivers in the far north. All trips range between two-week and one-day affairs, and the harder the river the fitter you have to be. Check out operators like Wildtrek in Melbourne on (03) 67 7196 and (03) 602 3066 or Sydney (02) 232 7400. Also, Canoe Tours Australia on (062) 73 3983, and Wildwater Adventures, who specialise on the Nymboida, on (066) 53 4469. Major operators like Australian Himalayan Expeditions, Peregrine Expeditions and the Adventure Travel Centre also run trips locally as well as overseas. You can, for instance, get a different perspective on Nepal if you embark on a whitewater rafting trip down the Sun Kosi or the Trisuli Rivers.

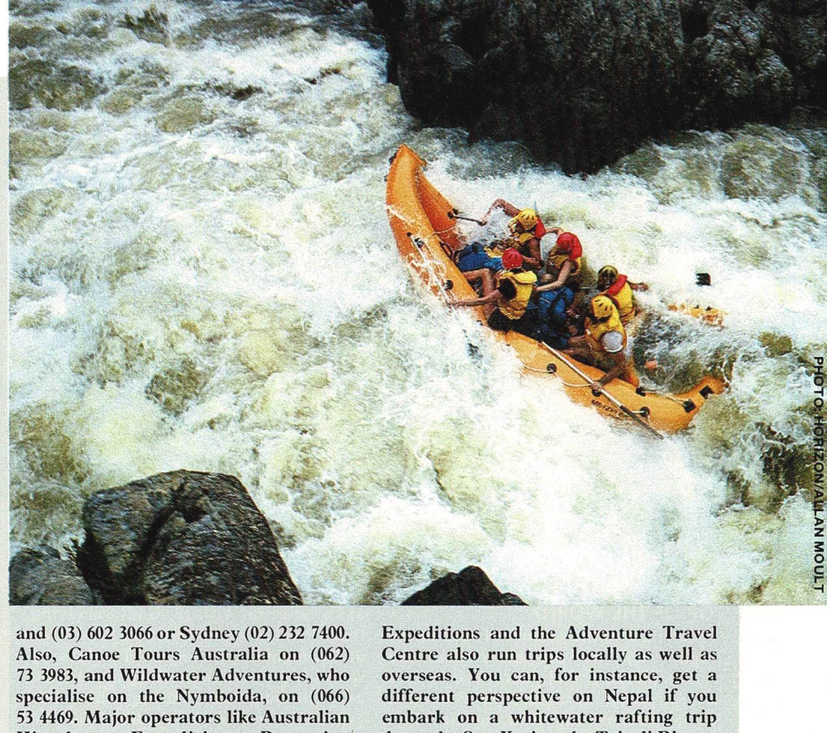


PHOTO: HORIZON/ALLAN MOULT

On steep snowbanks everyone pitches in to help push the sleds over any obstacles. Journeys are made just before the arctic spring, and take in many styles of polar life. You arrive by helicopter in a small Eskimo community where you spend a day familiarising yourself with dog-sledding techniques. The highlight of the trip is a four-day journey Eskimo style, approaching the fastest moving ice fjord in the world and in view of the immense inland icecap. On your way home, you stop off for a bit of the civilised side of life in Copenhagen. Consider this one if you're already planning a trip to the Northern Hemisphere; the treks are run by American company Mountain Travel in March/April each year. For more information contact Adventure Travel Centre in Sydney on (02) 264 6033, Sundowners Travel Centre in Melbourne, (03) 62 1263, Sundowners Travel Centre in Brisbane, (07) 221 8825 and Living Adventure in Adelaide, (08) 223 2955.

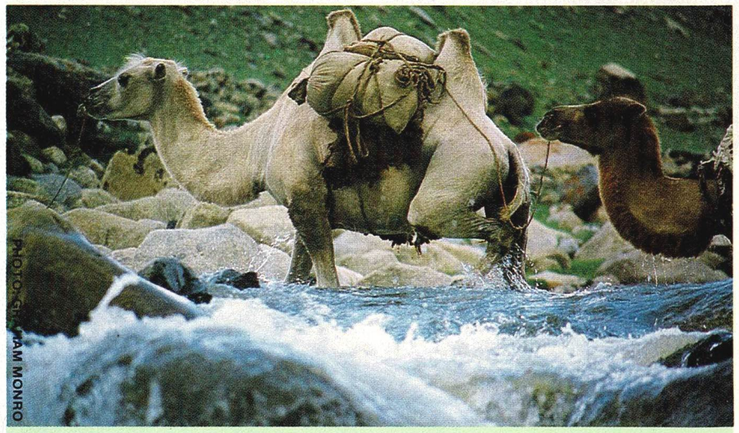


PHOTO: GRAHAM MONRO

MONGOLIAN HOTCHPOTCH

Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE) pioneered treks into Mongolia, the fabled land of Kublai Khan. We love the sound of its 26-day trip to the snow-covered Altai Mountains combined with a trek using camels as support through the South Gobi Desert. The package includes some time in China; the trekking content takes you through nomadic camps that have changed little since Marco Polo's time. This is last frontier stuff: wild ponies galloping across end-less plains and isolated areas where few Westerners have ever set foot. There are regular departures planned throughout 1985 and full details are available from AHE on (02) 357 3555; (03) 419 2333; Thor Adventure Travel in Adelaide or Sundowners Travel in Perth. Another leading specialist operator, Adventure Travel Centre, offers a Mongolia Overland itinerary involving cycling through Inner Mongolia. The cycling route is centred in the Ordos region, homeland of the pre-Mongol Huns and the base area for Genghis Khan's 13th-century conquest of China. Accommodation is in yurts (native tents) and time is spent among local tribes and pastoral communities. This is a freewheeling affair that Adventure Travel Centre bills as one of its most exhilarating trips. Full details on (02) 264 6033; Sundowners Travel in Melbourne and Brisbane and Living Adventure in Adelaide.

WALK, DON'T SKI

Snow-shoeing is new to Australia and harks back to the days when arctic explorers used to wear things that looked like tennis racquets on their feet. Nowadays, snow-shoes are often termed "the poor man's snowmobile": they're lightweight, and perfectly suited to Australia's snow conditions. Snow-shoeing pundits say it's as easy as walking, and after five minutes the mountains can be yours for the taking. The best part of it is you can snub the trendy ski resorts and go where both downhillers and cross-country skiers fear to tread. There are three main locations: Victoria's high country, the Kiandra district in the Snowy Mountains, and the Brindabella Range west of Canberra. Richardson Brothers High Country Walks run one, two and three-day trips around Kiandra and the Brindabellas, leaving Canberra during June, July and

PHOTO: HORIZON/BVPL

TOP OF THE WORLD

Making it to the summit of Mt Everest might still be the most daunting mountaineering feat, but close by are several peaks, all more than 6000m and just as exhilarating. And anyone who's very fit with basic rock-climbing experience has the chance to get to the top of them. Lincoln Hall, a member of the successful Australian team that conquered Everest last year, is to lead an expedition into the Hinku Himal region just to the south of the number one peak and will provide basic instruction using ice axes, crampons, rope management, crevasse rescue and mountain meteorology before attempting one of the major peaks. You fly into a high-altitude airstrip, trek for six days, acclimatising at a sherpa village and receiving traditional blessings from the head lama at Thyangboche Monastery. Ten days are set aside for mountaineering instruction and climbing surrounding peaks. The expedition has been scheduled for the best weather conditions in the pre-monsoon period and basic mountaineering equipment is included in the cost (around $2768). The first expedition leaves later this month and there's another at the same time next year. Details from Adventure Travel in Sydney on (02) 264 6033, Sundowners Travel in Melbourne on (03) 62 1263 and Brisbane (07) 221 8825, and Living Adventure in Adelaide on (08) 223 2955. Rock-climbing courses for beginners are also available through these operators.

August. Bogong Jack Adventures leads weekend walks from Mt Bogong, Victoria, and five-day treks into the Bogong High Plains departing from the Falls Creek ski resort. You camp in snow tents near high country huts used by cattlemen and cross-country skiers. You have to carry your personal pack, while most other supplies are provided for costs that range from $50 to $60 per day. Food on tour is fondly described as "new wave" bush cooking. For further information; Richardson Brothers High Country Walks, 36 Henry St, Cook, ACT 2614. Tel: (062) 511 553, or ACT Government Tourist Bureaux; Bogong Jack Adventures, PO Box 209, Wangaratta, 3677. Tel: (057) 21 3145 or Victorian Government Travel Centres.

HORSING AROUND

Fancy yourself as one of the real men from Snowy River? The blokes who were in charge of the horses in the film are Jack, Charlie and John Lovick of Merrijig in the lower Victorian Alps. These blokes lead horseback treks into the mountains of the Great Dividing Range in Victoria where the film was shot and you can ride the very same horses that starred. Victoria's high country includes waterfalls, hidden lakes and historic hamlets where the locals still turn on traditional country hospitality. Eight-day treks leave between December and April, while in April, May, June, September, October and November, weekend and three-day safaris explore the Howqua River. Riding groups are supported in the hills by four-wheel drives carrying food, drinks, camping gear, luggage and cooks. Home-grown beef, poultry, and lamb are typical dinner-time fare cooked in camp ovens or on open fires, or you can catch and grill trout from the mountain streams. Sleep in huts, tents or under the stars. In March each year you can take part in the annual pre-winter mountain cattle muster. Write to Jack Lovick at Merrijig, Victoria, 3723, or phone (057) 77 5510, or contact any Victorian Government Travel Centre.

GUINEA PIGS

The Kokoda Trail is the most instantly recognisable destination out of many exciting possibilities in New Guinea, but this doesn't stop it from still being one of the toughest backpacking challenges anywhere. The 96km trail crosses the Owen Stanley Range north-east of Port Moresby, and although parts of it include difficult jungle terrain, it's not quite as bad as the legend surrounding it portrays. Its notoriety stems from the bloody Kokoda campaign of World War Two, though the route was first used late last century by miners after gold. With no one firing bullets at those on the trail, and no need to carry heavy mining equipment, the trek is now easier than it has ever been, but you still have to be fit enough to carry your own pack the whole way for about a week. People who live along the trail are friendly, and you camp in villages, though using tents. The mountain scenery is good, and the jungle environs are rich with flora and fauna, as well as plenty of war relics. Food is basic and supplemented with local fruit and vegetables along the way. The highlands area is densely populated, so you're bound to come across a celebration or two. Departures occur between May and December, but the best time to go is between July and September because of the crisper mountain air and good views. There are several operators tackling the Kokoda Trail. For more information, contact New Guinea Expeditions in Sydney on (02) 231 6066 or any Air Niugini office.

BUSH SURVIVAL

This is a special course designed for those who want to learn how to survive in the bush. The Bush School Of Survival is conducted by Wiyendji Roberts, a member of the Alawa people from the Roper River region in the Northern Territory. He originally started up the program to educate Aboriginal children in the ways of the wild but news of his activities spread to the cities and he started to enrol a wide cross-section of participants. Wiyendji's course includes instruction in night navigation by stars and moon; day navigation by the sun; how to find water and how to separate fresh from salt water; how to live off the land; the processing and application of bush medicine; treatment of snake bite; weaving of pandanus bags, mats and baskets; how to make a bush line and old-fashioned Aboriginal fishing hooks, and how to recognise the friendly sounds and the danger signals of the bush. The daily menu consists of whatever is available from the bush. Pandanus palm, snake, prawns, wild honey, grubs, roots and wild fruit are typical inclusions in the diet. The cost of a seven-day tour is $325; it's advisable to make up your own group and discuss a special itinerary with Wiyendji. For details contact him direct on (089) 81 9733 or call in at the Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau in your state capital.

HIGH ON HOT AIR

Hot-air ballooning is an exhilarating get-away-from-it-all activity that's available on a weekend basis from March to October. Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE) conducts the activity at Canowindra in NSW (between Bathurst and Cowra) and at Rutherglen in north-east Victoria. Bunk-style accommodation, up to three balloon rides (depending on weather), bush-style barbecue with T-bone steaks the size of the average dinner plate, celebratory champagne, lots of camaraderie and a unique opportunity for a bird's-eye view of rural Australia. Canowindra is a friendly country town with plenty of pubs and sporting facilities; Rutherglen is in the heart of wine-growing country so there are ample diversions between flights. No previous experience is required for ballooning; if the bug really bites, AHE can advise you on pilot training. A twirling moustache, plus-fours and a French accent are optional; you will need around $200 for the weekend (Friday night to Sunday morning) plus your own transport arrangements to Canowindra or Rutherglen. Further details from AHE on (02) 357 3555; (03) 419 2333; Thor Adventure Travel in Adelaide or Sundowners Travel in Perth. Independent operators conduct ballooning trips in the Barossa Valley and around Northam in Western Australia. Contact the state tourist bureaux in Adelaide or Perth for further information.

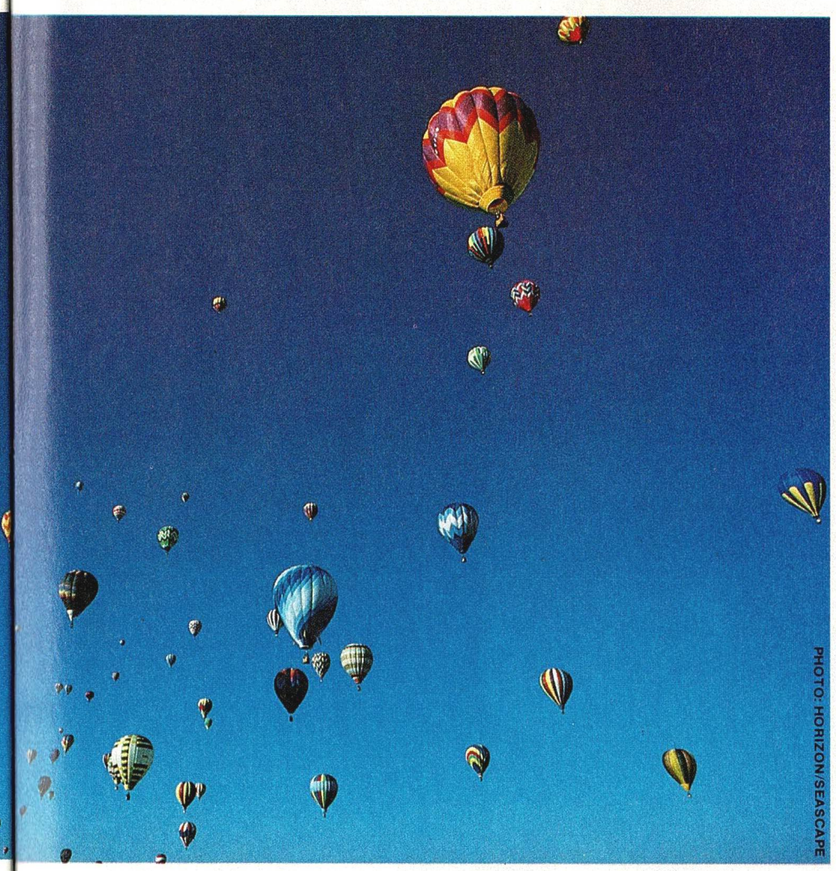


PHOTO: HORIZON/SEASCAPE

DROP FROM THE SKIES

Any skier with experience on intermediate snow slopes will start frothing at the mouth simply at the thought of climbing out of a helicopter 3000 metres above sea level and pointing his skis downwards at the powder below him. What happens then is in the realms of fantasy: 1000 metre near vertical runs without the crowds or the hassles of waiting in lift queues. You ski in small groups with a guide to show the way down the slopes. A picnic lunch is flown up to a site on the mountain side, while the guide radios the helicopter pilot to check out new slopes for your next run. One run costs about $20, or a whole day, with three runs amounting to 3000 metres of sheer ecstasy, costs around $100-$125. Several NZ regions are open to heli-skiing, including the Mt Cook area, as well as Mt Vanguard, or from Coronet Peak, or atop the Remarkables mountain range. If that doesn't take a skier's fancy, you can choose to ski the Tasman Glacier, which consists of two five-kilometre guided runs of intermediate to expert standard twisting through weird icy worlds with ski-plane landings and pickups for around $115. Most travel agents can point you in the right direction, or check out your nearest Air New Zealand office.

PHOTO: ROGER BUICK/NZTO

HUNTING PARTIES

When we say the Northern Territory is Australia's last frontier, we're not joking. It's the closest thing we've got to Texas, and that includes the guns. Hunting safaris in the Top End have earned an international reputation for trophy hunting, so get out your camouflage shirt, don your digger's hat, and rid the tropical wilds of introduced species that are fast becoming pests. Professional hunters and safari guides with specialised equipment take you into private properties or remote reserves east and north of Darwin where your hunting party will be alone to track down record-book class water buffalo, sambar and bantang deer, and wild boar. Buffalo and boar are available all year round, while the best months for deer are from May to December. Depending on the area you're hunting, stay in luxury air-conditioned lodges or African safari-style camps. Eat fresh barramundi, crab, prawns and clams. You can also combine a bit of sportfishing in tropical rivers with your shooting safari. Two major operators out of Darwin, Wimray and Nimrod, can negotiate all your needs from hire of rifles to ammunition, trophy fees and transport. Contact Nimrod (089) 81 9455 or Wimray (089) 84 3314, or your nearest office of the Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM MONRO

20 QUESTIONS: TERRY WILLESEE

The hottest new star of current affairs TV reveals how a young bloke from Perth took on the big boys in Sydney and scored the scoops that blew them away.

Terry Willesee left behind four television Logie awards and a 14-year career in Perth news and current affairs to risk his lot in Sydney, Australia's biggest and toughest market. He arrived in 1983 to head up Channel Seven's newest magazine-style program under the guidance of executive producer Phil Davis, the man so long associated with Mike Willesee's reign as king of commercial TV current affairs.

If Terry Willesee was in the business of eclipsing hard-to-follow acts, he could hardly have set himself a tougher assignment. Brother Mike had ruled Seven's early-evening time slot until sliding ratings had seen his show replaced at seven o'clock by the soapie, Sons And Daughters. When the high-rating series was due for its recess over the non-ratings summer period, Phil Davis saw the opportunity to trial a new current affairs program in the seven o'clock slot.

The story of how Terry Willesee Tonight (TWT) was deemed to have failed and was due for the axe only to be given an eleventh-hour reprieve by the arrival of some late, but decidedly healthier, ratings figures, has become part of TV current affairs folklore. The TWT crew built on exclusives such as the Hazel Hawke and Michael Chamberlain interviews, and by the end of last year were sitting on top of the ratings of the toughest time slot in TV's toughest market. Incredibly, they have started 1985 as winners.

Australian PLAYBOY's contributing editor, ***Neil Jameson****, interviewed Willesee in his office at Channel Seven, Sydney, just a few metres removed from the office space once occupied by his brother Mike.*

Says Jameson: "While television is the sort of industry that judges you by your last performance, Terry Willesee is one of the game's realists. He had 14 spectacular years in Perth and really had no need to risk his career in a market as tough as Sydney. That he did so and performed so well can be attributed to his powers of perseverance and a sense of proportion. He's forthright, uncomplicated, deserving of success, yet acutely aware of the unforgiving nature of TV's ratings war."

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the most compelling story you've worked on?

WILLESEE: When I was working in Perth we went to Italy to cover the aftermath of a most horrific earthquake. It was one of those situations where you're told to get on a plane tomorrow, here's your crew, come back in a week with the story. We were working among the dead and the mourning, it was just unbelievable. And while we were doing it, the impact didn't fully hit home. It was a matter of doing the job, up every morning and working till night, falling asleep in your clothes. When it was all over and we were driving back to Rome to catch the plane, I burst into tears. Suddenly, seven or eight days had been compressed into one and the impact arrived. That was one of the most moving stories of all. But the Hazel Hawke story would have to go down as number one. Prime Ministers' wives *never* go on television over matters of such a sensitive nature.

2.

PLAYBOY: What was the background to getting that story?

WILLESEE: It was a real rush. It would be nice if we knew I was interviewing Hazel Hawke next week and she was going to tell me about Rosslyn's heroin problem. You could prepare yourself. But it didn't happen that way. We knew there had to be something behind the Prime Minister's tears and we'd been chasing the story pretty heavily. On the Monday morning they said, "Come up and we'll give you an interview with a member of the family." We didn't know that it would be Mrs Hawke.

3.

PLAYBOY: Was it done at The Lodge?

WILLESEE: No, we booked a suite at the Canberra International and Mrs Hawke came over, along with the Prime Minister's press secretary. The moment we finished, we had a quick chat, then we had to hire a jet to get back on time with the cassette. It was a real whirlwind. The show went to air with the resultant publicity but it wasn't until next morning that its significance hit me.

4.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you weren't fully aware of the story's news value?

WILLESEE: No, the newsworthiness had hit home. In fact we had gone out to dinner later that same night with the boss and discussed the story's news value. We had agreed it was probably the scoop of the year. For a story of that type, it might be the scoop of the decade. No, I understood the magnitude of the story to the extent that we even got a little carried away by our mood of we've-got-a-scoop-isn't-that-great. I was listening to John Singleton on radio the next morning and he was interviewing Pauline Unsworth, wife of NSW politician Barrie Unsworth. They lost a son some years ago through a drug-related death. Here I was standing there drinking coffee, in my nice home, looking out on to my nice garden thinking how pleased I was about having a great story when something was triggered inside me. I thought: Shit, what these people are really talking about is the killing of our youth, and I was very saddened by it all.

5.

PLAYBOY: Did the publicity generated by that one show give TWT the credibility it previously lacked?

WILLESEE: There was a marked change after that interview. When we scored an earlier scoop with the Michael Chamberlain interview we saw it as a turning point. We had some very good ratings figures that week and the following week they were up, and they continued to climb. Since the Hazel Hawke interview there seemed to be a whole new attitude to TWT.

6.

PLAYBOY: The Chamberlain and Hazel Hawke stories were both hard-headed pieces of journalism which your detractors might have been surprised to see on TWT. Has the show changed much since you opened in Sydney?

WILLESEE: We switched with the times. We're prepared to handle any sort of story but we're not as cynical as the old current affairs shows. I think we're more open-minded, more positive about life.

7.

PLAYBOY: Your Michael Chamberlain interview took place in 1984, four years after Azaria Chamberlain disappeared near Ayers Rock. What is your impression of a story that has held so much public fascination?

WILLESEE: From our view we were aware of the importance of Michael because, although he had done short interviews, he'd never done anything like a half-hour interview. Any question we could think of we threw at him, from what he thought about dingo jokes upwards, and he answered them all. We knew that had to make compelling television.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any opinions on the affair?
WILLESEE: A lot of people ask me that. However, I wouldn't dream of trying to form a firm opinion based purely on three or four hours I spent with him. I found him a very intense man and I'd say the case dominates his life. He is very suspicious of journalists. He asked me if I had a hidden microphone on me.

9.

PLAYBOY: Rupert Murdoch has said that his ideal reporter is an Australian because the natural characteristic toward cockiness or aggression makes the Australian better at getting his foot in the door. Do you hold with that theory?
WILLESEE: I've never worked overseas so I really can't answer that. One aspect I don't like is that of journalists pushing themselves into the story. It's a belief that "I am the story, and the story is really built around me."

10.

PLAYBOY: Any examples?
WILLESEE: I wouldn't name them but you only have to watch enough television to know who I'm talking about. They've become more important than the story to the extent that they've started to believe their own publicity.

11.

PLAYBOY: We gather you're not a fan of that confrontationist style of journalism that presents the reporter or commentator as the star turn?
WILLESEE: No, I resent it. It's insulting. There are journalists who do that and pretend it's the way the job should be done. Their real job is to get the story.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is the drive for ratings conducive to good journalism?
WILLESEE: I feel you have to give people what they want as opposed to what you think they should have. I mean it might be nice to chat to the Prime Minister for an hour and it might be responsible journalism to find out how he plans to run the country, but it would bore most people to tears. Hawke might be an exception because of his sheer popularity but if it were any other politician, it would bore the pants off everybody. We *have* to give them what they want, otherwise we don't work.

13.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke has said he considers the standard of interviewing in Australia to be pretty low. Is he right?
WILLESEE: I understand why politicians don't like the style of interviewing because good interviewers don't let them get away with it. Whenever politicians are in a corner they'll blame the media. I believe we have a style of censorship in NSW. Neville Wran, for instance, won't come on this program.

14.

PLAYBOY: Is that because of Seven's ties with the Fairfax organisation, a group Wran is reported to be at odds with over its reporting of corruption in NSW?
WILLESEE: I don't know. The only time he has been on this program was when I went to a news conference and asked him a question. We've spoken to his press secretary and asked, "If there is a problem, can we have lunch and chat about it?" But he refuses to even meet and talk about it. I think that's censorship. A manipulation of the media. I was talking to Michael [Willesee] and he said he was experiencing the same problem. Wran, and many other politicians, will go to whichever media outlet they think will give them the best value. So they do the doorstop interview on the steps of Parliament House, make a statement they know the media will run, and then rush off. They are never really brought to account. I think it's arrogant.

Many politicians will go to whichever media outlet they think will give them best value... They are never really brought to account.

15.

PLAYBOY: In defence of Wran and local politicians, some might say they give good value compared to Ronald Reagan whose press conferences are almost entirely stage-managed.
WILLESEE: It's the same thing done differently. It's an insult to the electorate.

16.

PLAYBOY: You've climbed the mountain by peaking in Australia's toughest market. Is there a risk of complacency?
WILLESEE: It's been a tough haul, but there are probably tougher times ahead. Whatever happens, we know the opposition won't take it easy on us in the seven o'clock time slot. It rarely gets easier in this game. Once you're there, it's as tough a fight to stay there.

17.

PLAYBOY: Has the Willesee name been an asset or a liability?
WILLESEE: It's been both. There were those who used to say that I was just in the business because of my brother, so I had to overcome that. But there have been times when the name has helped. It's been recognised and opened a few doors.

18.

PLAYBOY: You acquired a reputation as a firebrand and you were actually sacked from a Perth station. How did that happen?
WILLESEE: I told a bloke to get stuffed. Perth was a great training ground but on the odd occasion it had more than its share of pressure. I came in to do a normal newsroom shift. We had a radio newsroom associated with us and on this day somebody was sick — the head TV newsreader, I think. Anyway, I was doing the television *and* the radio news. After six or seven o'clock almost everybody had gone home, but I was still there doing radio and TV news bulletins, alternating between studios and still answering telephone calls about lost cats. It was pretty busy and it happened to be the day King Faisal was assassinated. I had to decide how to tackle it so I rang the news editor to ask should I break program or run a bit of crawl across the bottom of the screen? He said: "Get a script typed up, break program and go on air with it." I ran into the radio studio and announced: "King Faisal has been assassinated, more news later," to break it on radio. And then went on television live at eight o'clock. By then I'd worked 11 hours doing a double shift and things were starting to catch up a bit.

So, there I was live on TV while my pre-recorded news bulletin, without the Faisal story in it, was going to air on radio. It was an oversight. Time would not have permitted me to rerecord that bulletin, anyway. The manager of the radio station rang and asked what was going on. I said I was sorry, I was doing my best on my own and I had flashed the story on the radio. He started at me so I told him to get stuffed and hung up. The next morning I refused to apologise, was suspended and eventually sacked.

19.

PLAYBOY: What preconceived ideas did you have of Sydney?
WILLESEE: I thought it would be very tough, ruthless, sink-or-swim. I swam like crazy when I got there and I'm still swimming.

20.

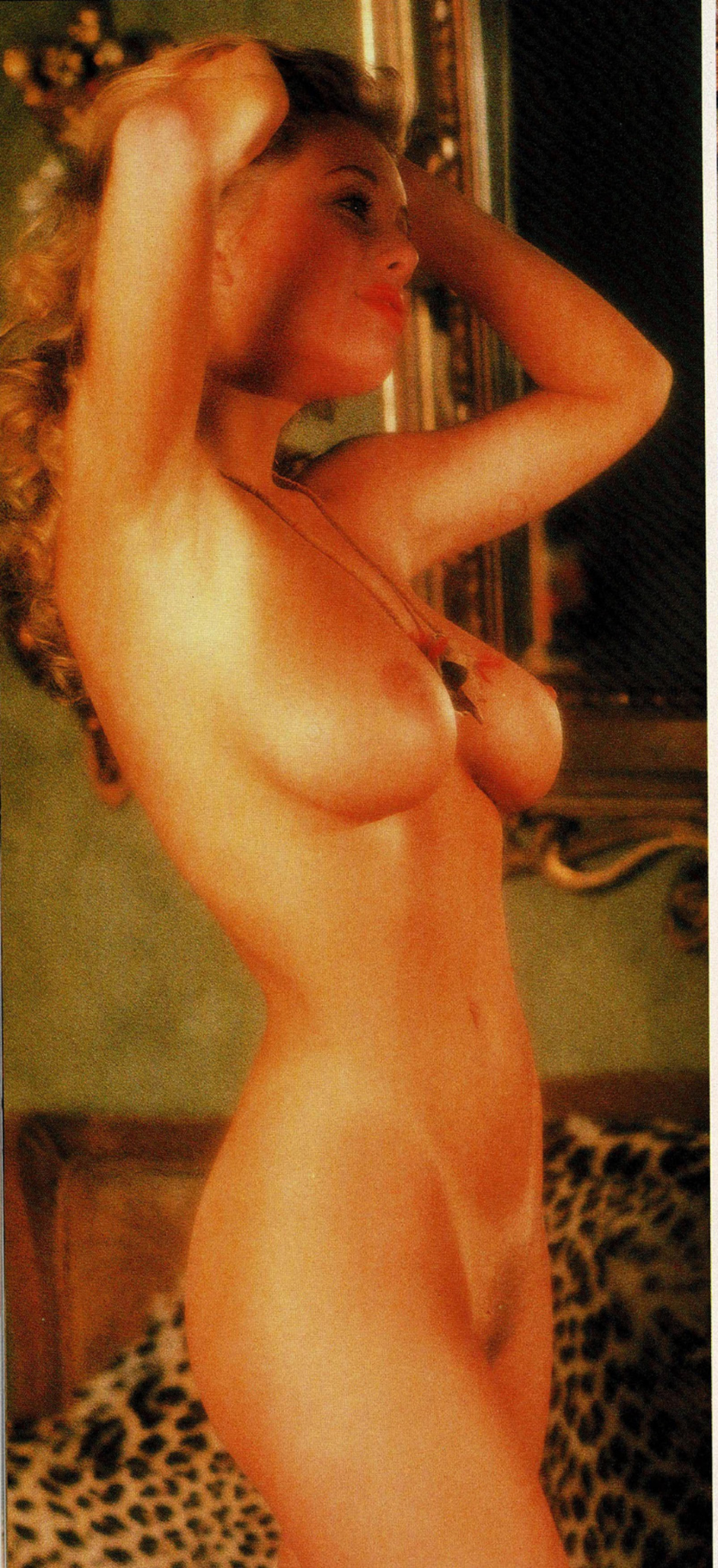
PLAYBOY: Have those notions held true?
WILLESEE: I don't think it's that ruthless. If you have the ability, then it's okay. If you're capable, they look after you. But if you're not, you sink.

It never ceases to amaze us at Australian PLAYBOY how successfully some girls can make the transition from the bush to the big city. Take Sarah, for instance: grew up on a small farm, went to a bush school. Until she was 20 her idea of a big day out was a country race meeting. Then she decided to look for a job in town, see what the bright lights had to offer and catch up on some fast living. She was nervous at first, of course, like any shy, country girl. But she'd just take a deep breath, hold her chin up, stick her chest out, stride purposefully into any social gathering and guess what? She'd be noticed right away. Especially by the men. The women noticed her too, but they'd usually pretend they hadn't. It wasn't long before Sarah bumped into our globe-trotting lensman, Michael Ancher. Michael enjoyed that so much he asked Sarah if she'd mind taking all her clothes off for him while he took a few pictures. There must be something about the way Michael approaches all these girls because she said yes.

Now we can all see what the country life does for a girl. Sarah, meanwhile, is so busy making money modelling she's hardly had any time at all to pine for the bush. Bet the blokes in the bush miss Sarah. Still, they can see more of her in Australian PLAYBOY than they ever saw before.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

"When you come to the city straight from a farm, people think you're naive and easily shocked. Well, you see nature in the raw on a farm, anywhere, anytime. Bulls aren't shy creatures. So I can tell by the way a man walks towards me what he's really got on his mind."



"There are things about the country that I miss: the fresh air, those fantastic, clear skies at night. But the city has a lot to offer. I love the luxury. I love the restaurants. I'll go back to the country to raise my own kids, but not till I've lived it up for a few more years."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN TULLEMANS

The legendary malibu board is back on top.

RIDERS OF THE LOST ART

MALIBU: A legendary beast. Faster than a galloping horse. Also known as bonker, logger, tank and plank. Originated in Southern California in 1960s. Shortened in length and word in mid-1980s to MAL, eg MAL-FUNCTION: A surfside rage. Now undergoing amazing cult revival. Ridden by Riders Of The Lost Art. Future: Uncertain.

Thus might go the modern dictionary definition of malibu, the classic trim-and-nose-ride long surfboard which evolved at Malibu beach on the

Article by **CRAIG McGREGOR**

Californian coast and dominated world surfing in the '60s. It was a beautiful design and absolutely suited to the state-of-the-art surfing style of the time: cool, functional riding; trimming across the wave face; keeping high in the pocket; dancing up and down the board as the wave demanded; responding to nature. . . *involvement*.

This was the era of Phil Edwards, Mickey Dora and Midget Farrelly, who won the first world surfing championship on a malibu and pioneered a long line of Australians who would wrest world surfing supremacy away from the Americans.

But then, as surfboards got shorter and shorter and the modern rip-tear-slash-and-skank style of power-surfing developed, the malibu fell from favor. It was too long, too big, too heavy and too unmanoeuvrable, claimed the short-board hotties. It cruised instead of ripped. It was the oil rig of the surf; it was a platform for stunts instead of an acrobatic mean machine. It wallowed.

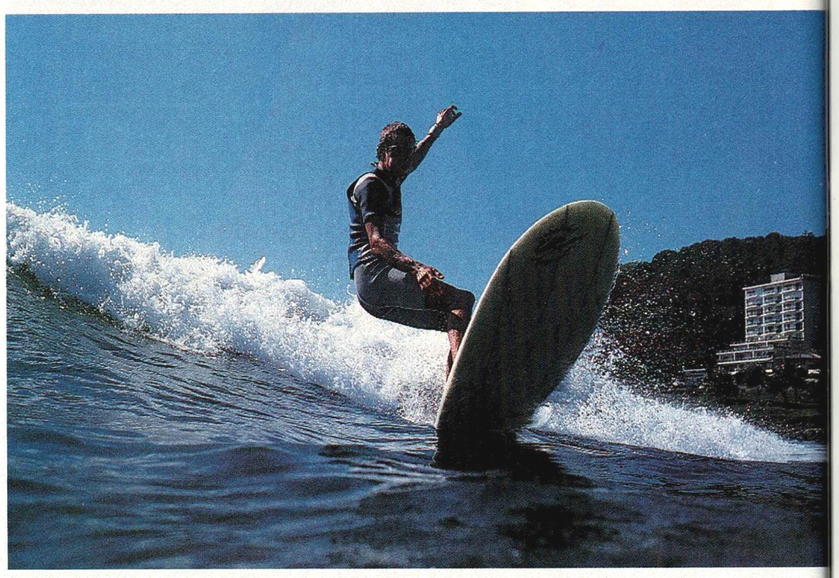
But above all, it was *unfashionable*. All the young grommets, gremmies, surf nazis and fade merchants were into short, twitchy swallowtails, then twin-fins and then three-fin thrusters. Any board over 5ft 10in was regarded as l-o-o-o-n-g, man (the typical malibu was 9ft 6in). I mean, look what the champs rode: Rabbit Bartholomew, Mark Richards, Simon Anderson, Tom Carroll. . . chips. Foam chips!

Ha! Every fashion peaks and fades. And in the past year or so, amazing to relate, there has been a phenomenal revival in the popularity of malibus, malibu riding and the lost art of soul surfing. Malibu clubs have been formed up and down the east coast of Oz. Former champs like Nat Young, Jeff Hackman and Peter Drouyn have dragged their mals out of mothballs. At the last Bells Beach contest in Victoria, one of the top surfing events in the world, the mal section got more TV coverage than the main event.

On the north coast of NSW and on the Gold Coast, at famous surfing breaks like Noosa, Alexandra Headland and Byron Bay, you can sometimes see more mals in the line-up than short boards. Once you couldn't give old logs away; recently one Noosa retailer sold 200 second-hand malibu boards in 12 months, and you might have to pay up to $300 for a good one.

At Lennox Head, the mecca for north coast surfers, designer Bob McTavish finds he can't keep up with the demand for new mals. McTavish was one of the key innovators who began chopping a foot at a time off boards (no, not his own feet) back in the '60s and helped usher in the short-board era; now he's producing malibus which are exact copies of the boards he used to ride plus modern mals (ultra-mals, McTavish calls them) which bring a lot of contemporary design innovations to the traditional shape.

Why the comeback?



The Malibu fraternity — getting back to the fun of it all.

in Martin Tullemans's garage/studio/pad/bombshelter/surf museum at Coolangatta, Queensland. Tullemans is a zappy, buccaneering, jargon-juggling ex-Dutchman, malibu freak and sometime surf photographer who 12 months ago helped found the Gold Coast Malibu Club, otherwise known as The Super 8s (because malibus must be more than 8 feet long and most of the club members ride modern mals between 8ft and 8ft 6in).

"The reason everyone's going back to long boards is to go back to where the thrill was at originally," he says, grinning. "That raw, primitive feeling of *fun*. It's like picking up an old '50s or '60s single and hearing Chubby Checker's *Let's Twist Again* on a really primitive recording. . . it's not slick, but the energy's great.

"The whole idea is to get older surfers back in the water. Of course you cop quite a bit of flack out there from the grommets. *'Hey, grandpa, why aren't you out playing golf?'* or *'Have you got a licence to paddle that boat?'*

"I used to ride short boards myself but I became disillusioned. The thing got commercialised: like, all the wild pirate-type dudes were cleaning up their image so that they looked like wholesome hygienically wrapped apple pie, so the sponsors could put the cream on the top and give 'em round-the-world tickets. And surfers, instead of being outspoken, anti-establishment, bold dudes, y'know, they were just a bunch of wimps."

Tullemans falls about laughing. He once had to stop surfing Burleigh Heads because of an article he wrote attacking the local surfers and their aggro, fade-you-and-snake-you, drop-in tactics. He doesn't like that super-competitive approach and traces it back to the short board style of surfing itself.

"They don't have a message any more," Tullemans continues, "it's just hassle the other guy in the water. . . the whole rip-tear-slash-lacerate thing actually affects the vibes in the water. . . because of the bio-mechanics of that short, staccato, rap-tap-rap-tap motion it's a very tense thing for your body to have to go through. Also, because the prize money is so high in contests, lots and lots of dollars, the leading surfers develop this stuff-you-Jack attitude in the water, I'm gonna jump the queue, paddle inside you, catch as many waves as possible. . . and that attitude has passed right down through the ranks.

"Me, I decided to grab a bonker and have fun! I can hardly ride a short board any more. Once you're mal-adjusted, there's no turning back!"

Fun, fun, fun. . . it sounds like the Beach Boys all over again and, in fact, there's a lot of nostalgia built into the malibu revival. The riders often wear baggies or knee-length okanui boardshorts, drive around in '60s convertibles, affect Mickey Dora neo-German gear and search for mint-condition mals under Queensland stilt houses. The surf shops pump out '60s surf hits such as *Pipeline* and there's been a jocular renaissance of surfie slang: grommet, wipeout, stoked, stringers, etc.

But a lot of young surfers and women surfers are taking to malibus, too. Says Max Pendergast, who helped found the first Australian malibu club at Byron Bay: "Women find the malibus easier to handle. And we get a lot of young riders now who start off on malibus, have never ridden a short board in their lives or just don't like them."

Typical of these is Anthony Stroud-Watts, a red-haired 19-year-old from the Bay who started on mals when he found an old Wallace board broken in two and washed up on the beach at the Pass. He and his sister kept an eye on it all day, waiting for someone to claim it; when no one did, they grabbed it themselves, glued it together and started learning how to hang 10 (for the uninitiated, standing on the board with 10 toes over the nose).

Stunts are part of the ritual of mal riding: the boards are so phenomenally stable you can do almost anything on them.

Stunts are part of the ritual of mal riding: the boards are so phenomenally stable you can do almost anything on them, from riding tandem to classic poses like the quasimodo, the soul arch, the rail grab, the coffin ride. According to Anthony, "When I started out, I used to do stunts all the time — the dead cockroach, handstands, spinners, shimmy shimmies — it was a lot of fun, it was different. I go into a lot of contests, never win them, I always get fifth place. . . but you're still there to have fun."

Anthony describes riding malibus as "my way of life" and says in Byron Bay there's nothing much else to do. He surfs maybe four hours a day, sometimes with Greg Snelling, another Byron Bay Malibu Club stalwart. Every Easter the club holds one of the major Australian malibu contests; in 1986, Rusty Miller, an ex-Californian surf champion who now lives in the area, is thinking of organising an international contest with overseas stars, major sponsors, big prizes and all the rest of the rigmarole.

The groundwork is there, because the major clubs already compete regularly with one another. They include the Steel City Malibu Club at Newcastle, the Church Of The Latter-Day Mal at Alexandra Headland on Queensland's Sunshine Coast, the Noosa Ani-mals, the Logger-heads at Nambucca Heads and the Beachcombers at North Avalon.

The top mal riders feature surfers like Nat Young, Peter Cornish, Jeff Hackman (from Hawaii), Peter Drouyn, Ray Gleave, Steve Butterworth, Ron Blewett, Paul Anderson, Gordon Gell, Otto Focus (Martin Tullemans) and Kingsley "Knackers" Kernouske, the Kool Kid from Kawana who kruises in his kozzies (according to Otto). Then there are the mal-gals like Bev Blewett, Louise Tienan, Yvonne Pendergast, Lyn Scammel and Gold Coast Mal Sal (Sally Paxton).

The clubs are pretty free and easy, and so are the contests; the tribal elders don't like imposing super-strict rules in case the inter-club meets become too much like the commercial pro contest. One problem facing the clubs is just how big-time they want to get. They emphasise the mal-camaraderie (mal-chauvinism?) and easy-going nature of old-time surfing, when the sport was still innocent, but those qualities could disappear if the mal revival becomes too successful and the competitions get too serious.

In a way, the whole mal-fashion can seem like an attempt to make the sport stand still. There's a lot of anti-short-board feeling around.

"A lot of people are getting tired of paddling around under water," says Max Pendergast, who experimented with short boards and found them harder and harder to paddle as he got older.

Anthony Stroud-Watts comments: "Short boards are so twitchy." Says Pendergast again: "I think a wave is one of nature's most beautiful gifts to us and I can't see the sense in trying to rip it open with a multi-fin instead of just gliding along with it."

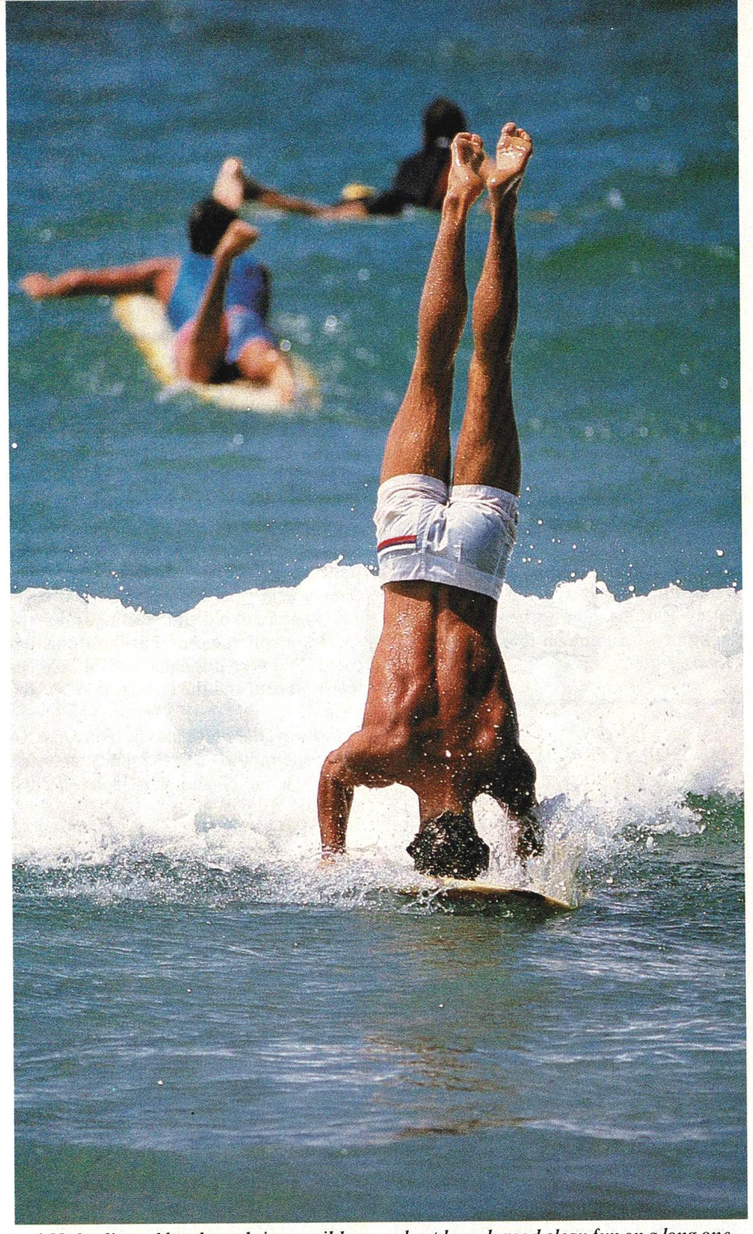
Not everybody loves mals, though. They can usually pick up a wave long before a short board, which gives the mal rider a chance to cut a swathe through the thrusters, four-fins, twin-fins and other assorted craft going for the same wave.

"The malibu is to short boards what the surf ski is to all boards," says Nick Carroll, editor of leading surf magazine *Tracks*, "and it can be a bloody menace."

Tullemans remembers going down for a wave at Burleigh Heads with five other mals and hearing a short-board hottie yelling out: "Look out, fellas! There's 20 metres of lumber hitting the line-up!"

If the malibu board tried to stand still it would become extinct, like the dinosaur. The short board is the leading edge of surf design and technology; that's where the action is, and the mal-revivalists have to learn from it.

In fact this is already happening. Despite the cult of the original mal, without legrope ("It's like a chain, man, you can't walk the plank!") or any other innovation, in the past few years many riders have turned to the renaissance or modern mal, a contemporary



A Mal-adjusted headstand: impossible on a short board, good clean fun on a long one.

version of the old design.

Modern mals are made from lightweight foam and glass and are super-light compared to the original boards. They are often a foot or more shorter, with 8ft 4in a popular length. They sometimes have looser rails (edges), which makes turning easier. They're like a thinned-down, highly refined sports coupe version of the original limousine, and they're so popular that most contests now have two separate sections: one for old mals and one for modern mals.

Bob McTavish has designed an ultra-mal which incorporates key features of the contemporary short board, such as three fins, swallow tail, double flyers (bumps near the tail which give pivot power), down rails (for flexibility) and an overall thruster shape so the board can get vertical up and down the wave face.

But he's also produced classic malibus based on original '60s templates. Anthony Stroud-Watts's favorite board is an old red 1966 Woosley nose-rider which he's so afraid of dinging he got McTavish to shape an almost exact replica, down to fin shape, no leg rope, but 5lb lighter.

Malibu veterans reckon the lightweight boards can't power through wave sections like the old heavy boards, that they're not as fast. McTavish believes that if the shape is the same, the speed will be too; weight makes no difference. It makes for an interesting argument over tinnies and T-bones when the sun goes down.

Recently, says McTavish, there's been a move back toward the shorter (7ft 6in to 8ft) board which evolved about 1968; right now he's making a copy of one of his original plastic machines from that time. It was a transition period, from long to short, and it's just possible that the malibu revival will end up as an exact re-run of surfboard history.

There are fashions in malibus, as in everything else. Some designs move toward a rounded pintail, some keep to a chopped-off square tail. You get wide, three-stringer nose-riders, so that the surfer can stand in a perfect soul arch on the nose while the rest of the plank powers along behind, and you get sharknosed mean machines which are ultra-manoeuvrable but don't nose-ride so well.

Colors aren't as wild and personalised as on the short boards with multi-colored GT stripes about as fancy as you'll get. The emphasis is on restraint, classicism and *cool*.

The top shapers get a steady demand for custom-made boards. They include Richard Harvey and Neal Purchase at Currumbin, Kingsley Kernouske at Caloundra, Phil Grace at Surfers Paradise, Mike Perry at Burleigh Heads and, of course, McTavish at Lennox. In Byron Bay virtually every surf shop sells malibus: San Juan, Sky, Jet, Mad Dogs, Bare Nature. . .

That North Coast/Gold Coast strip is the centre of the malibu revival, and it's not hard to see the reason. Basically it's the waves. The typical swell there is smallish (two to three feet), easygoing and peaking over a sandy bottom. The waves are ideal for cruising along on a long board, which can pick them up early and hold on to them.

Also, there's something about the laid-back lifestyle of that strip of Australia which seems to lend itself to a less competitive approach to surfing. Malibu riders are out for a good time; they try not to drop in on each other, they holler out if someone takes off on a moving mountain, hell, they even hold hands sometimes and yahoo yelling into the beach. Imagine Tom Carroll, Mark Occhilupo and Martin Potter doing that!

Another era, yes. But everyone likes to recycle old enthusiasms; it's one of the ways a culture (in this case the surfing culture) keeps its traditions alive.

It's significant that the original, vintage malibus still have more prestige than the mod versions, and that it's the older riders who still dominate the contests.

"Those older guys have got it over us, they've got the experience," explained one younger rider. Said another: "They've never ridden anything else. It's gotta make a difference."

So, despite the speed and aggro of the rip-it-up, tear-it-down, fade-you-out short-board brigade, there's still a place for the older surfer on the wave faces of east coast Oz. All you need to be mal-adjusted and mal-content is a grasp of mal-lingo, a taste for mal-odrama, a bikini-clad mal-lady, a love of mal-functions, daily mal-practice. . . and a genuine, legendary, astounding born-again mal!

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(continued from page 56)

A friend of mine has been using his personal computer to seduce young ladies for two years.

Now, I don't know about you, but I am very bad at pick-ups. Let me meet a member of the opposite sex at work, or at a conference or even at a dinner party, and I have a reasonable chance of getting there... eventually.

Stick me in a singles bar and you are looking at the original tongue-tied klutz who is never going to get to first base. My opening lines sound corny, my smile is a sex maniac's leer, and I sweat. I do not know why I sweat. Perhaps God hates me. But I sweat. Singles bars are, for me, Dante's *Inferno*.

This list came up on my screen with the first names and numbers of 37 females who were compatible, at least on the surface. Christmas had come early.

I selected names at random. For the first three attempts nothing sparked. It was not that I was turned down so much as the response was less than positive.

And did this crush and depress me? Did it make me go sulk in the corner and stare into my drink? Did my ego suffer grievous assault and battery? No. None of these things. I was anonymous. They were anonymous.

They hadn't even heard my voice. I was even more anonymous than a man making dirty phone calls. With my fourth attempt I hit a gusher. Her name, corny though it may sound, was Mary. She was divorced. Interested in sex. Available. Slight problem. She was in San Francisco. I was in Australia. A mere detail. She suggested after our first few messages had gone through the mailbox that we might open, as it were, full-frontal electronic contact.

At this point I had to admit I was working through an international hook-up from Sydney. If I had said I was Clint Eastwood the reaction would have been the same.

She was, electronically, all over me like a rash.

Since then our relationship has progressed by leaps and bounds. We have got down to discussing the real nitty gritty. For technical reasons we sometimes find ourselves transmitting messages almost simultaneously and I have just had the embarrassing experience of finding both of us on top at the same time. This is but a minor hiccup in the way of a smooth romance and, yes, we will be meeting physically soon. When very probably the sparks will fly. Just imagine how interesting your next trip to the States will be if you do a little electronic matchmaking first.

This sort of bulletin board is not yet widely available in Australia. There *are* bulletin boards, but they are hogged by clean and keen young fanatics more interested in floppies, bytes, nibbles and pokes (all in the strict computer sense of those words). That reminds me, one day I am going to look into the Freudian implications of a hobby which uses so many sexually oriented terms. When you connect your computer to the telephone you use a male and female connecter to hook in and make a connection with an electronic slot!

Bulletin boards are run by sysops (short for systems operators) on a non-profit making basis. They operate as message boards where messages can be left for a specific board user or as an open letter to all users. In America the general notices on the underground bulletin boards read like personal classified advertisements:

"Subject: Happy Times. From: Fred — 3889. Bachelor (32) considered good looking with small yacht would like to meet fun-loving member of the opposite sex with a view to casual and mutually enjoyable encounters. Leave E-Mail to 75."

Hardly worth more than a quick browse.

The real action lies in the automatic matchmaking abilities of the computer. This is nothing like computer dating where you were a passive participant. With bulletin board hook-ups you are part of the action. You talk.

You are given a list of possible partners so that your fingers do the walking. If any name tickles your fancy, you call up all the relevant personal details by pressing two keys. At the same time, your personal information is available to any likely lass who is on the prowl across the bulletin board.

After you have made contact through the board and if hormones are jangling at both ends of the hook-up, you can move to the intimacy of direct electronic contact.

At this stage you are both still anonymous which means all the options are open. Worth remembering, too, that no one has ever caught herpes from a computer. If you want to take the relationship a step further it is open to negotiation. After all, you are both consenting adults.

You may think that this is a more interesting and vital purpose for bulletin boards than swapping information about the latest computer program. I would not argue with you.

This type of bulletin board will be common in Australia between the end of 1985 and 1987. With thousands of personal computers being sold every week, the underground bulletin board will sweep across the country like Paterson's Curse. And if you don't have a personal computer, you will be missing out on the action. A computer not only helps you to electronically communicate your sexual needs, hopes and aspirations to a receptive female, it is also a first-rate aid to seduction. You do not believe me?

A friend of mine who gave me the idea of getting my home computer has been using his personal computer to seduce young ladies for two years. Shocking though this may seem, let me tell you how it works.

He invites women home to see his personal computer. It will, he assures them, plot their biorhythms. (Similar to the old etching ploy perhaps, but updated.) Biorhythm programs theoretically tell you the days when you will be mentally, physically or emotionally in a peak or a trough.

When he has printed out her biorhythm chart, my friend suggests that she have her fortune told. What woman could resist?

There are several programs that can print out complete horoscopes as flattering as they are inaccurate. If people believe in the stars they believe in their printed horoscopes. As these horoscopes touch all bases, anyone reading them immediately sees their wisdom, wit, truth and validity. They contain something for everyone.

Having got this far, he suggests that she might like to have her personality profile analysed by the computer. He explains that many of the questions asked may be of a personal nature so that he will retire and have a quiet drink while she communes with the computer. She will be alone in the secrecy and security of the computer confessional.

The program he uses is perfectly respectable and was written by an eminent psychoanalyst, Dr Vern Kallejian. But my friend has modified the program. It still starts off, as did the original program, sounding very scientific and asking multiple-choice questions such as "Do you like to be the leader in a crowd?" The answers can be "Often", "Sometimes", "Occasionally", "Rarely" or "Never".

The original program proceeds to delve into your psyche and the questions get more and more personal. When it gets to "Do you enjoy an active sex life?" the modifications start.

If I ask most young ladies of my acquaintance that question they either laugh in an unkind manner or suggest I commit an anatomical impossibility. But when they are sitting in front of a computer they are not talking to a human. They are talking to a computer which is, after all, only an inanimate mass of wires and electrons and is as private and as confidential as a secret diary. And so they go on blithely revealing their innermost thoughts in intimate detail, their feelings and fantasies regarding sex in all its forms.

What the sweet little innocents never realise is that the computer can be programmed to give an instant print-out of all the answers.

My friend sets the computer to PRINT as soon as conveniently possible. With the information the personal computer gives him, he claims an 82 percent hit rate. And I believe him.

His is a relatively unsophisticated computer with a program that has been only mildly tampered with. No programming expertise was required. You can imagine the possibilities for the future.

In 1957, Vance Packard, in his book *The Hidden Persuaders*, warned of a subliminal technique which flashed a message into your mind without your knowledge. At that time, television was not the mass medium it is today and so the process was used in the cinema. In 1956, a cinema in New Jersey inserted a single frame — an advertisement for ice cream — at random throughout the main feature. Sales were reported to have increased 40 percent.

That was 29 years ago and time and science have marched on. From Stimutech Incorporated in East Lansing, Michigan, comes "Expando-Vision", advertised as "a subliminal home computer program that goes straight to the mind's eye".

The system I acquired works with a Commodore 64. As it came direct from the United States, it was designed for the American television system NTSC and some electronic jiggery-pokery was needed before it would work with the Australian PAL system. There are eight programs to choose from at present and undoubtedly there are more in the pipeline.

One, I thought, had distinct possibilities. Called "Sexual Confidence", it promises to "fill your subconscious with the positive images you need to be more secure and confident in your sexuality." Precisely what I need! A subconscious filled with positive sexual images.

Purely in the interests of science, I enlisted the aid of a lady journalist named Isabel who is a) intelligent, b) extremely lovely, c) not at all averse.

Isabel realised that this was a scientific experiment but also that if the mood took her, then the mood might take her, as it were.

I set the scene most carefully. Soft lights, a large and comfortable lounge and a bottle of 1969 Bollinger champagne (given to me for solving a computer problem). I also chose the television program with care. The subliminal messages started pumping out during *Minder* — I have a more than passing resemblance to Arthur — and reached, as it were, a climax during my favorite jazz program, *The Burrows Collection*.

The question is, did it work? Did the program sending out these secret messages that "Gareth Powell is a superstud" achieve the desired effect? I am not a man to kiss and tell. There are certain matters a gentleman does not discuss. But in the interests of scientific accuracy I must, in this instance, report that the personal computer is the greatest aid to sex since KY jelly.

Next time you walk past a computer shop have a look at some of the machines on display. They may not look exotic and erotic. But they are. My oath, they are.

TECHNICAL DETAILS

Almost any computer will link into the domestic and international telephone system. Some are easier to work with than others. Here's my order of personal preference — Apple II, Tandy TRS-80, Commodore 64 and Dick Smith's Challenger.

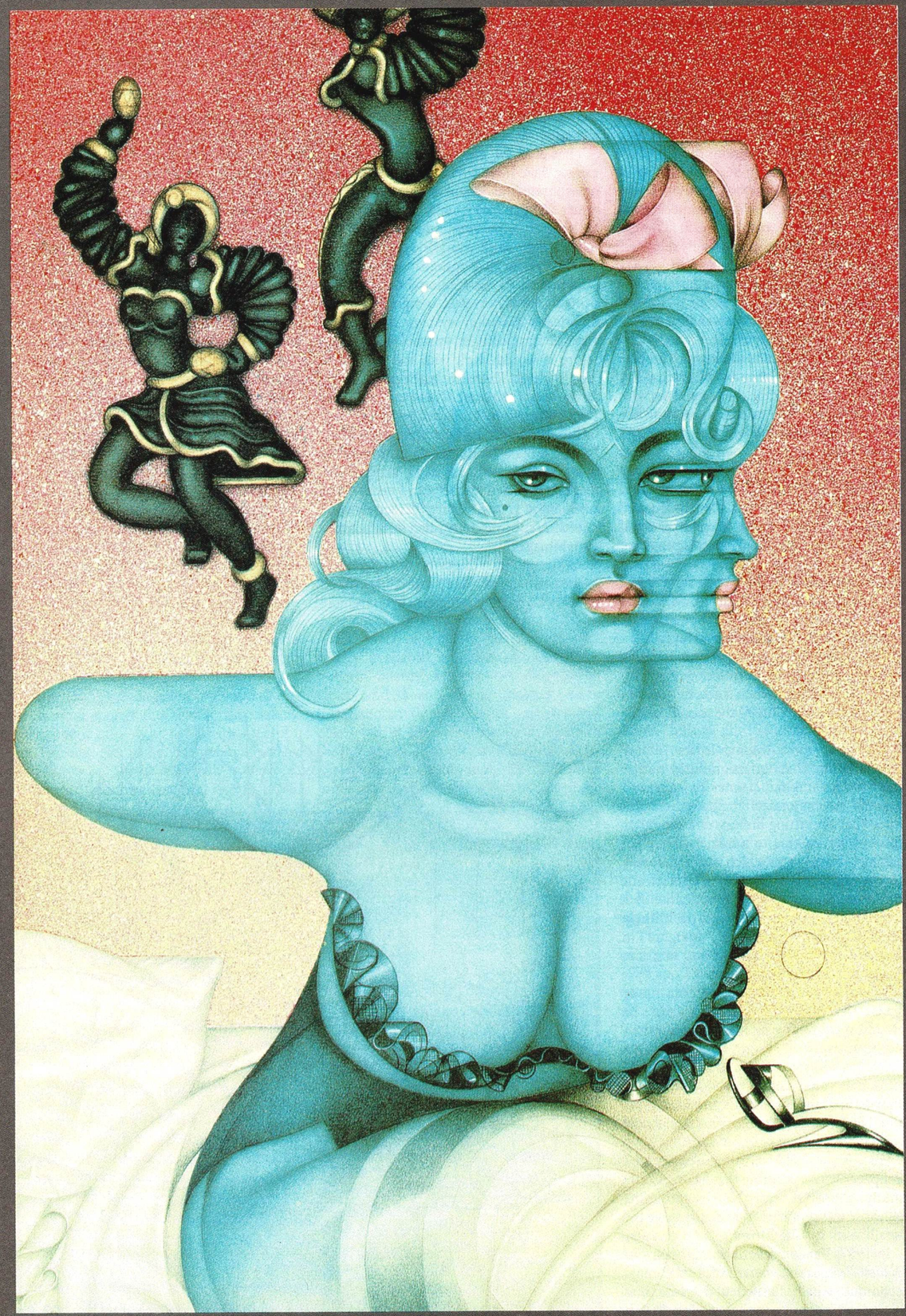
The actual link is made with a modem (stands for MOdulator, DEModulator) of which there are two kinds: acoustic coupler and direct wire. With an acoustic coupler, you place the telephone handset into a cradle with two rubber cups; it works relatively well, but not as effectively as direct wire which plugs straight into the telephone socket.

To connect up to overseas you sign on with your nearest Overseas Telephone Company Office (address in the telephone book) using form CB 152. There is no joining charge nor any form of test.

Easiest way to get on to overseas networks is to join "The Source" which will give you automatic access to Telenet allowing access to many data bases and bulletin boards.

The cost of international hook-up is far less than you may think. For example, a link with Midas costs 20 cents a minute and 60 cents per thousand characters sent or received. "The Source" costs $150 to join and then nine cents a minute during evenings and weekends and 6.3 cents a minute from midnight to 7am. Only snag is you must have an American Express, Visa or MasterCharge card so that you can be billed. When you log on to "The Source" you are connected in seconds via satellite to the main computer in Virginia in the States. More information about "The Source" is available from Seahorse Computer Services Pty Ltd, PO Box 47, Camden, NSW 2570.

". . . and thanks for teaching me how to enjoy little things!"



MOTHER'S DAY

Sure, my trade's kinky. But naked corpses? Uh-uh, officer, that's too exotic for me.

The Inspector said that the first mistake was letting Rita operate without any interference in the Monaco complex. "I knew it and I said it," he said mournfully. "I said we should get a warrant and go tear the place apart. Cameras and everything, go in and grab the whore. Arrest whoever's paying her to tie him up and beat him with chains and whips, and put her out of business. Make it clear to everyone that we won't stand for this. And I sit here like a twit and let you say we shouldn't. I am losing my grip;

Fiction by GEORGE V. HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

I really *deserve* this goddamned shit."

"Boss," Sergeant Kiley said, "that's what we know now. At the time, though, we had no cause. We could not go in. What do we say to a judge? 'This is probable cause, Your Worship, because we know the woman's a whore?' That would not float, boss, you know. Wouldn't float at all. No, I think the approach we took was very reasonable."

"Reasonable," the inspector said. "Bullshit, reasonable. 'Where is Rita?' I ask, and you tell me: 'She left town.' I know Rita didn't do that. The Monaco is made for her. She's got no competition. Propositioning salesmen and the other cheap clowns that think drinking in a bowling alley's the next best thing to Vegas. Rita Beauregard, for God's sake, down from the coast 'cause she's sick of fishermen, puts her arse out on the block here and they think she's Hollywood. She makes more in one good night than I do in a week, and she doesn't pay taxes, either, and you tell me she left town? 'We should find out where she is,' I say, 'and put her out of business.' And 'Kiley, I am telling you, that's what we should've done. Picking up the transients that're getting stiff in bars, selling them head-jobs and stuff: that we can tolerate. But this S and M bullshit, with the manacles and whips? That is dangerous. 'Some poor arsehole dies with her and we are in the shit.' And now of course one did, and that's exactly where we are."

"Look, boss," Kiley said, "this is not that type of case. This guy died of natural causes. That much we do know. This was not a young man, boss. He was 56. What knocked him off was his own ticker, not the torturing. Rita said he just came in. Told her what he wanted and took his clothes off. 'He dropped dead on me,' she said. 'This is my fault? Anybody can drop dead, any place he wants. This bloke happened to pick mine, while he was seeing me.'"

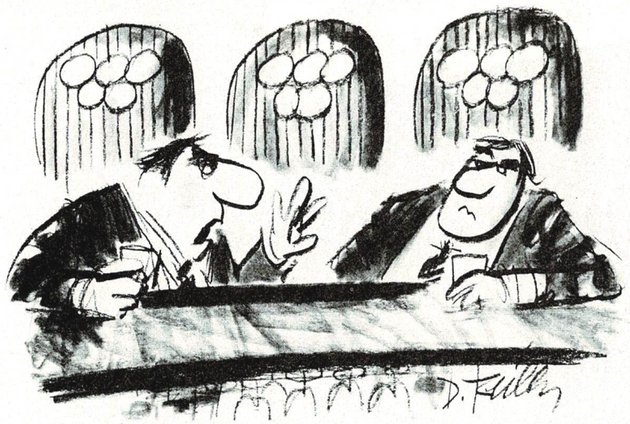
"That is what I mean," the inspector said, "that that kind of thing can happen. She gets some bloke in a bar, goes to his room with him. He gets all his clothes off and he has a heart attack. That's no problem, Kiley, if it's handled right, you know? Rita puts her clothes back on, gives us a quick call. We go over, she clears out. That's all there is to it. We know who the victim is — motels keep registers. We know where the dead bloke lives, and so that is no problem. He's where he's supposed to be, even if he's naked. And his bloody *mother*, Kiley, isn't waiting for him there. Waiting for us cops to come and tell her he is dead. So *she* can have a heart attack and really give us trouble."

"I know, I know," Kiley said, looking miserable. "But we couldn't've expected this, that this kind of thing would happen. You got to remember, boss, this is one mean twat. She has got nice tits there, and her arse won't behave. But underneath that bleached blonde hair, there's the mind of an assassin. All the time she worked the alleys, that was dangerous. Some night she may get some bloke, isn't normal, you know? Thinks he'll get his kicks there by beating Rita up. Well, Rita was aware of that, and Rita was prepared. 'These blokes, Kiley, I pick up. They could be anybody. I go with them, by myself, and I don't have no pimp. They see this, the ones with brains, that I am alone. Let me tell you this thing, Kiley, that I can protect myself. No bastard is gonna beat your Rita up.' So, when we hear she's setting up, no more hustling, I'm sort of relieved, you know? I thought that was safer."

"Uh huh," the boss said wearily, "what did she have, Kiley? Nice little automatic in her handbag there, which she had no licence for? You should've grabbed her then, persuaded her to move on."

"Boss," Kiley said, "I didn't see it, if she had a gun. Maybe it's kung fu, karate, something else she knows. I'd've frisked her, she'd've sued me. Had me up on charges. Maybe when she says: 'I fix him,' that is what she means. She can kill blokes with a pencil, choke them with her bra."

"Yeah," the inspector said. "Well, okay. Doesn't matter now. You did not arrest the slut and now this shit has happened. Where do we stand with this now?"



"Like my car — it talks, but it never says anything."

"Okay," Kiley said, "this is where it is. Medical examiner is going down to the hospital. On his way there now. Stiff is in the freezer drawer, for the formalities. Paramedics tell us it was myocardial infarction. Plain old ordinary heart attack. Nothing chargeable.

"To go with the stiff," he said, "we have got a suit of clothes. This would be the second set, the second suit of clothes. This time we are pretty sure, these ones go with him. Wallet in the trouser pocket, usual IDs. They say that his name is Lanza and he lives up the coast. I put Wormser checking with the local cops from there. We should know by five or so if this is the right guy."

"I assume," the inspector said sarcastically, "you told Wormser if it *is* him, try not to tell his mother."

"Locals will take care of that," Kiley said ruefully. "That is out of our hands now, who informs his next of kin."

"What about the old woman," the inspector said savagely. "What about the one we got, that we did break the news to? Where is she while we sit talking? Having a press conference? Or is her real son doing that, saying how he'll sue us?"

"She is in intensive care," Kiley said efficiently. "Nurse on duty tells me that her attack was mild. But, since she is very old, they are taking all precautions. Vital signs are stable and she's under strong sedation. They say if no more attacks come, and she doesn't have more shocks, she should be as good as new within a week or two."

"That is, I assume," the inspector said, "if they can keep Father Lynch away from her. Old tosspot."

"Father Lynch is not our problem," Kiley said with satisfaction. "I said something to the nurse, and she laughed at me. I get the impression from her that he might be leaving there. The archdiocese may not be pleased, when they get their report."

"That may go for me as well, when I get our report," the inspector said. "That of course should be quite soon, with the reporters calling."

"Our report is being typed," Kiley said uncomfortably. "Do you want me to brief you now, so you can start responding?"

"Yeah," the inspector said, "might as well. Wished I got a haircut. How come it never fails when something like this comes along, I am always thinking I should get a haircut soon? Every time I'm on TV I look like a hippie. You think maybe they're connected? Rough stuff and no haircuts? If I kept my hair cut short, this crap wouldn't happen?"

"Could be," Kiley said, "I guess. Anyway, you want it?" The inspector nodded. "Rita called in," Kiley said, "sounded very upset. Asked for me and got Wormser, whom she doesn't know. Wormser isn't used to her, how she talks and all. This could be where this thing started to unglue.

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"Rita gets across her meaning, that she's got a dead bloke with her. Wormser, who does not know her, does not understand this. Wormser thinks that blokes drop dead when they are with friends. Family around them, or the people they work with. Wormser is a rookie and this is all quite new to him. He tells Rita she should call an undertaker.

"This does not please Rita," Kiley said ruefully. "Rita is a businesswoman and her work's brought to her. She has her appointments and her afternoon is filled. This bloke that is dead is just one of several clients. She cannot let blokes in for her unique services if she has got a dead man stretched out in the living room. Rita's trade's a little kinky, but it's not quite that exotic. Corpses with no clothes on do not turn her clients on.

"'No, no,' Rita says, naturally excited, 'this man who is dead with me, I do not know his name.' Rita did not go to college, but she knows important things. She does things to you for money, but she doesn't arrange funerals. She wants Wormser to send somebody, take this man away. Otherwise she loses business, and she doesn't appreciate that.

"Wormser decides this is hopeless. It is beyond him. He has got this crazy woman yelling at him on the phone, and he does not understand more than a third of what she's saying. He dispatches Hall and Gleason to investigate."

"Hall and Gleason," the inspector said, "of course. That would figure. Stupid learner's got a problem, gets two more to help him."

"Hall is pretty smart, boss," Kiley said. "She is not experienced, but she is pretty savvy."

"For a housewife, I agree, Hall is smart," the inspector said grudgingly. "What I'd like is smart cops, but they say times are changing."

"There have been reports of that," Kiley said innocently. "Hall and Gleason reach the scene, reasonably fast. Wormser had the wrong apartment number, though, from Rita. There is some confusion since she's not on the doorbells. Finally they ascertain the right apartment number. Get it from the manager, who does not like her much. He tells them he doesn't think that she belongs in there. 'This is a nice place,' he says. 'We have got good tenants. New apartment complex like this, she's not what we have in mind.'

"Rita apparently has lots more visitors than he likes, and they seem to come and go from her at all hours, day and night. Gleason tells him that this one doesn't sound like an improvement. He goes with them to the door, and there is a big scene. Before they can do much to find out what Rita's problem actually is, Hall and Gleason have to tell the manager to beat it. He can evict her later, after they have finished.

"Rita's in her work clothes for this whole discussion," Kiley said. "This consists of leather vest, with nothing under it, and a matching leather skirt which is very short. It is also slit up both sides and there's nothing under it. Except Rita's crotch, of course, and Rita's high black boots. Hall says Gleason had some trouble concentrating on his work.

"They get rid of the manager and go inside the flat. There on the floor, in the bedroom, is Rita's customer. He is naked and he's dead, which is of course two problems: who he is and how he got dead, before they should move him. Hall and Gleason, being learners, Gleason being distracted, do not see the first one.

"Hall goes by the book, and calls the paramedics. Unfortunately she makes a learner's mistake when she does this, and employs her radio. This of course is monitored by all the bloody press. Therefore, when the medics arrive at the Monaco, they have got some company, those bastards with their bloody notebooks and their microphones. This could be a murder, right? In those new flats? High-priced doctors, lawyers? This one could be juicy. Maybe it is someone famous got bumped off in there.

Rita cannot let blokes in for her unique services if she has got a dead man stretched out in the living room. Corpses do not turn her clients on.

"Manager wins all those turds — he won't let them upstairs. This means Hall and Gleason still do not know that they're down there. Paramedics get through all right. They look at the bloke. Looks to them like natural causes, which means they can move him. Wrap him up and cart him out, which leaves Hall and Gleason in there with just Rita. They get her calmed down a little, which they mostly do by leaving. Rita's work is hard to do when there's a corpse in with her, but having two cops to replace it doesn't please her either.

"Hall and Gleason go downstairs, where they meet the reporters. This is also something which they have not become used to. Those turds ask them lots of questions, which they try to answer. All they really know, of course, is where the medics took him. Name, age and address are things that they never got to ask him. Therefore all the press turds immediately start calling the local hospital. And of course all the staff there know is that it was a heart attack. But who had this attack they don't know, anymore'n we do.

"Consequently," Kiley said, "Wormser starts getting all these calls from the hospital and the bloody press: 'Who the hell is he?' And Wormser don't know either. So he gets on the radio, which is the only way he can get in touch with Hall and Gleason, and he tells them: 'Go back to the Monaco and find out who this son of a bitch is.' And the press hears all of that, too, but I guess they're not paying attention or something.

"Hall and Gleason go back to see Rita," Kiley said, "and by now about an hour's gone by and Rita's entertaining a new customer. Which she don't want Hall and Gleason coming in to see who he is, because this isn't good for business, either, bloke's lying there as naked as two snakes and all of a sudden two cops come in, see him all tied down with his cock sticking up in the air. So Rita won't let them in. And they tell her: 'Okay, then bring the dead bloke's clothes out and give them to us, and we'll leave you alone with this new weirdo you got in there.' And Rita thinks this is probably the best deal she's gonna get from them, so she does it, and hands the bloke's clothes out to them.

"They find the wallet," Kiley said. "They get on the radio and read the ID off to Wormser. Which is of course that the dead guy is Steven Audette, who happens to be a heavy in the Education Department, does not live in the Monaco Apartments and therefore had no good reason to turn up dead with no clothes on in them. The press turds are naturally very interested in this, and they are on Wormser now like he was a big tasty dog and they were all fleas who were really hungry.

"Wormser does not do what he should have done," Kiley said, "which is to get hold of me in court and get me back here to run this damned thing. He is going to prove what a valuable man he is. He is going to be sure that this is really Steven Audette that died of a heart attack in Rita's pleasure palace. He tells them to check the wallet for a motor vehicle registration, and there is one, for Steven Audette's brand-new station wagon, and then to check the parking lots around the Monaco and see if such a car is there. And it is, naturally, a nice white new wagon, in which is sitting Steven Audette's mother. Who had been to see her doctor in the Monaco while her son was dropping dead in Rita's whorehouse.

"They find the old lady sitting there in the car and they ask her where her son is, and she tells them he is in the Monaco seeing *his* doctor while she is seeing hers. And they want no part of telling her what has happened to old Steven, of course, so they say: 'Right, Mrs Audette. Tell you what, all right? Your son has been taken ill and he's down at the hospital and we will take you down there so you can see him, okay?' And the old lady is naturally upset, but not as upset as she's going to be when somebody tells her that her darling boy is bloody *dead,* and that is why they are being so smart when they say he is in the hospital. So if she takes a fit or something when she finds out what really happened, there will be lots of doctors and nurses around to catch her before she hits the deck.

"They take her down to the hospital," Kiley said, "and they walk her in there, nice and slow, and they put her in the chapel so that she can pray for him. And they tell Father Lynch what they think is the truth, so he will break it to her gently like those priests know how to do.

"And he was pissed," Kiley said. "So he tells them this is no problem, and he goes into the chapel where she is kneeling down and praying and he says to her: 'Mrs Audette?' And she says: 'Yes.' And he says: 'Your son is dead.' Like you would say to me: 'Your fly's open.' And that is when she has *her* attack.

"So," Kiley said, "they are feeling reasonably good that they at least knew enough to get her to the hospital before this twit wallops her with the bad news, and they call in. And Wormser by then has been talking to Rita who has got another problem now. Which is that she has got a customer and a suit of clothes in her apartment which do not go with each other, and this nice man named Audette doesn't want to start any trouble or anything that would get his name in the paper about him patronising whorehouses, but it looks like the cops took his clothes and would they please bring them back. And that is the first clue we get that we may have a small problem here."

"Wonderful," the inspector said.

"That is one word for it, maybe," Kiley said. "So, where we stand now, if we do have this thing straightened out like we think we have, Steven Audette has got his own clothes back on, and he is at the hospital with his mother in intensive care. And he does not wish to make any fuss about this, even though it obviously has not made him happy. When his mother wakes up, he will tell her that she must have dreamed it when the priest told her that her son was dead, and he thinks he can get her to believe that. Which means that if we can keep this thing reasonably quiet, he will probably not sue us.

"We have got also," Kiley said, "the dead guy. And we should have him identified, like I said, before five. There is no foul play there, though, so that is no problem.

"In other words, boss," he said, "not that I am recommending this as normal procedure, but I think we have got this whole mess under control now."

"Sure we have," the inspector said, "absolutely. Unless you count Rita."

"I don't follow," Kiley said.

"You don't?" the inspector said. "No, well, that should not surprise me. Rita now is as safe as if she was in church. Don't you understand that? She is running a bloody brothel in the Monaco, where they don't want such businesses. What she's doing is against the law. But now we can't stop her, can we? Because if that manager calls up and tells us we have to grab her, or somebody decides that she robbed him while he was in there with his pants off, and we go to get her, she will look us in the eye and say: 'Audette'.

"If we arrest her, she will tell everybody all about this afternoon. Which will mean that Steven Audette then will have no reason not to sue us for damned near killing his old mother. Which means that we can't arrest old Rita now, for doing anything. Now do you see why I liked it so much better, when she was doing business in the bowling alley?"

"Yeah," Kiley said, "I guess I do."

"Good," the inspector said forcefully. "Now, there is one more thing. You know this whore, am I right? And she is pretty smart?"

"More or less," Kiley said. "More or less, I do. She is pretty smart."

"Good," the inspector said again. "Then you ask her for me, just out of curiosity, all right? Make it very plain to her, I don't plan to do anything. But ask her, when you see her, did she do this on purpose? Did she switch those pants on us, so that this would happen?"

"Jesus Christ," Kiley said, drawing in his breath. "You know, I bet she did."

"Yeah," the inspector said, "but you will not bet with me. When this slut says she's got it fixed, she is not kidding."

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Motoring writer Rob Luck finds the Porsche 956 is a mobile test bed for the future.

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The Porsche 956 is the most brutal and efficient two-seater automotive fighting machine in the world. It accelerates faster than your comprehension and flies twice as fast as most people have ever driven.

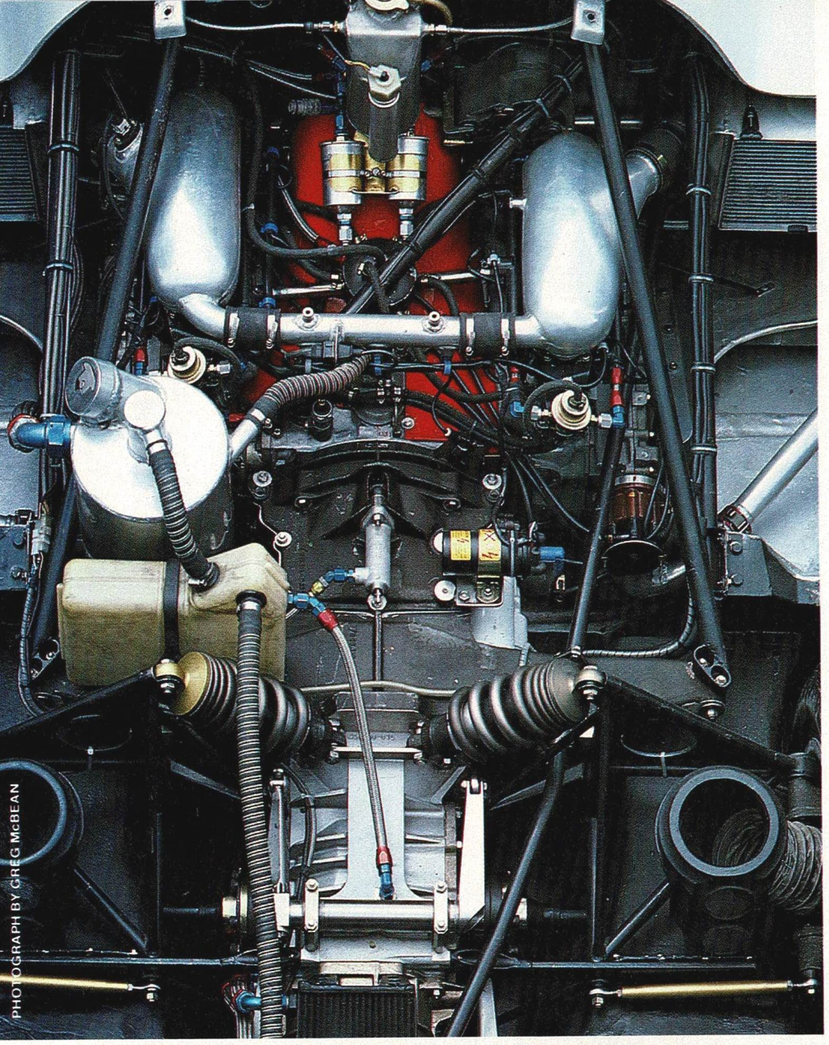
It will reach the legal limit in first gear: 100km/h. And it will get there in about 2.3 seconds.

Third gear can easily better the old legal "ton" (100mph or 160km/h) and it will do more than three-and-a-half times the national highway signposted max, and

that's 350km/h. Given a clear run, it could beat a jet from Sydney to Canberra, cross a whole city in five or six minutes, give a road-going Ferrari a one-third distance start on any trip and beat it, and reduce a police radar unit to a pile of smoking scrap.

There must be reasons why every enthusiast can't have one. There are: about 300,000 of them. And that's in English pounds. Plus a few more, like zero ground clearance, the turning circle of a semi-trailer and the interior space of a strait-jacket.

In a world of increasingly restricted speeds, space-efficient micro city cars, and


PHOTOGRAPH BY GREG McBEAN

The engine is built in the traditional Porsche design; it's space efficient and runs on "air".

expensive fuel, it seems like the ultimate automotive anachronism. Yet it is completely relevant to today's motoring, and thoroughly involved in our automotive future.

This car in fact is a mobile test bed for the automobile of the future. It is virtually a laboratory on wheels, testing and proving the next generation of hardware that will form the vital components of the cars now on the drawing boards.

The most important thing it is testing now is fuel efficiency in turbocharged engines. This may seem a bit facetious in a machine with a terminal velocity more than three times the normal maximum, but the Porsche 956 has to race against a fuel consumption formula set down by the International Motor Sport body. This rules that cars of this type may not drink more than 510 litres in each 1000 kilometre race.

The race team has to juggle this formula against victory over the opposition. They tread so fine a line that winning cars have frequently finished with as little as half a litre in the tank.

So far, the Porsche 956 is easily the best car in the world at this job.

Built to a weight formula, the car is fabricated of space-age materials designed to produce strength and durability with light weight. That means exotic metals like titanium in suspension parts.

The envelope was honed in a wind tunnel, and then proved on the track. The aerodynamic artefacts it has grown along the way provide vital downforce to keep the machine on the tarmac. Hidden underneath is something called "ground effects" which is a system of managing the airflow to suck the car down on to the blacktop in corners, so it can zoom around as if on guide-rails.

All this is designed to hurl this missile through the air as efficiently as possible. The special engine is tuned to the same objective. Built in the traditional Porsche design of six cylinders lying down flat in two banks of three, it is space-efficient and runs on "air", although on the racing cars the cylinder heads are water-cooled because of the turbocharger temperatures. Two turbochargers spinning at up to 250,000rpm blast fuel down the waiting throats, but a special electronic engine management system carefully meters the fuel to deliver maximum power from the minimum fuel. This is computer technology applied to fuel economy.

Although the Porsches are so efficient they already carry ballast to achieve the minimum weight formula, the development continues. The newest idea being racetrack-tested is a unique twin-clutch design to enable full-throttle gearshifts.

Almost all of this will be transferred to the average car, and much of it already has been. Already average city cars have grown front "bibs" or spoilers and rear airtabs to manage the airflow for better economy. Plastic parts are creeping in all over. Weights are dropping dramatically.

The Porsche 956 was imported to Australia by Greg "PeeWee" Siddle, the man who stitched together the Team Australia deal which launched its famous Aussie Assault on Le Mans last year. The car was owned by John Fitzpatrick Racing and was the same machine Peter Brock drove at Le Mans, running the same number, 34. With Team Australia signed up to back it, and top drivers Colin Bond and Andrew Miedecke on board for the Sandown 1000, the last round of the World Endurance Championship and first time international racers had come here, Australian PLAYBOY threw in its support for the assault on the race.

We also got a drive at Sandown on the new circuit. What a drive! You practically need to cut your way inside with power tools, the access is so bad. The gullwing door flips forward like a manhole cover and you get inside the same way.

There's room inside for about one-and-a-half people. The driver gets a real race seat, lying down, legs quite straight from seat to pedals. The chassis crowds in from every direction. The driver is a wedge in an aluminium sandwich. The roof is millimetres away from the crash helmet, and the screen slopes straight up in front of the face. Then there's the dashboard, jampacked with instruments, and closing in across the legs.

The tacho can be read through the steering wheel. Alongside it is another gauge to show turbo boost, and this can be adjusted by the driver with a big knob that lives where the passenger's knees would normally fit. It shares the space with another knob that adjusts the front-to-rear braking balance to compensate for the fuel load during the race.

Other gauges tell about engine temperature and oil. They've got white marker lines to show the point at which your race is over; very expensive marks, say $30,000 for an engine, and $15,000 for a gearbox.

My instructions are simple: leave the boost on its current setting of race pace or 1.2 bar; use 7500rpm (race maximum), keep it on the island.

The steering is massively heavy at slow speeds, perhaps because the front tyres are 16 inches wide and there's no power assistance. But surprisingly it doesn't get much lighter on the track. Okay down the straights, it loads up in the corners because of the effects of the aerodynamic downforce.

Sandown is brand new, and this is my first drive, so I have to learn car and circuit. It takes a couple of laps to find out where the corners go, pick gears and change points, and work out where to brake. Then I'm ready to turn on the taps. I give the thing its first real lunge down the straight. Sheeeeet it goes. When the twin turbos come in, it feels like someone ran up and pushed you in the back at full speed. It just takes off. Gears have to be changed up as fast as the hand can move, and the lever to the Porsche gearbox shifts beautifully.

At the end of the straight, a little over 500 metres, the Porsche is doing 7000rpm in top gear (fifth). The speed has to be worked out on the gear ratio chart, and it clocks in at 250km/h (160mph)!

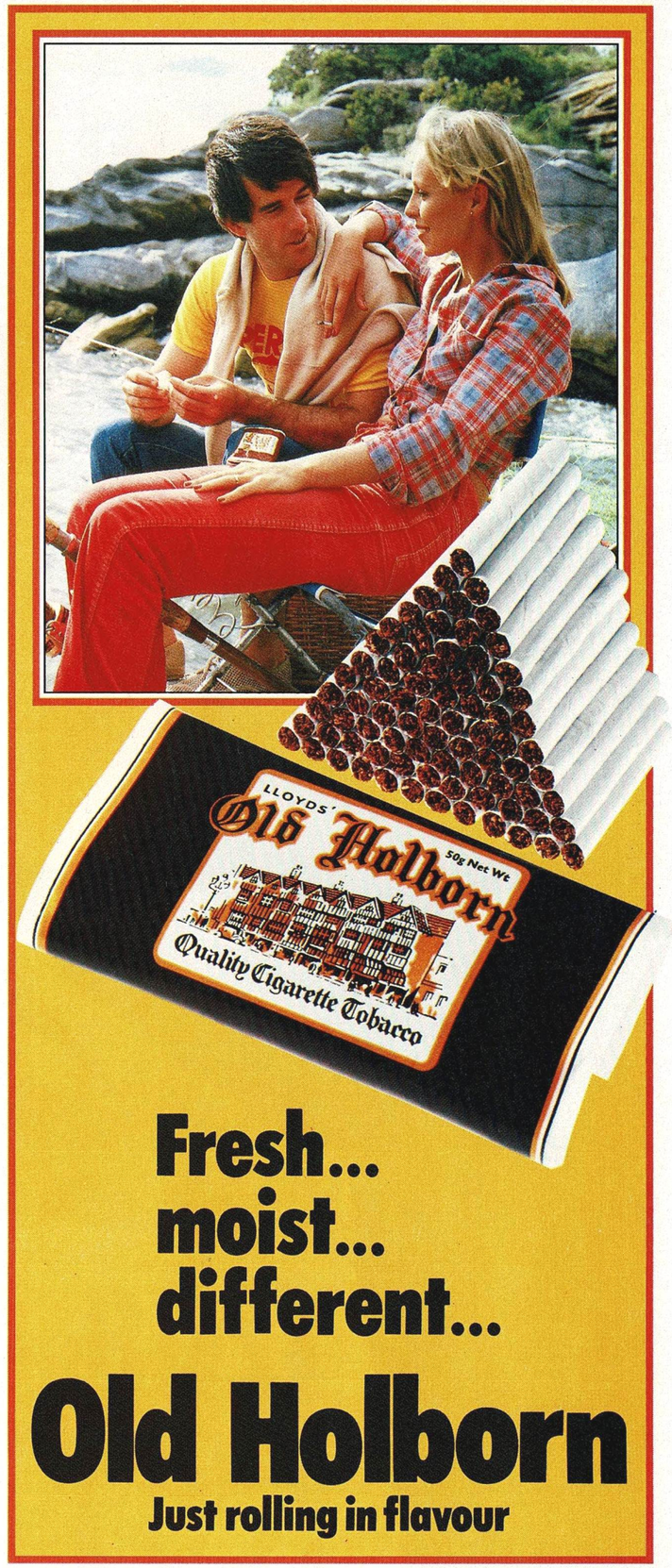
Everything but the steering is light and fast. The car is quiet, almost like a Volkswagen, supporting the jibes of the Porsche's greatest critics. But it is also hot. In my few laps I don't get a chance to find out just how hot, but it must be plenty. There is no air admission to the cockpit except through a small filtered tube and some tiny hand-sized sliding perspex windows. This cabin is designed for ultimate air-efficiency, and to keep out race stones and dirt and keep in heat. In Europe, cockpit temperatures regularly exceed 75C and each driver takes on a gallon of liquid per race while shedding half a stone in weight. It's the 300km/h weight watcher's sauna.

But the really impressive thing is the cornering. You need very little brakes for the quick corners, then lots of throttle. You can feel the car suck down and scoot around and the car slices the curves as if held in place by some magical force. In slower corners, it is possible to throw the car around; in faster corners this is likely to prove terminal.

This is a sensational car to drive: very smooth, with a nice ride, it is a bit like steering a very tight, hard, road car — only much faster. Because it is so quiet, it is deceptively dangerous approaching braking areas, because closing speeds are difficult to judge. But the power and cornering ability are about the next most stimulating thing to an orgasm.

Even after a short drive, you leave the cockpit with a full-on natural high. Race drivers who go a full endurance stint frequently take hours to come down.

The ultimate road car? Well it's not quite the gadget for taking your favorite lady to lunch, but there are similar road-registered machines in California (where else?) and Switzerland. You can pick them easily in the traffic. They're the ones that pass semi-trailers by going underneath.



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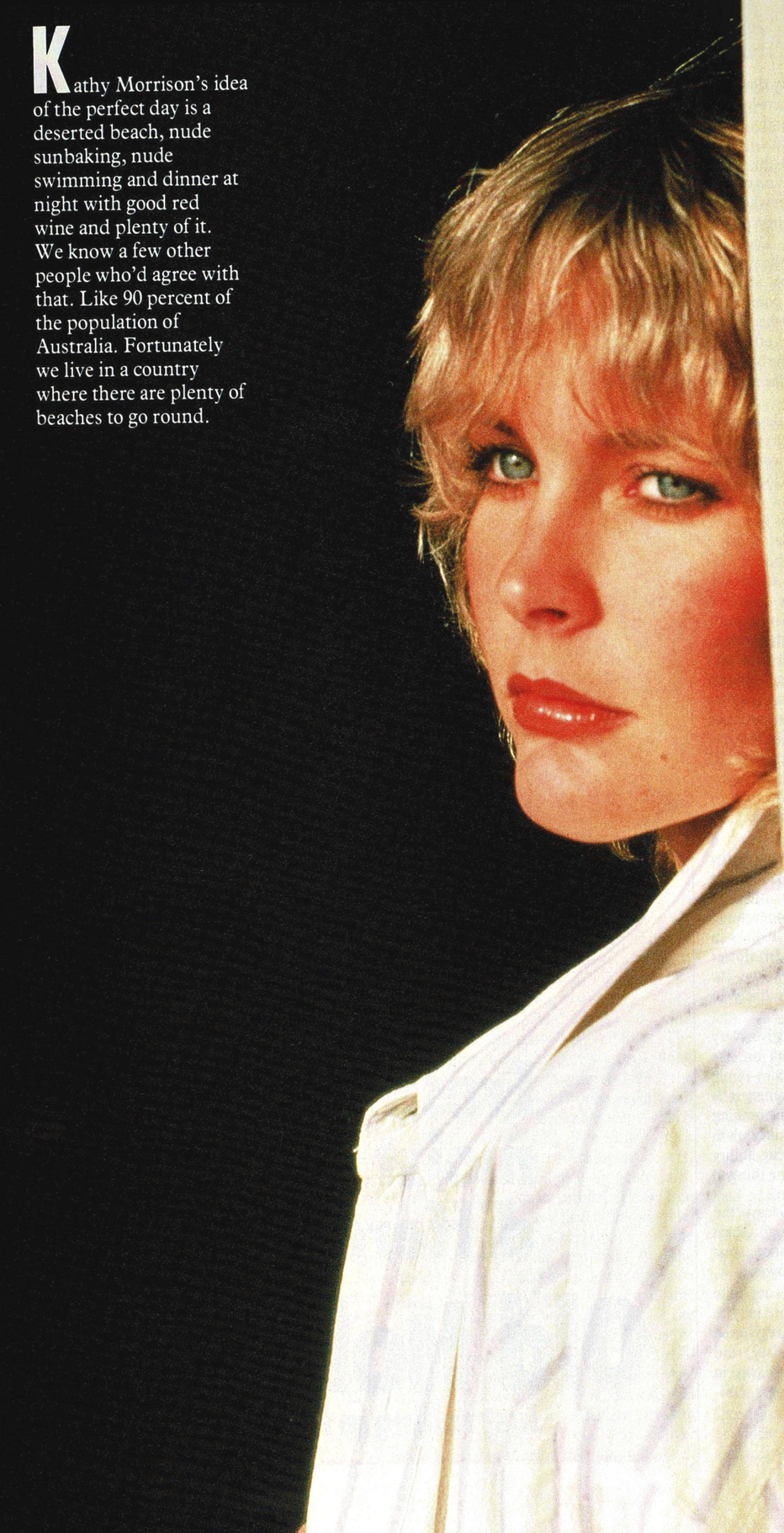
Kathy Morrison's idea of the perfect day is a deserted beach, nude sunbaking, nude swimming and dinner at night with good red wine and plenty of it. We know a few other people who'd agree with that. Like 90 percent of the population of Australia. Fortunately we live in a country where there are plenty of beaches to go round.



BUSY BODY

A man has to move fast if he wants to catch Kathy Morrison.

I'll do anything if it's exciting: scuba diving, rock climbing, skiing. I love the outdoors and I try to spend as much time there as possible. I have a dog, Bow, and he's my bodyguard when I go to some empty beach.

I like my independence. I'm young and I want to sample life. I'm quite happy to spend time alone and I live alone. I do get a lot of offers from men. The best way to get to know me is to be natural. I don't like pressure. When I'm ready, you'll know.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER AND PHILLIP DIXON

I love the water, the beaches. . . the water is warm, like a woman. I like the feeling of weightlessness. I could float for hours.

JUSTICE (continued from page 42)

Two thirds of unsentenced prisoners in NSW eventually receive non-custodial sentences.

for. Police sometimes do deals with prisoners who get more lenient sentences in return for framing someone. The guy who framed me was up on some armed-robbery charges and had some of them dropped."

The most startling fact about unsentenced prisoners in NSW is that two-thirds of them eventually receive non-custodial sentences. In other words, after spending weeks or months in jail awaiting trial, their offence isn't considered serious enough to warrant imprisonment at all. By that time they could have lost jobs, family, friends, income. Comments George Zdenkowski, commissioner with the Australian Law Reform Commission: "We are committed to the belief that imprisonment should only be used as a last resort and of course this applies to remand as well. The imposition of a non-custodial sentence is undermined if the person has already spent time in custody." John Akister, NSW Minister for Corrective Services, says he was shocked when he saw that the number of remand prisoners in that state had grown so much in the past two years.

"What I want to know is, if two-thirds of these people end up with non-custodial sentences, why are they being refused bail?" asks Mr Akister. His concern is understandable: he is running a prison system which is overcrowded, understaffed and extremely costly. It costs about $26,000 to keep one prisoner in jail for one year.

Granting or refusing bail is crucial to the remand issue. On what basis is the bail or jail decision made? Specific bail legislation, which sets out the criteria to be used by police and magistrates in determining bail, has been passed in Victoria, NSW, Queensland and the Northern Territory. Except in cases of violent armed robbery and homicide, bail is to be granted whenever possible, provided that the accused person is likely to appear in court and that his freedom will not endanger the community. The NSW Bail Act recognises the importance of community ties in assessing the likelihood of absconding and sets down 12 criteria that can be used to decide whether the accused is a good bail risk or not.

Another important feature of the recent bail legislation is its de-emphasis of money as a condition of bail. Accused persons can simply sign an undertaking to appear at court unless the magistrate feels that some condition should be imposed to ensure their appearance. If they refuse bail, magistrates must record their reasons and the accused can apply again to another court. There is no limit to the number of bail applications that can be made and it's not uncommon for bail to be granted on the third or fourth application.

Magistrates are crucial to the success or failure of bail legislation. In Victoria alone, they handle about 2000 bail applications each year. Unfortunately in Victoria magistrates have no guidelines or precedents to base decisions on in the way judges have. Hence, comments one barrister, too much is left to individual judgement. A senior officer in the NSW Attorney-General's Department believes that most magistrates and judges make conservative decisions, which means that in borderline cases they opt for remand.

Magistrates deny that they regard remand lightly. Mr Ken Henderson, magistrate at the Waverley Court of Petty Sessions, refused bail to six out of eight applicants during one morning session, but he pointed out that this court deals with more serious cases than most suburban courts of petty sessions.

To improve the accused's chances of obtaining bail, the Probation and Parole Service of the NSW Department of Corrective Services introduced a pilot Bail Assessment and Supervision Scheme (BASS) last year. Judy Johnston was in charge of the program. "I felt our service was in a unique position to provide magistrates with detailed, unbiased information about the accused person's employment, accommodation and family situation. An officer attached to several Sydney courts would collect relevant information and place it before the

THE WAITING GAME

JOHN is small, thin and has tattooed arms. At the moment he's facing about 30 charges including attempted murder of a detective. He says most of them are trumped up. "I've always copped what I've done, but I won't cop lies and rubbish," he says. "They charge you with one thing, and then they have to back that up with something else and so it goes, on and on. They've already had to drop some of the charges, and the police have changed their depositions on others so they'll probably end up dropping more, but one charge against me is already two years old. The police keep mucking you around, putting things off because they need lots of time when they're fabricating the evidence."

IAN is a pleasant young man with high cheekbones and one ear-ring. A drug addict who stole to support his habit, he pleaded guilty to some charges of breaking and entering and being an accessory to an armed robbery. After spending eight months on remand, his sentence was supposed to be handed down in one more month. "This will be the seventh time I've been up for sentence: they're never ready," he said. "The delays are draining and depressing, but maybe in the end I'll benefit. I just hope they know what they're doing. What makes it worse, is that my girlfriend's doing a sentence at Mulawa and our baby is being looked after by a relative, and I have no idea when I'll be out. My girlfriend only spent two months on remand but that was in a country court, and they're much faster."

PHIL is a thin, grey-haired man with gaunt cheeks. "In 1982, they couldn't find a warrant for my arrest and remanded me three times because of that. Finally I got a legal aid chap to represent me thinking that would get things sorted out, but the first thing he said was, "OK, we'll get this remanded." Phil tells of another experience that sounds like a Gilbert and Sullivan parody on criminal justice: "I'm up before this magistrate who says that if I like, he can deal with my case summarily. I say yes. Then he asks me if I know what that word means. I say I do; it means straight away. That's right, he nods. So I'm remanding you for three months, he tells me. Can you figure that one out?"

ROB has been on remand for 25 months, on a murder charge. "Three months ago I was found guilty of manslaughter and now I'm awaiting sentence." Two trial dates were set before, but once a witness was overseas and the other time the police weren't ready. "I spend all my time trying to guess what the outcome will be. The fact that I've already done such a long sentence in here and that I'm due to be deported should have a bearing on my sentence. I think I'm facing three to five years, taking those matters into account, but you never know. I could be released or get life."

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magistrates, who praised the scheme and said that in some cases it had resulted in their granting bail. We'd like to see this scheme expanded to all courts," she says.

Although the Bail Act gives juveniles the same right to bail as adults, the report that evaluated the legislation in NSW found that police and courts were reluctant to grant bail to juveniles. It recommended, among other things, that some alternative form of accommodation be provided for homeless youngsters who are remanded in jails. David Biles agrees that halfway houses between jail and bail should be set up, although not just for juveniles. "Fundamental rethinking is needed about the status of persons awaiting trial. They should not be treated as though they'd already been found guilty. They need a different status." He cites the Belconnen Remand Centre in the ACT where remand prisoners live in motel conditions under the surveillance of specially trained staff.

A senior NSW magistrate said that he would welcome bail hostels as an option for some people who are refused bail, but warns against the possibility of simply "widening the net".

"Alternatives, if not closely watched, have a way of simply adding to the total number in custody. We'll have to be careful that these halfway houses are filled with people who would otherwise be in jail, instead of with those who should have received bail."

Some criminologists believe the most significant factor affecting numbers is simply the inefficiency of our court system. According to the report by the Australian Institute of Criminology, 12 percent of our unconvicted prisoners spend more than six months in jail awaiting sentence.

At the time of writing there were 85 people in NSW jails alone who have been on remand for more than six months. That means 14.3 percent of the state's remand prisoners have been imprisoned without trial for more than six months.

Although officers of the NSW Attorney-General's Department are reluctant to discuss the issue, one senior officer said that there is at present a backlog of around 2000 cases waiting to be heard. He partly accounts for this by our system of over-listing cases. "Although the Darlinghurst District Court has seven courtrooms, we list 20-30 cases to make sure that judges are kept busy in case trials don't proceed. But if trials take longer than expected, we're short of courtrooms. Other reasons for delays include an increase in the number of serious cases being heard, especially in drug-related offences, the wider availability of legal representation and the fact that cases often involve complex and highly specialised evidence. Hearing times have doubled, even tripled, as a result."

In an effort to reduce court delays, Victoria has introduced "speedy trial" legislation which stipulates that cases must come to trial within nine months. Unless there's a valid reason for an extension, the Director of Public Prosecutions can have the case dismissed. His appointment has been another attempt to reduce delays to a minimum.

"Before, some cases were neglected, but now there is someone in charge to see that matters can be expedited," explains Jocelynne Scutt, research director of the Victorian Legal and Constitutional Committee, which has just published a report on court delays. "We found that one of the major causes of delays at Melbourne's County Court was the fact that 44 percent of the accused people who had pleaded not guilty at their committals later changed their plea to guilty. That wreaks havoc with court proceedings and wastes a lot of time," said Dr Scutt. The committee has recommended, among other things, the use of pre-trial conferences so that prosecution and defence can exchange more information to identify potential guilty pleas earlier.

Another source of delays identified by the committee was the time taken to type committal proceedings. The report cites one case where the accused was kept in jail on remand for three months just waiting for his deposition to be typed.

According to one report, 12 percent of our unconvicted prisoners spend more than six months in jail awaiting sentence.

John Willis, senior lecturer in law at La Trobe University in Melbourne, found that court time was wasted because increasing numbers of No Bills were being used by the prosecution to dismiss charges that had already been committed for trial. As a No Bill amounts to a pre-trial acquittal, he wonders whether too many people are being committed for trial on too little evidence. "A person has real grounds for grievance if, having been remanded in custody, a No Bill effectively clears him of all charges," he wrote in a paper he presented recently at the Australian Institute of Criminology. "Such situations do occur, and are a blot on the criminal justice system," he said.

To reduce delays in NSW, a "paper committal" system has been introduced which allows a statement to be tendered instead of a witness being called. Paul Byrne, commissioner with the NSW Law Reform Commission, believes that the use of taped police interviews would save a great deal of court time. But he feels that what we need most of all is not more speed but more judges and magistrates, without whom the backlog can never be resolved. But appointing more judges is costly. How highly do governments value liberty when they have to foot the bill?

At a time when criminologists express great concern about the effect of court delays on remand prisoners, and legal experts all over the country are trying to provide some solutions, it's instructive to hear a senior officer in the NSW Attorney-General's Department warn against exaggerating the plight of remandees. "Let's face it," he said, "very few defendants are banging on the courtroom door to get their cases finalised. Delay works in their favor; memories fade and witnesses die!"

Judges and magistrates argue that they make allowances for the time prisoners have spent on remand when sentencing them. "If many remand prisoners get non-custodial sentences, that's probably partly due to the fact that magistrates will take that jail period into account and impose some other form of punishment, since the jail sentence, in a way, has already been served," commented a senior NSW magistrate. When people have spent long periods on remand, judges say that they backdate their sentences by subtracting the time already spent in jail, but as they are not legally obliged to do this, it becomes a matter of individual discretion.

The judge at Gary's trial backdated his sentence by 14 months, the time he spent on remand, but other prisoners' experiences showed that this was not always the case. "At my trial, the judge took no notice of the fact that I'd spent 22 months on remand," said Stewart.

"He ignored the pre-sentence reports too. I got 15 years and no backdate. I was stunned; all that time done for nothing!"

Some European countries, including Holland, Sweden, Denmark, West Germany and Belgium, compensate people for wrongful detention in custody pending trial. No such scheme operates in Australia even though in 1972 we signed the UN Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, which states that those who are erroneously convicted should be compensated. In 1975, South Australia's Criminal Law and Penal Methods Committee recommended compensation for those acquitted after remand and in the same year the WA Law Reform Commission considered this issue, but the matter was dropped at the government's request.

Mick, a Sydney prisoner who has spent 10 months on remand, claims he's innocent. "What I want to know is, whatever happened to the idea that a man is innocent till proved guilty? And what sort of compensation does the unconvicted prisoner who's found not guilty get for his loss of liberty, income, credibility, reputation and, above all, time, in a life that's already too short?"

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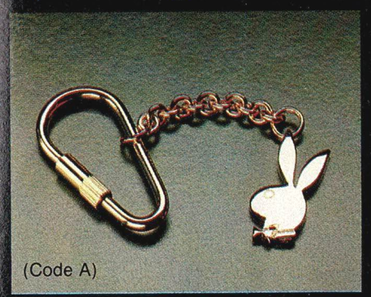
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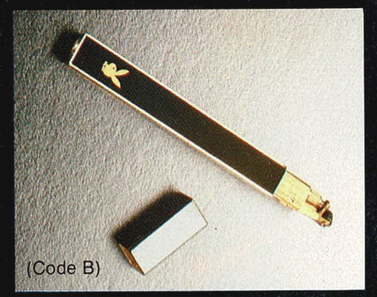
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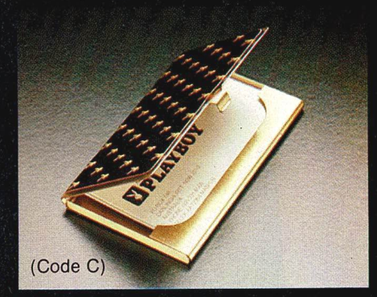

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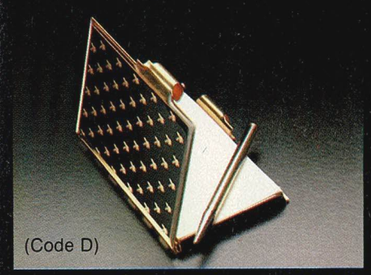
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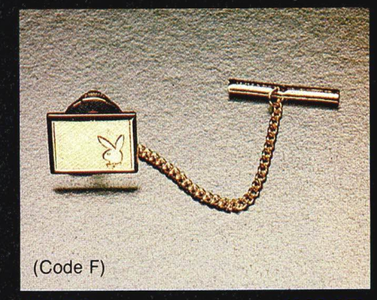
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

Fashion by **VITEK**

WINTER FASHION FORECAST

A collection of sizzling clothing pointers to boost the temperature this long, cold winter.

Left to right: Red and green tartan jacket ($130) over a red and green paisley shirt ($90) and full black trousers ($104) and a red and purple tartan scarf at the neck; purple wool jersey dress with black detail ($130) by Leo Howell; black and yellow collared sweatshirt ($82) worn over a boldly printed tan and dark brown shirt ($80) and olive green trousers ($120). All clothing from ACC. Available from: Grace Bros and Cavalli (NSW); Sports Boy (VIC); Just Men (QLD); Forest Boutique (WA); Beige For Men (SA).

Rules were made to be broken and this winter they definitely are. Spots, florals, plaids and paisleys are teamed in fearless combinations in the Australian Clothing Company (ACC) range for winter '85.

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Left to right: Black wool blend coat ($249) worn over a charcoal grey shirt with pale grey pinstripes ($69), grey and maroon diagonally striped tie ($12) and bold grey and black striped trousers ($35); classic silk-blend suit in grey ($349) teamed with a black and grey striped shirt ($69) and a black tie ($12); black, white and royal blue wool jersey dress ($150) by Leo Howell. Inset: Left to right: Grey cowl-necked shirt ($110) worn under a black flecked jacket ($199) and teamed with black drill trousers ($89); black roll-neck sweater flecked with grey ($120) under a black leather jacket ($545) with grey drill trousers ($90). Clothes from Najee stores in all capital cities.

Just because it's cold outside this winter doesn't mean you can't hot up your image by mixing and matching stripes in a dazzling array of sizes and styles. Check out Najee's winter range for some of the classiest contrasts in town.

WHITE ON WHITE

Left to right: Waffle cord jacket ($95) worn over a mesh colored T-shirt ($15 from any disposal store) with waffle cord pleated pants ($72); twill jacket ($360) teamed with waffle cord trousers ($86); twill jacket ($360) with drill pants ($86). Gear by J. Jackson Corp. Available from J. Jackson Corp, 446 Oxford Street, Paddington NSW, and all leading jeaneries and department stores.

Combine icy white with chunky fabric textures and you get a warm, rugged winter look. The magic of white is no longer confined to the summer months. J. Jackson Corp shows the rest of us how it's done in style.

MARATHON (continued from page 58)

If you want to see perfection in the art of steady, constant running, then watch Geoff Molloy this year.

when it really got bad.

The competition would again be tough. There was the highly touted Indian, Tirtha Kumar Phani, said to have run 8,816 kilometres in 58 days, a seemingly impossible achievement which no other ultra runner would believe. However the Indian Consul General obtained verification from government sources of his running ability and achievements and we brought Phani to Australia at Westfield's expense.

When he arrived, Phani looked worn and tired. I learned that he had been kidnapped during his stopover in Bangkok. He was conned into a taxi, driven into the bush, threatened, drugged and robbed. After recovering from the effects of the drug he pleaded for his life and eventually was returned to the airport. After he landed in Australia he made another mistake: he decided to wear proper running shoes. Until he got here Phani had run all his great distances in old-fashioned tennis sneakers of a type seldom seen or worn in Australia today. A free issue of modern-day running shoes proved too attractive to the Indian and he donned a pair for the first time just 10 days before the big race.

It could have been the shoes, or, as he later claimed, the Bangkok attack, which caused it, but Tirtha Kumar Phani got no further than 90 kilometres. First of all he contracted a limp and later a groin injury. At one stage he was in such agony Dr Jackson told me to pull him out of the race. I asked the road crew to put down a marker so we could take Tirtha to our motel some 30 kilometres away for more thorough examination and possibly treatment. Once there Tirtha informed the Indian Consul General in Sydney, who covered part of the run with us, that all he needed was a good, tight bandage on his upper leg and groin. When this was applied the tiny Indian with the big smile was ready to run again. This he did for several kilometres before again collapsing.

He was now writhing in agony on the floor of his support van, and I decided he had to be pulled out of the race. I asked the Indian Consul General to go out and talk to him since he spoke Tirtha's native language of Bengali. The support crew, all army men, and some reporters nearby were absolutely amazed to see Phani sit bolt upright at the sight of his Consul General, jump up from the floor of the van and immediately resume running. It seems there are incentives which transcend pain. Tirtha was running for India "and for Westfield", he always told me, and the sight of his government's representative was enough to spur him on. He made it to somewhere outside Albury before collapsing for the final time. Phani spent two days in Albury Army Base Hospital, another 10 days recuperating at the Indian Consul General's home in Sydney and several months recovering in India.

Cliff Young meanwhile was struggling to overcome his own injuries. He had managed only 60 kilometres in 24 hours coming toward Albury. I decided that was no good for anyone, least of all Cliff himself. I called John Craig, Westfield's marketing manager in Sydney, and suggested that Young be withdrawn from the event if he hadn't improved his running rate by the following day. He agreed after discussion with senior management; no one wanted Cliff Young hurting himself.

I drove out of Albury early the following morning to see how Cliff was going. Twenty kilometres from Albury in the early-morning mist I came upon the familiar figure in long trousers and a long-sleeved shirt (he'd given up the gumboots now) running along at a steady and apparently comfortable pace. I parked my car and jogged along with him.

"How's the old knee, Cliff?" I asked.

"She's right, mate. I think all this runnin' has fused that joint," he replied, with that croaky voice.

"That must be a medical miracle," I said.

"Dunno what it is, mate, but I'm runnin' now — and that's all that matters, eh?"

He simply ran through the pain and it eventually disappeared. Unfortunately, by then it was too late to catch the front runners like Geoff Molloy and John Hughes.

If you want to see perfection in the art of steady, constant running, then watch Geoff Molloy this year. Geoff and his crew were clockwork, with everything done correctly, yet simply and efficiently. Geoff ran, jogged or walked at least 20 hours each day. When he reached the hills he seemed to attack them, unlike most of the others who walked them slowly. When he made a pit-stop to answer a call of nature it was like watching a Grand Prix motor-racing crew change tyres on a car. They simply propped Geoff against the side of one of the support vans facing away from the road, and he relieved himself in one swift, dramatic movement. I kid you not; it sounded just like a horse before a race.

Some runners had portable toilets and made a rest break of their roadside rituals, but neither Molloy nor John Hughes, who appeared to be even quicker and louder than Molloy, was prepared to waste so much time. No wonder they finished only a few hours apart at Parramatta.

Hughes retained a marvellous, vulgar humor throughout. He was running through a small country town one afternoon and passed three attractive young ladies who were watching and cheering the runners as they went by.

"Time for a quickie?" he jokingly asked this trio, who all eagerly responded in the affirmative. Unfortunately there was no time for such extraneous activities, at least not for John Hughes.

Further behind, however, one crew acquired an attractive, female camp-follower. Keith Marshall is a Kyabram, Victoria, contract cleaner who takes out his false teeth to run. As the Marshall mob were starting out from a motel some 80 kilometres from Melbourne they were met by a female bikie looking for a caravan park to spend the night on her way home to Adelaide from the Bathurst races.

"What are youse blokes doin' and where are youse goin'?" Sophie asked.

On being told about the Westfield Run and that they were heading back to Sydney, she asked if she could join the entourage. From there on she became the legendary Lady In Black Leather. Being the only available young and attractive woman on the run, she soon became a magnet for journalists, marshals and crew members seeking entertainment. I don't know who, if anyone, won her, but many claimed to have been successful in a number of unusual circumstances and locations. A few days later she departed just as she had arrived, suddenly and unceremoniously. Maybe there will be more like her on this year's run. Certainly there will be many crew members from '84 who hope the Lady In Black Leather will be back.

The army marshals and support crews were amazing in their own endurance and discipline.

When John Saunders, Westfield's joint managing director, told me I would need a "field general" to assist me, I had the right man at my fingertips, Major Charlie Lynn, a former paratrooper and proven marathoner and ultra-marathoner who has run from Sydney to Wollongong.

The one thing we wanted to ensure was that no one gained any unfair advantage over anyone else during the race. With runners scattered over distances of 250 kilometres from first to last toward the end of the race, anything could happen. On one occasion when Charlie suspected a couple of people of breaking rules, he deployed a group of his men in ambush formation. When it got dark they donned their jungle camouflage gear and hid amongst the gum trees and bushes. Charlie himself climbed right to the top of the tall gum tree slightly overhanging the roadway to await the runners.

There was one bloke in particular he wanted to see. After that runner had gone by, Charlie waited a while before climbing down from his perch, but before he could make his descent, along came another runner, Tony Rafferty, who chose to pause for a toilet stop almost directly under the gum tree. Worse still, Tony decided to have a rest break of nearly two hours. So Charlie Lynn was stuck up the proverbial gum tree while Rafferty and crew relieved themselves and had a rest.

A car chase is always a vital ingredient in a good Burt Reynolds film, which is just what this race looked like at times. It happened one evening when our photographer was driving the media van. A huge truck came up behind, trying to pass, and Col, the photographer, decided he'd have a bit of a game.

Whenever the truckie tried to pass, Col would speed up and force him back into his lane. The truckie naturally got jack of this, so on the next straight bit of roadway he simply roared right up the media van's backside and Col was obliged to let him pass. Then the truck stopped, half blocking the road and the driver got out and began to approach the media van, crank-handle in hand. Col waited quietly, engine running, until the big truckie was in no man's land, halfway between the two vehicles. Then he took off at high speed, leaving some choice language in his slipstream.

But that was only the start of it. The truckie wasted no time getting on his CB radio and summoning all his mates within range, giving a description of the media vehicle and asking all truckies to keep a lookout for it. Realising the danger of their situation, the boys in the media van took evasive action. They slipped into a dirt road leading to a nearby property, turned off their lights, scrambled over a gate leading to a paddock and hid among the trees, listening to the truckies searching for them keeping contact on their CBs. Their fear and good sense dictated that they remain "lost" for several hours.

Finally, nearing Sydney and with everything going smoothly, only a dozen or so runners now remaining in the race, I began to feel more relaxed until, driving down the highway, I spotted in the distance, gathered at a roadside restaurant-cum-service-station in the middle of nowhere, about a dozen motorbikes.

All I needed, I thought, was a mob of bikies looking for some fun with tired runners and crews.

I pulled into the carpark as the gang were leaving the restaurant.

"Let's go find our man," I heard one of them say.

I remembered then that Bob McElwaine was their "man". These were the Bandidos from Sydney's outer western suburbs. Bob was a late entrant to the event. A battler all his life, he had once planned to run around Australia. He told me he used to run daily from the Terminus pub near Central Railway in Sydney all the way to Parramatta and back. Now he was hoping to "do a Cliff Young". He'd gone bankrupt in the pub and lost everything he owned; his wife and he had also split up. But he believed the money from winning the Westfield Run would bring rejuvenation to his 59-year-old life.

Bob was unable to find a sponsor, so his sons' gang, the Bandidos, came to the rescue. Bob has three sons, all of whom were Bandidos themselves and were involved in the infamous massacre for which all went on trial.

"Look at 'em kids," he said to Charlie Lynn. "I've looked after 'em all me life, and now they're lookin' after me."

They did too. Bob only learned after the race had ended that every time he asked for a two-hour sleep break, they would wait until he was sound asleep and promptly put all the clocks forward, waking him up after one hour, but assuring him he'd had his two. It worked wonders, because novice Bob finished in eighth place behind Cliff Young, who promptly handed over to "Battler Bob" the Mitsubishi sedan he had been awarded for outstanding performance.

"Bob deserves this, and I've already got one from Westfield," Cliff said generously. So Bob did finally benefit from his incredible efforts.

The only woman in the race was Caroline Vaughan, a catering officer at Wollongong Hospital on the NSW South Coast. A tiny but tenacious runner, she had aggressive Siggy Bauer as her coach and manager. He rode beside her on a bicycle much of the time, encouraging, cajoling and sometimes even taunting Caroline to keep her going. Just outside Albury, however, Caroline had to be taken to hospital with stomach pains. She was sent home, and it was learned that the cause was aspirin allergy. Many runners take aspirin during such runs to alleviate pain. It is quite legal, and the only drug our testing picked up at the finish, which is astounding in a world of drug-induced performance.

Caroline will be back running the '85 Westfield, and trying to beat the men. She should become the first woman to complete the course in this most testing of events.

More than 100 people requested entry this year, but no more than 30 to 35 will start. The majority will be mature men with at least 40 years of age and experience behind them.

So if you're one of those younger men worrying about what the future may hold for you physically and mentally, then be heartened by the Westfield Run and the men who successfully conquer it. Just look at Cliff Young. He will be running his third Sydney-Melbourne ultra-marathon this year. See what you've got to look forward to!

Note: The author is the organiser of the Westfield Run and a former Olympic runner himself.

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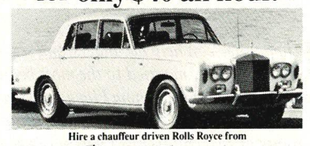

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SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

I hope you can help me understand sex. I am 26 years old, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, whom I love very much as a wife, friend and lover. We are the proud parents of two children, so you may ask what do I need to know. Well, I feel that there is plenty to find out.

My wife and I met and fell in love at high school. She was 15 and I was 16 going on 17. Before we met I had little sexual experience; mostly fondling and petting. My wife had experienced even less, having only been fondled a couple of times. I had a reputation at school of being a sex maniac, but this was due to my older brother's exploits being attributed to me.

My wife and I had pre-marital sex six times in the three years before we married. Sex played a small role in our relationship, as we preferred each other's company and talking to each other.

After getting married, our sexual relationship did not alter greatly and it suited us both. With marriage came social changes like developing friendships with married couples. I hold my relationship with my wife sacred, and not open to general discussion, as some of our friends do. I would hear comments like: "My missus and I had a fantastic time last night, how about you?"

This will be the second time I have related our sexual relationship to anyone, the first being with my doctor. I had doubted my own masculinity because my wife didn't want sex as often as I seemed to want it. These doubts were fuelled by other factors as well. Most males I met seemed preoccupied with sex, saying how fantastic it was and how they could never get enough, but I always respected my wife's feelings. If she did not want sex we wouldn't have it and if I really wanted her, I would masturbate to fulfil my own desires.

I have seen blue movies and they don't do anything for me. If I have sexual fantasies it is always about my wife and never a dream beauty. To be quite honest, I enjoy the sex I have with my wife, but I also feel it is hard work, though always worth the effort.

Would you be able to analyse our relationship, because compared with those comments made by others, our relationship seems to be totally different. Is sex so important in a relationship? We have now been happily married for six years, and I believe our relationship is one of a kind.

— B.D., Tas.

It was a delight to receive your letter and hear of your devotion to your wife and the obvious happiness you give to each other. You aren't the only person who enjoys an exclusive sexual relationship but, like you, other people lucky enough to find this fulfilment are usually keen to keep it to themselves. As you have noticed, there are many others keen to boast about their sexual adventures and there are many people who feel the need to seek sexual variety, whether in the form of blue movies or extra-marital adventures.

That is their choice, but certainly you should not feel you are unusual or peculiar in choosing to keep sexuality a private, intimate aspect of your marriage. You aren't unusual in realising sex isn't so important when compared with the many other wonderful aspects of a good marriage. Someone once said: "Sex is 90 percent of a bad marriage and 10 percent of a good one." When you have a good relationship, sex is just one of the many enjoyable activities you share together. You don't have to do it or think about it all the time to appreciate sex as part of your relationship.

So count yourself lucky. Your relationship is indeed one of a kind and many people would envy you.

I have a problem. I am almost 22 years old and have never had a girlfriend (read, sexual experience with a woman). But that's not my real problem. Several years ago (April 1980) I strained myself while masturbating in bed and for a short while (a few days) my penis felt uncomfortable. Since straining myself I have lost my sexual feelings completely, so I feel no sensation during orgasm. (I have no problem achieving full erection or ejaculation.) I've been to GPs, psychologists and psychiatrists, but they believe the problem to be psychological. I disagree because I feel no guilt about sex. Hence the problem's origins.

I've read about men who've become numb due to overwork and how they have cured themselves by abstaining from sexual activity for a short while. Could this be my problem, and if so, how could abstinence be made easier for me? I'd have tried abstaining before, however I lack the will-power. Could you please help me understand my problem?

— C.D., WA.

You do not describe the technique you were using for masturbation at the time you felt you strained your penis, but it *is* possible that by using a particularly vigorous technique you could have caused some physical damage. This type of accident is rare, because the penis is an extremely robust organ designed to put up with all sorts of man-handling (and woman-handling, too, of course).

In recent years it has been discovered that sometimes there are physical explanations for what previously were regarded as psychological problems causing male sexual dysfunction. They are rare — most problems are still due to psychological causes such as anxiety — but they do exist. The loss of orgasmic sensations you describe can have a neurological cause. It is just possible that somehow you damaged the small perineal nerves which connect the lower spinal cord to the genital system. These small nerves connect sexually sensitive areas with the nervous system and are crucial in triggering the orgasmic response in the brain.

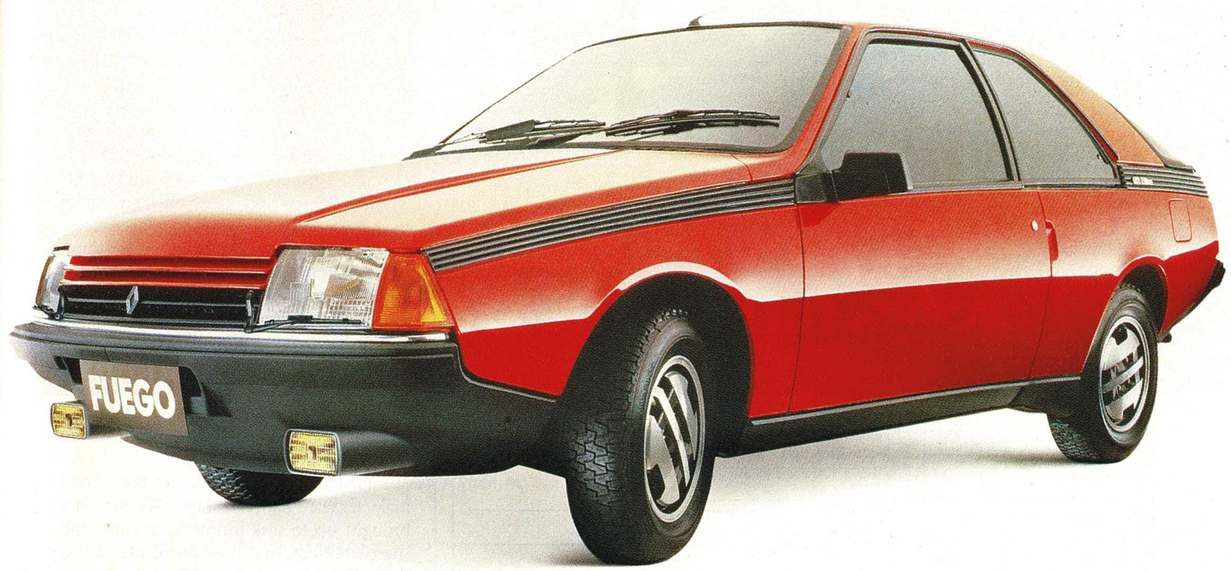
This type of physical problem is extremely rare and it's likely the specialists you have consulted will not have encountered it before. There are sex therapists who can discuss the problem in detail with you and if necessary arrange a consultation with a neurologist or other specialist to investigate whether there is a physical problem such as the one we've described. But as we've said, it's rather a long shot as it's extremely rare for an accident to cause this type of damage.

I am another confounded Australian male who has come a sexual cropper with his woman. I am 32 years old and have been married since I was 25.

We have always enjoyed each other sexually and she has always said that I was a great lover and that she wishes everyone could have a lover like me, but still our sex life is dying.

The problem isn't my sexual technique, but my attitude to her as a woman. It's a selfish attitude and I don't romance her. Our best times are after she has read a few romance novels, and her imagination fantasises us in the story and supplies the romance to satisfy

Why the new Fuego goes so fast.



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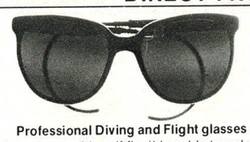

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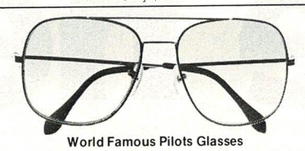

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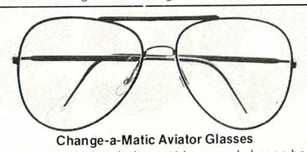

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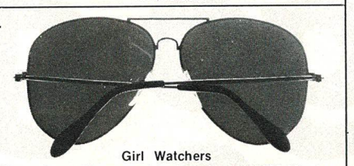

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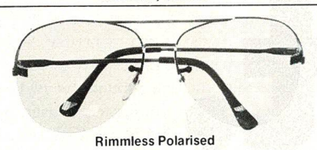

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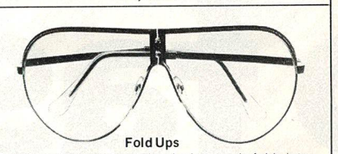

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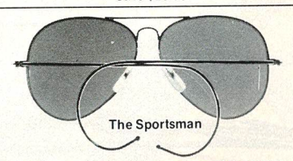

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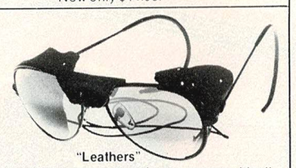

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her needs. When I ask her if this is the case she denies it, but on the other hand, it always works.

How should I go about rectifying my attitude toward her. I don't have a clue how to go about it. I feel that I can see what my attitude is, and it applies not only to her but to all women. It's not an attitude I am proud of, but I feel lumbered with it. That's the way I am, but it isn't the way I want to be.

I don't feel that women are objects, for sex or otherwise, but I do treat them like that. I expect them to be subservient and yet independent. I expect that they be mother, mistress, wife and sister to me (my wife, that is). I don't listen to them if they are snide, bitchy or worse, angry, or (painful) crying. I cannot abide a snivelling woman. Sexually I would do almost anything for a woman if it made her genuinely happy.

I cannot talk to anyone close to me (my wife) about personal feelings. I am blatantly dishonest with her. I get guilty because I enjoy masturbation while viewing pornography more than sex with my wife. To face it honestly, I feel guilty enjoying sex. It took me years to convince my wife to perform fellatio on me and I love it, but she hates it because she feels that it could be anyone doing it. I'd love her to wear certain clothes for me but she won't, for the very same reason. I feel that I must come across as a sexual creep.

Boiled down, I'm useless in the open, compassionate, two-way street of inter-personal relationships. I crack up. I cannot cope with them and so I remain aloof and cynical. I cannot open the doors to my soul and let anyone in.

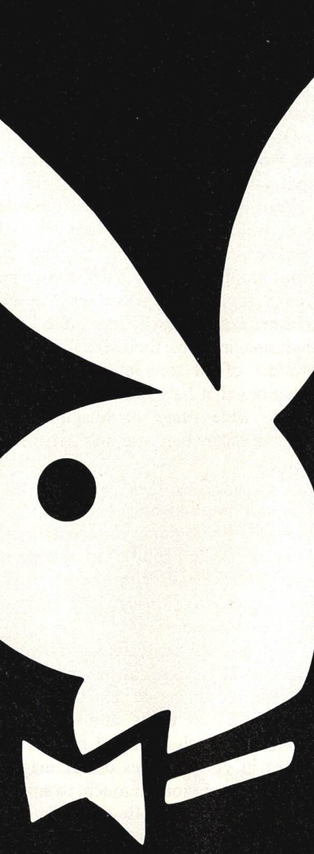
Consequently, even though I am not a creep and can be quite a nice person to know, to those close to me I'm cold, selfish, heartless and remote and treat others with disregard.

— R. T., Qld.

Thank you for your fascinating letter. It is rare to receive such a perceptive self-analysis. Despite all your self-deprecating remarks you are doing pretty well. At least you recognise the problem even if you don't know what to do about it. That's more than half the battle. The sad truth is that an awful lot of males are in exactly your predicament; they have great difficulty in tuning into their feelings, let alone discussing them with their partners. Their lack of awareness effectively wipes out any possibility of creating the intimacy that most women seek from their relationships.

Your letter highlights one of the eternal male/female battle zones. Women are brought up to seek intimacy, to value and share emotions, to see emotional intimacy as an essential ingredient in a sexual relationship. They are then coupled with males who have been taught to hide their feelings, who have never learnt to think about their inner emotional state and who often feel no need to talk about what is going on inside them. These differences set up enormous difficulties in relationships. "What are you thinking?" she says. "Nothing," is his

The perfect aphrodisiac.



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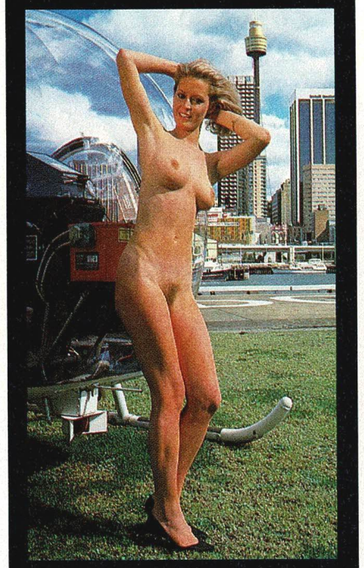
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

NEXT MONTH

THE GIRLS OF SYDNEY: THE BIGGEST, BRASHEST, BOLDEST CITY IN AUSTRALIA SHOWS WHY SYDNEY GIRLS ARE THE BEST — AND THE NAUGHTIEST.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AUSTEN TAYSHUS, THE WILD MAN OF COMEDY, TELLS IT LIKE IT *&*¢#*@& IS.

KING JACKO: THE VFL'S AMAZING MARK JACKSON SHOWS WHAT THE MODERN AUSSIE GLADIATOR IS MADE OF.

NEW ZEALAND: SWITZERLAND OF THE PACIFIC OR PARASITE OF THE PACIFIC?

BORN TO RUN: LABOR'S LEATHER BOY, PETER STEEDMAN, LOST HIS SEAT IN THE LAST ELECTION BUT REGAINED HIS PRIDE. NOW HE TELLS THE REAL STORY ABOUT WHAT GOES ON IN CANBERRA.

reply. Women constantly try to find out what is going on inside their man to share their inner life. But he doesn't know; he simply doesn't think about it.

There are further differences between the sexes. Women commonly need concrete gestures like verbal or non-verbal expressions of romance and intimacy to feel close to their man and hence in the mood for sex. Men often use sex to find intimacy. For them sex is a *means* to feel close to their woman.

Of course, this is a generalisation. There are women who don't need this intimacy and males who crave emotional closeness.

You also fit into another very typical male pattern in the way you are aroused by specific sexual acts, and respond to the erotic trappings of sex such as underwear. Years ago, the famous sex researcher, Kinsey, explained why men go to bed with their imaginations: their sexual response is a product of all sorts of sexually exciting situations that have occurred in their pasts and a wide range of imaginary sexual situations they fantasise may occur in their futures.

Most males respond to visual erotica. They are aroused by just looking at sexy women or photographs or sexual situations. They are easily conditioned to respond to objects associated with sexual situations such as sexy underwear, long boots, even rubber or leather.

Most women are different. Their sexual response is locked into the present. They rely less on fantasy or sexual imagination. They aren't as easily aroused by visual stimulation such as naked men or sexual scenes in video movies or sex magazines. They respond more to touch, to emotional, intimate situations. In order to become aroused they often need to feel relaxed, comfortable, and close to their partners. They are easily distracted and turned off by everyday worries, distracting noises or lack of privacy. Men cope better with raw sex without the trimmings.

So the battles you have with your wife are battles which are taking place in bedrooms everywhere. With these differences between the sexes, it's often very hard for males and females to be sexually compatible. But all is not lost. If the two of you are willing to work together you will be able to overcome some of your differences. Sometimes it is a question of understanding that you *are* different and not expecting each other to feel and respond the same way.

Your wife has to try to understand that you can't help responding to sexy underwear. When she is fellating you, it is natural for you to tune in to your imagination and your fantasies and tune out to her as a person. You must understand that she may not want sex if *you* haven't made an effort to create an environment where she feels romantic. And she has a right to say "no" if you haven't bothered to work on providing what she needs.

It isn't easy. To iron out their differences, men and women require a willingness to compromise, and a desire to communicate and understand one another's feelings. Of course, as you point out, we're not just talking about sex. You need to learn to communicate about your feelings in other areas of your relationship as well, and here we feel you need your wife to play a very active role. It is very difficult for some men to tune into their feelings unless they have a partner willing to constantly nag them into learning to acquire that sensitivity. When you are being remote and hiding behind the newspaper, she has to drag you out from there and teach you to think about your reactions and to talk about what you discover about yourself. There are now many good books available written by men who have been through this painful process. Reading some of this material may help and it would also be worth watching out for local men's groups in your area. Many men find that by talking to other men, they are able to better understand the fears which prevent them from fully participating in emotional relationships.

SEXUAL PURSUIT

The sexual industry has finally gone too far. First there was a board game which rightfully trivialised all the hard questions from a liberal arts education. But now, horrors, a small American toymaker has trivialised sex. A new card game called Raunchy Trivia asks: A cold shower will make a penis do what? (Shrink.) Attila The Hun died during sex, true or false? (True.) Subject matter spans both the biological and cultural aspects of sex and seemingly every sexual innuendo ever uttered by Mae West.

Specialty game shops stock or can order the game. Don't blame us if your sex life seems trivial afterward.

12 BILLION YEARS FOR THIS?

Scientists recently have been working hard to screw up the sex lives of those ancient creatures that presently reside in kitchen drawers: cockroaches.

American chemists have produced hydroprene, a powerful chemical that not only kills lots of roaches on contact but leaves survivors sterile and some of them homosexual. We're not sure whether investigations have yielded any leather bars yet, but the substance is about to be marketed to commercial exterminators.

We predict that the world's cockroach population will soon resemble Berlin in the late '30s. Wait till the anti-vivisectionists hear about this.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't reply to each reader individually.

There's a difference in the curves.

Even the most enthusiastic TX5 owners could forget to mention it.

They will probably talk at length about the hatchback styling, the 5-person roominess and even point out how much versatile luggage space the split-folding rear seat backrests can provide. They may go on about TX5's extensive list of luxuries.

They will surely extol the virtues of the powerful 2 litre power plant, comprehensive instrumentation, smooth 5-speed manual transmission, slick fingertip controls and multi-adjustable driver's seat.

In fact there is so much to say about their car, that TX5 owners just might forget to mention the sophisticated suspension control system. And the difference it can make in the curves, on the open road and in city traffic... the touch of a button which allows adjustment of the TX5's ride comfort and handling characteristics.

But there are people who'll tell you about it and even let you drive a TX5-talk to one of them at your Ford Dealer soon.

Open the doors to something different.

Ford Australia-We're moving with you.

TX5 Ford

5109

Black a Winner!

John Player Special King Size 25s

Some things in life have a special quality.

1085/82

M644

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

people looking at me. After a while I got used to speaking in front of people. Being interviewed on radio and appearing on television helped develop my confidence. I think I'm much more polished now than I was a year ago and that's helped me see all the possibilities.

"Working for Australian PLAYBOY opens doors I couldn't have opened on my own. When I was told I was in the running for Playmate Of The Year my first thought wasn't about the prizes, even though I'm like any woman and I enjoy being spoiled. My first thought was 'Wow, great, think of the exposure.'"

"I've been taking singing lessons and I've worked with a band. I've done a lot of theatre work in the past year, mostly little parts but it's all good experience. I'd like to use this next year to establish my personality. Using my body got me noticed in the first place and I think that's great. If you want to use your body to make people notice you then I think Australian PLAYBOY is the best magazine to do it in because the photographs are always nice and tasteful. They like women at Australian PLAYBOY. You can feel that and it shows in the pictorials. It makes you feel great about yourself when you see how beautifully they photograph your body.

"But I'm more than a pretty face and a nice body. I have a sense of humor, I have a brain. I work out on weights to keep my body trim and I play a lot of chess to stimulate my mind — and I usually beat most of the men I play. I intend to work hard in my year to show everybody that I do have a personality. I see this as a great springboard as long as I can make it work for me. I might go into the music business fulltime after this, I might go into the theatre, maybe something to do with the arts because I love painting and sculpting. Australian PLAYBOY has given me an ego and, as someone once said, 'Ego is not a dirty word'. I can tell you, me and my ego feel pretty good about being Playmate Of The Year."

WORLD CLASS

Our gorgeous globetrotter will put your world in a spin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

Donna Smith is the kind of woman who is used to making herself at home wherever she goes. Which is why she wound up turning Japanese when she went to live in Japan. She got a job as a cocktail waitress, broke into modelling, picked up the language and married a Japanese man. Not the kind of girl who does things by halves.

And that's why Donna's friends expect her to be a hit in her next chosen profession — music. Now divorced and pursuing her new career with customary gusto, Donna is currently paying her dues though anyone who hears her sing says success is just a matter of time.

"I used to be shy about my singing," she says, "but every time I do sing someone will say, 'Donna, get out there, you're a gold mine walking down the street.' A lot of people say that when I sing I sound a little like Kim Carnes... but with a black side."

Sounds good to us.

Despite her itchy feet and ambitious nature, Donna says she wants to get married again and have children. "I would definitely live with someone a long time before I did, though. If I thought I could spend the rest of my life with that person I'd do it."

Now 25, Donna is wise enough to know that sex isn't everything in a relationship. "It's a medium part, let's put it that way. There's times when I don't want it at all, then there's times when... you know!

"I thoroughly enjoy pleasing my man and I enjoy being pleased. It's important to have good sex in a relationship, but people who think it's the most important thing can stay out of my life, I don't believe that."

The voice of experience perhaps?

"Well, I started very, very young. I think it was something that just came natural to me. I've led a pretty wild life. What can I say? I'm glad it's slowing down."

So are we! If only it gives us more time to appreciate Donna's world-beating style.

"I had no problems posing nude. I've always been comfortable with my body. They expected me to be embarrassed but I said why should I be? That's what I'm here for. Take the pictures... let's do it."

"I'm easy to communicate with because I get right to the point. I don't play around. I'm a very honest person. Everybody's told lies but most of the time I'm very honest... and I'm so easy-going it's incredible."

It never ceases to amaze us at Australian PLAYBOY how successfully some girls can make the transition from the bush to the big city. Take Sarah, for instance: grew up on a small farm, went to a bush school. Until she was 20 her idea of a big day out was a country race meeting. Then she decided to look for a job in town, see what the bright lights had to offer and catch up on some fast living. She was nervous at first, of course, like any shy, country girl. But she'd just take a deep breath, hold her chin up, stick her chest out, stride purposefully into any social gathering and guess what? She'd be noticed right away. Especially by the men. The women noticed her too, but they'd usually pretend they hadn't. It wasn't long before Sarah bumped into our globe-trotting lensman, Michael Ancher. Michael enjoyed that so much he asked Sarah if she'd mind taking all her clothes off for him while he took a few pictures. There must be something about the way Michael approaches all these girls because she said yes.

Now we can all see what the country life does for a girl. Sarah, meanwhile, is so busy making money modelling she's hardly had any time at all to pine for the bush. Bet the blokes in the bush miss Sarah. Still, they can see more of her in Australian PLAYBOY than they ever saw before.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

"When you come to the city straight from a farm, people think you're naive and easily shocked. Well, you see nature in the raw on a farm, anywhere, anytime. Bulls aren't shy creatures. So I can tell by the way a man walks towards me what he's really got on his mind."

"There are things about the country that I miss: the fresh air, those fantastic, clear skies at night. But the city has a lot to offer. I love the luxury. I love the restaurants. I'll go back to the country to raise my own kids, but not till I've lived it up for a few more years."

UNDERCOVER

Sometimes it's better when she doesn't take it all off.

When a man is young and impetuous and he first takes a woman to bed, everything is usually done in a hot, eager rush. When a man gets a little older he learns to savor the sensual pleasures of undressing a woman slowly, layer by layer. And sometimes arousal is heightened by the little bits and pieces which are deliberately left on. Real connoisseurs, of course, buy those little bits and pieces for a woman to wear specifically for special occasions. These are men who have come to appreciate the erotic joys of ladies' lingerie. A lingering look at these pages featuring some of our best Playmates should show you exactly what we mean.

Just to set the mood we have Barbara Edwards, on the left, doing an after work strip. Amazing how a cool, crisp business-woman can so quickly transform herself into playful bedmate, isn't it? Oh yes, the suspender belt helps too. And that's Barbara again in a unique silk chiffon camisole bikini number proving that she can look breath-taking in almost anything.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

There's nothing quite like a little slip of silk to accentuate a girl's curves as Marianne Gravatte demonstrates in this enticing little French silk undie outfit, high cut for maximum bum appeal and trimmed with lace.
On the opposite page, Marianne is obviously overwhelmed by the sensation of silk charmeuse on her body. Her cassis-colored bra and lacy bikini pants accentuate an outfit designed for a night of purple passion.

There's a wild one in every crowd. Just another side of Marianne showing how good a leather jacket can look, especially when it's teamed up with high-cut lace hipsters with detachable suspenders.

Definitely for hot house flowers. This classic camisole, left, on Shannon Tweed will do wonders for your body temperature, too. For extra comfort there's her fur-trimmed, rose-colored dressing grown.

Above, this is called minimalist fashion. A strapless stretch teddy and fingerless, black lace gloves, while on the right, that's Barbara Edwards again. Where we came in, remember. Except the black undies have had their effect and Barbara has changed the mood with this blazing peignoir. We reckon that ought to keep the home fires burning.